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Liberty

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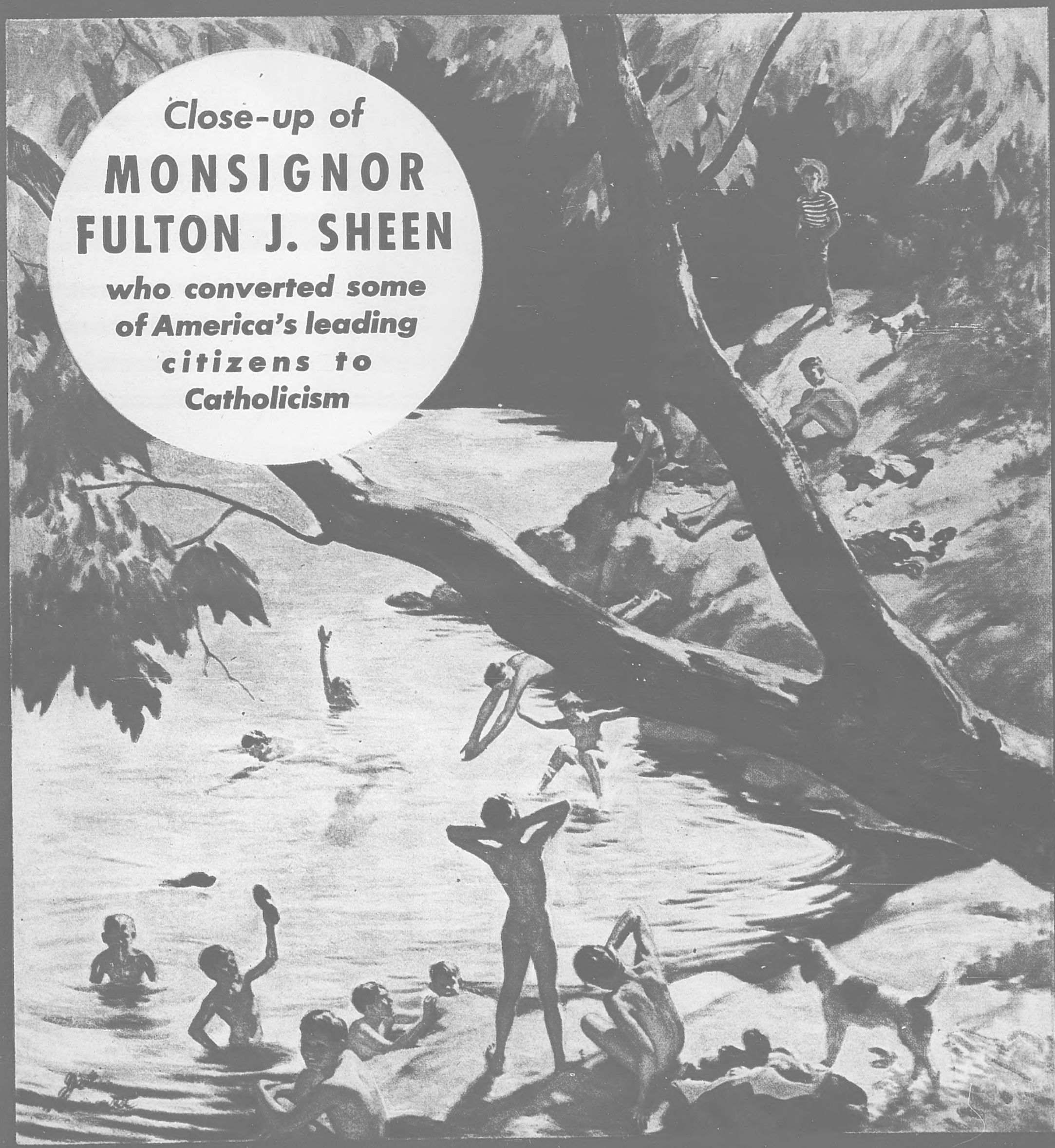
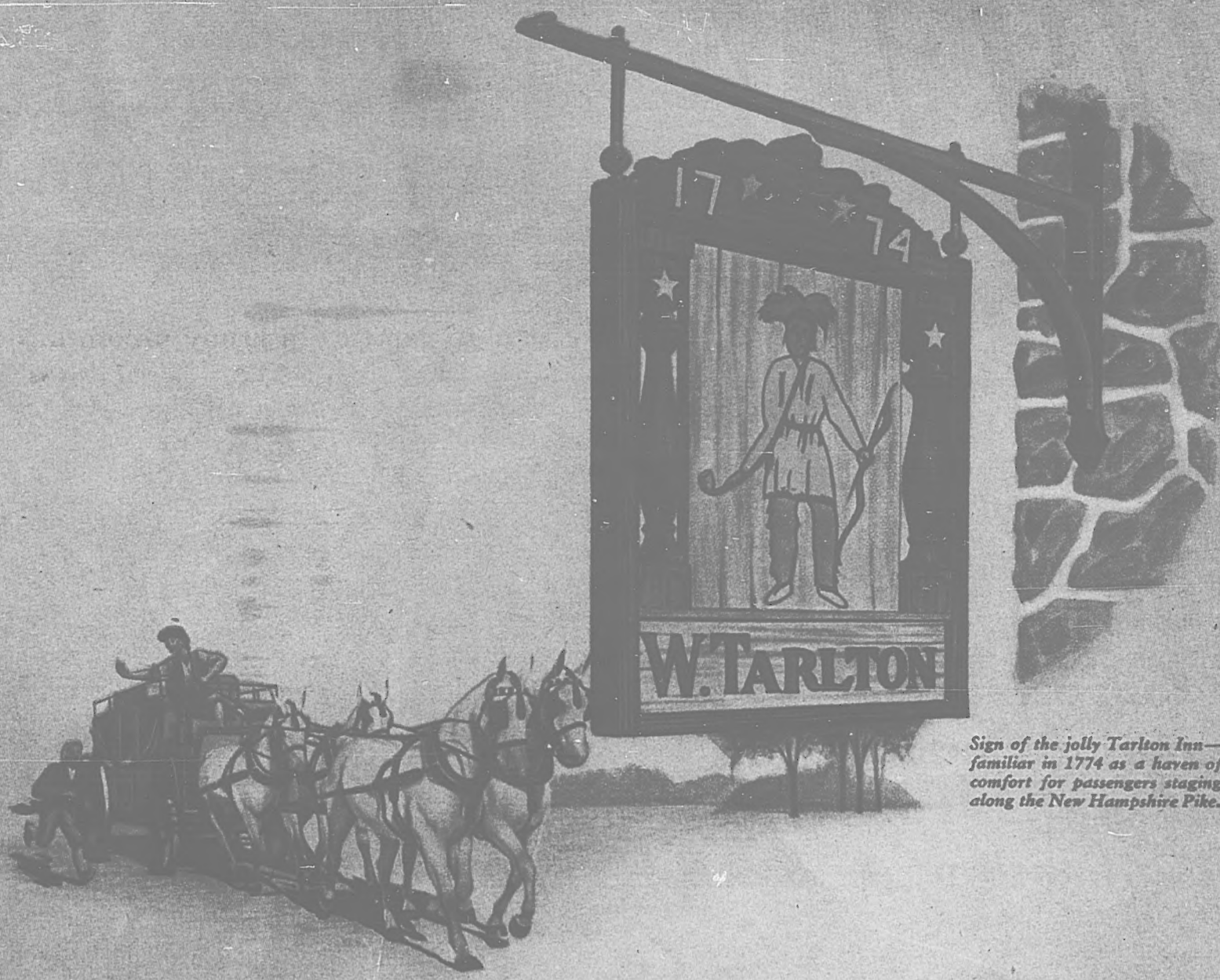
THE SAD FACTS ABOUT FILLING STATIONS



Close-up of MONSIGNOR FULTON J. SHEEN

who converted some of America's leading citizens to Catholicism



Sign of the jolly Tarlton Inn—familiar in 1774 as a haven of comfort for passengers staging along the New Hampshire Pike.

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LIKE a friendly old tavern, William Penn Whiskey always puts a man at his ease. Made with consummate skill down through the years, its wonderful richness, mellowness and fragrance have always stood out. That's why today this fine and genial whiskey numbers its friends by the million. For a mild and cheery glass, by all means try William Penn.

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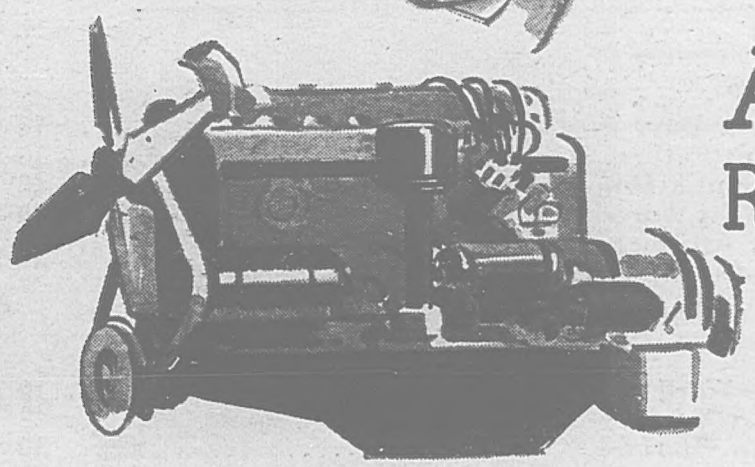
A clean-up can turn a grimy urchin into a polished little gentleman. Cleanliness also makes a whale of a difference in the way the motor of your car runs.



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A clean motor has more power, lasts longer, gets more miles to a gallon of gasoline. New Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil cleans as it lubricates.

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For a cleaner, more powerful motor, ask your Sinclair Dealer to drain out the old oil, flush crankcase and motor, and then refill with new Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil—Premium Grade.

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Painted by John Newton Howitt

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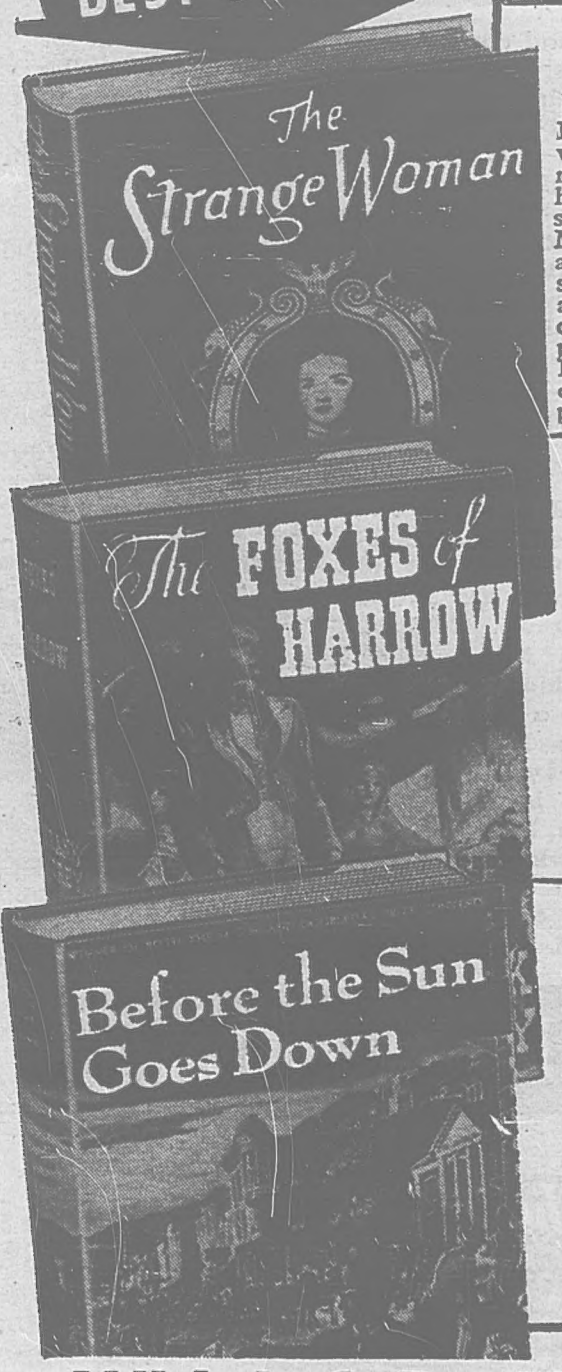

THE STRANGE WOMAN

By Ben Ames Williams

ANGEL OR DEVIL—WHICH WAS SHE? To her New England world, Jenny Hager was a righteous woman. But to the eight men who really knew her—father, husbands, sons, lovers — this Maine Cleopatra was a shameless, passionate she-devil! You'll gasp at this unforgettable character—soon to be portrayed by HEDY LAMARR in a million-dollar United Artists production!

HEDY LAMARR, star of United Artists movie.

THE FOXES OF HARROW

By Frank Yerby

Devil-may-care Stephen Fox landed in New Orleans with a ten-dollar gold-piece, a pearl stick-pin—and a swaggering audacity. But he gambled his way to wealth—won the blue-blooded Odalie—then her sister, Aurore — and finally, the sultry Desiree. A best-seller at $3.00 in publisher's edition!

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By Elizabeth M. Howard

HE KNEW THE WHOLE TOWN'S SECRETS! Dan Field knew the intimate lives and loves of everyone in town. Yet he hid a burning secret of his own—a *forbidden* love for the *one woman* he could not have! "GEE! What a swell book!" says the *Chicago Sun* of this novel—winner of $145,000 in cash prizes!

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Rachel — who avenged France because of one German kiss too many.

The HUNCHBACK of NOTRE DAME

By Victor Hugo

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In all fiction you won't find a stranger love story than this stirring drama.

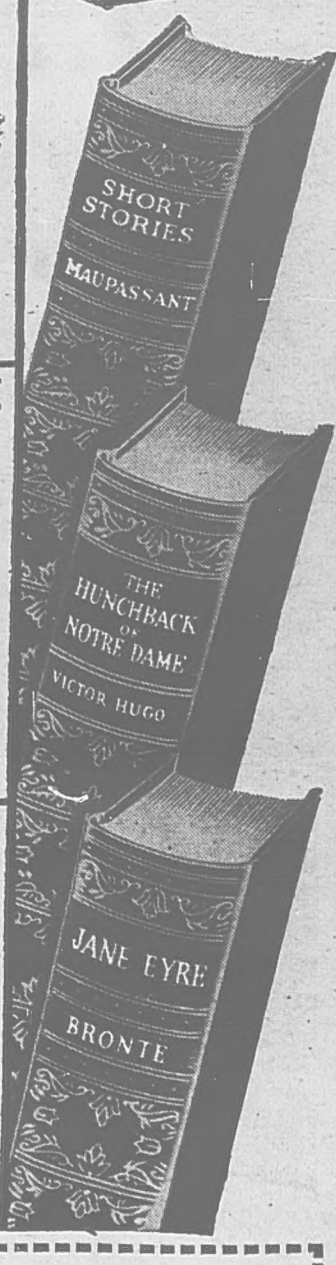
He saved her from death — but how could she return his love?

JANE EYRE

By Charlotte Bronte

WHAT TERRIBLE SECRET CURSED HIS LOVE? His wife was driven mad by her own excesses. Then—a French dancing girl, a Viennese milliner, a Neapolitan countess—and at last he forsook them all for the one woman he adored—a girl barely more than a child. What terrible secret tore them apart?

Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine in the 20th CENTURY-FOX MOTION Picture "Jane Eyre."



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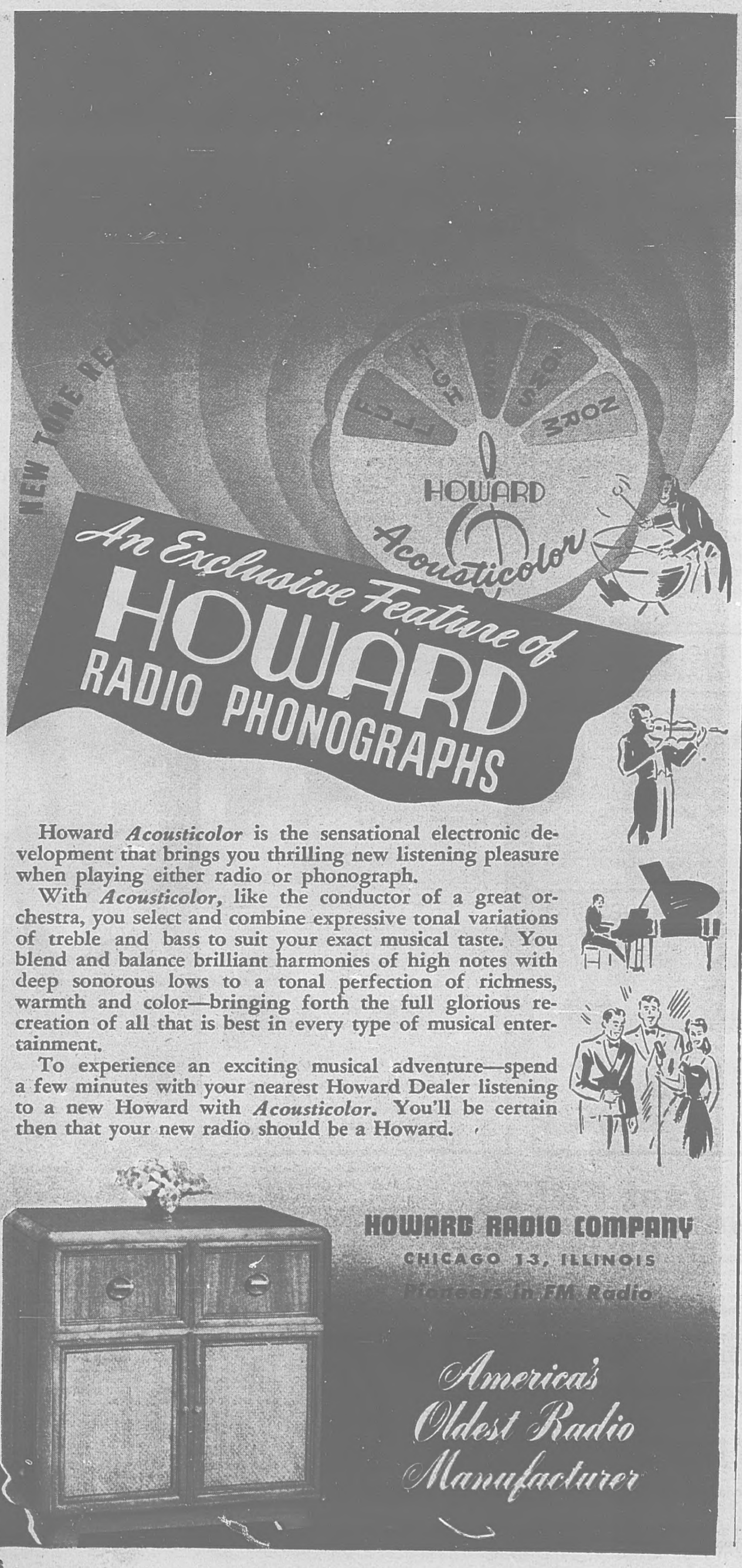

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

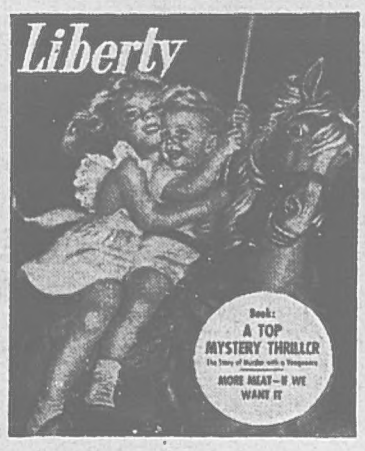
IN THE WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSEKEEPER (page 18) is the first collaboration between Amy Vanderbilt, a working member of the well-known Vanderbilt clan, and her photographer-husband, Hans Knopf. Miss Vanderbilt had corresponded with Mrs. Nesbitt for years, but met and interviewed her for the first time when she went to Washington to report on a Congressional hearing for a client of the New York public-relations firm of which she is half owner. After a hybrid European-American education, she started her career in advertising, and progressed in quick succession through editor, columnist, and free-lance writer. Her first book, an anthology of selections suitable for reading in the bathtub, will be published this fall.

WRITER BY CHOICE

UNTIL 1941, Herbert B. Livingston was living in Chicago and working as a salesman. He'd tried cowpunching in South Dakota for a while, but had found it too lonely out there. Then he tried marriage. Most of his friends were writers, and his wife said, "You, too, can be a writer. Try it." He did. He sold his first story soon after and quit his job the next day. His latest, THE CHAMP, appears on page 30.

NEXT WEEK



THERE are 500,000,000 more pounds of meat a year that could be ours for the asking, if we changed our unrealistic grain "conservation" policy. Dickson Hartwell tells the story of this strange contradiction in MORE MEAT—IF WE WANT IT. . . . There's a NEGRO DOCTOR DOWN SOUTH who has white patients and thinks even less of it than they do. Ruth McCoy Harris takes you to South Carolina to meet him. . . . AMATEUR ANGEL, by Henry Beetle Hough, is a heart-warming love story of a country typesetter. . . . In Liberty's Book Condensation, DEATH RIDES A SORREL HORSE, by A. B. Cunningham, you'll wade through a maze of mystery and touch on more than one woman's secret before you'll guess the murderer.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

RAPPORT WITH THE RUSSIANS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—If we reach the Russian people and make them understand us and our attitudes, we will have crossed the first hurdle on the road to peace. We can do it, too, if we try, through the radio, magazines, and newspapers. No country—even a dictatorship—can fight against the will of its people where there's free communication with the outside world.—*P. K.*

NATIONAL FRUSTRATION

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your series by Darrell Huff on Homes for Americans just adds insult to injury. It's frustrating to read about the beautiful inexpensive houses you could build—*if* you could get materials. But you

can't get materials now, unless you've got enough money to deal in a black market, so why publish stuff like that? Why not wait until it will do us some good?—*Bill Rankin.*

The time for planning is now.—VOX POP EDITOR.

DREAM OMENS

ORLANDO, FLA.—In the article, So You Can't Sleep (June 15), you say, "We get to know that dreams are the product of the emotional side of our minds and have no bearing on predicting the future or standing scrutiny as omens."

Well, how do you account for the story of Joseph in the Bible?—*Roy Lewis.*

Do you seriously expect us to answer this?—VOX POP EDITOR.

BLASTING BACK

NEWMANN, GA.—Paul Hunter's editorial, The Cornerstone of Unionism (June 8), is another biased attack upon organized labor. Little or no recognition is given to the facts before he makes his blasts at unions.

It seems to me that our industrial magnates are protecting themselves against the hazards of an executive old age, without considering those who are creating additional wealth for them.

Is it not fair that some provisions be made for the workers whereby, in their old age, they too can retire from industry with some security?—*J. D. Wallace.*

What about Social Security?—VOX POP EDITOR.

LEADING QUESTION

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—Lenore Ferber's plea in VOX POP (June 22) to organize to feed, almost makes me choke. Why, in the name of heaven, should we who won a war turn around and feed those who lost?—*H. E. Poore.*

FORT WORTH, TEXAS—We fed the kids after the last war and they grew up to kill our boys. Let them starve. Then we won't have to shoot them later.—*M. B. L.*

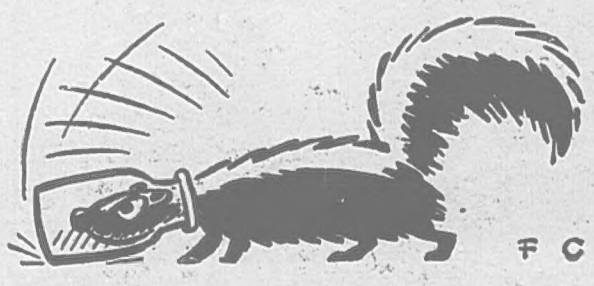
REPEAT ON CCC

JASPER, ALA.—Having spent thirty-three months in the CCC myself, it seems to me that Harold Ickes has really got something when he suggests in Our Vanishing Forests (June 29) another organization similar to the Civilian Conservation Corps.

I firmly believe that the CCC did more toward conserving our natural resources than any other organization of its kind. Let's back Ickes' proposal to care for our forests and at the same time provide a place where our young boys may grow to be stronger, healthier men that America can well be proud of.—*Otis Lee, Jr.*

GRATEFUL SKUNK

SOUTH BURLINGTON, VT.—How pleased I was to read the gentlemanly article by John Hightower



about Sir Skunk (June 1).

I, too, have had satisfactory experiences with a family of skunks which perennially inhabit my back

(Continued on page 8)

Mr. Tinker takes a Picture

Mr. T. goes out on a limb and makes a monkey of himself—aping a Hollywood stunt man. Hair-raising, isn't it?

Get the real hang of things, Mr. T.—and come down to earth. And for down-to-earth results, use Gevaert film.

Load your camera with Gevaert, the quality Belgian film now made in America and yours for greater photographic fun. Gevaert has served the photographic world since 1894.

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(*Continued from page 7*)

meadow. Last summer a large one with his head encased in a small glass bottle was trying to break the bottle on the cement floor of the porch. I put my hand gently on his back and with one blow of a hammer, smashed the jar, whereupon the grateful skunk ambled off in a very gentlemanly way without even once lifting his tail.—*Mrs. Charlotte C. Marsh.*

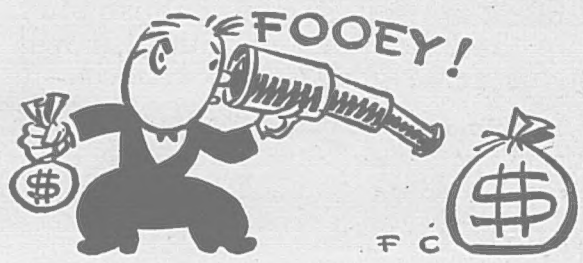
TIGHT FIT

GRAND FORKS, N. D.—A pox on Liberty editors for a glaring error in the short story, The Mystery of Monsieur Pliny, by Allan Vaughan Elston (June 22).

Jules Blanchette, the father in the story, is a small man—"small-boned and slight of figure," and "only five feet three." Yet, Pliny, the villain, "a big slouching man," is wearing Jules' "knee-high elk-hide boots." What a strain on the reader's tolerance and Pliny's bunions!—*F. H. Blair.*

GET RICH QUICK

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The current attitude of young men starting out in the business world never ceases to amaze me. In my day, a job with a future (no matter how small or ill paid) was the plum all of us were looking for. Now, however, the younger generation turns thumbs down on the future, and thinks only of the present. Youth wants to make



money and make it fast. They're going into business by the hordes, without considering that just so many businesses can survive and that five years from now they might be walking the streets with scarcely a dime in their pockets. Then they'll have to face the reality of starting all over again. Why don't they smarten up and start building for something permanent right now by getting a little job with a big future? —*P. J.*

THE STRONG SHALL RULE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It's a strange contradiction that small countries are seeking independence at a time when independence without military might is a direct invitation to trouble. Iran, for instance, might be a lot better off in many ways under the yoke of the British Empire. India, with its divided population, is

probably asking for worse trouble than she's ever had before.

It's a world of big powers and might, and the sooner the smaller countries realize that, the better off they'll be.—*P. L.*

FISHING IS FUN

BOSTON, MASS.—Just like a woman—that letter in Vox Pop (July 6) by Mrs. M. J. L., who can't see anything

in the art of angling. I'll lay odds she never did much fishing herself, or has ever tasted any of the fish she caught after they were cooked over an open fire. She doesn't know what she's missing. It's a great sport, a one-way ticket to relaxation, and the best way I know to clear the cobwebs out of your brain.—*George Wandine.*

WRONG TYPE

ARLINGTON, VA.—As a railroad fan, I'd like to set Howard Whitman straight on one point in his article, Hotshot (June 29).

He refers to the train he was on as being pulled by a *Hudson* locomotive, only to state in the very next paragraph that the locomotive is a 4-8-4.

It so happens that Hudson locomotives have a 4-6-4 wheel arrangement. Typical ones in the New York area are the New York Central ones going north out of Harmon, and the New Haven ones operating beyond New Haven. This class is normally used on high-speed passenger service.

The 4-8-4 wheel arrangement is known as the Mountain type, and is used for both fast freight and passenger service.—*Lester Harlow.*

CONTRADICTION IN PARIS

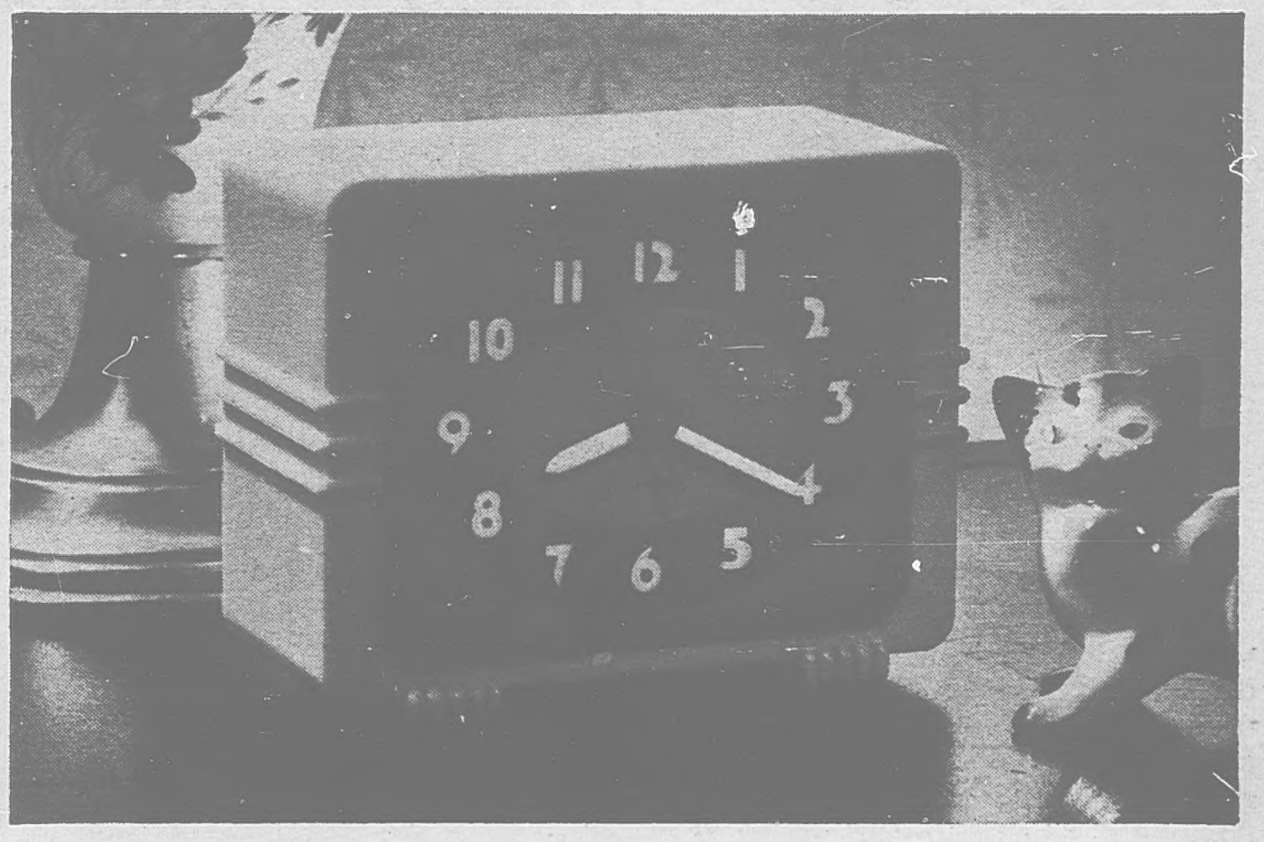
CINCINNATI, OHIO—In Europe's Children, by Harry Edward Neal (June 22), he tells of the hardships of people in "gay, lovely Paris," of the lack of shoes and the lack of strength to do enough work to need them.

Yet only a few days ago I happened to see a newsreel showing the resumption of the Grand Prix auto races in Paris. These races were attended by thousands of happy, cheering, well-dressed, and well-fed Parisians.

Now, what I would like to know is—who's fooling whom?—*Frank Egner.*

It's New! It's Beautiful!

YOU CAN "READ IT" AT NIGHT!



The G-E Troubadour

Here's the clock for people who like to know what time it is—*night and day!*

And it's a *beautiful* electric clock! Styled for smartness in the finest General Electric tradition. Want some details?

An antique ivory plastic case. An easy-to-read dial . . . with luminous numerals . . . protected by a curved glass crystal. Luminous hour and minute hands—with a gold-colored sweep second hand . . .

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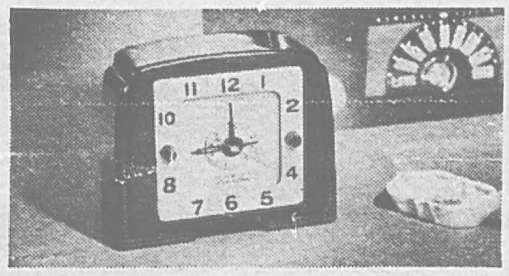
Plus the *pleasantest* bell alarm tone that ever stirred a sleeper. (It's *impossible* to get mad at the Troubadour!) In short, you see here as handsome a bell alarm clock as you are likely to see in a life span! And because it's a G-E, it is as reliable a timekeeper as any that's made. The Troubadour is *quiet, thrifty, accurate.* You'll like it. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

And here's another new G-E alarm clock with a brand-new feature



The TUNE-A-LARM. For the first time on any alarm clock, G-E starts your day with music! Just plug the radio into the back, tune it to your favorite station, flick the switches. At rising time, the radio plays music—loud or soft, as you prefer! Pleasant, eh?

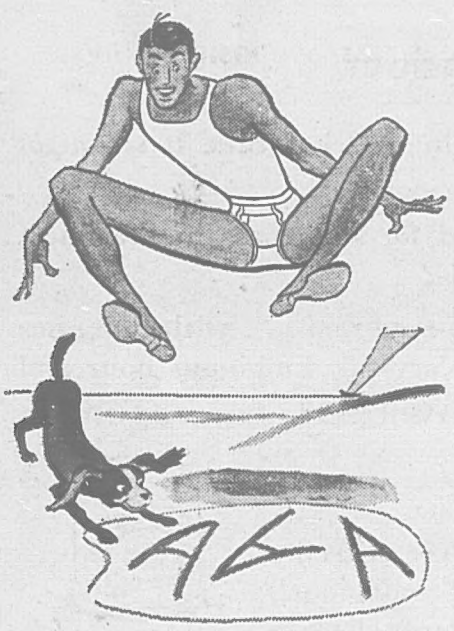
General Electric Clocks

GENERAL ELECTRIC

What do you know about-

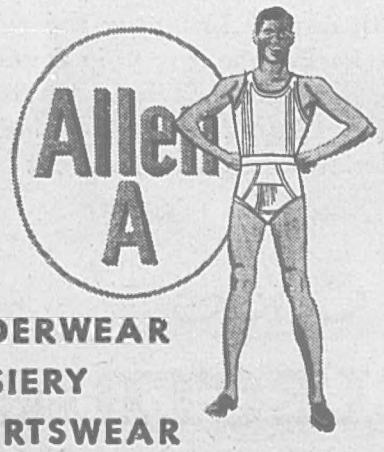
A Robinson C...?

Crusoe. Started from scratch on a desert isle. So did his home-made underwear. Between squirms he kept scanning the horizon for relief . . . in the form of comfortable Allen-A's. That man had vision.



An Allen-A...?

First and last words in modern underwear comfort and quality. Knit to follow your every move . . . to stay with you without creeping up or binding. Look for the same quality label in hosiery and sportswear . . . Allen-A.



UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Week-end in Europe? Can that be done by transatlantic flying? Ask anyone who's recently tried it! Here's what he will tell you

THE air-line advertisements tell you to spend a week-end in Europe, but despite the glowing accounts of transatlantic flying records one is often dubious when similar claims are made for everyday transatlantic flying.

I can report that a week-end in Europe—and a long one, at that—*is* possible. I've done it.

My week-end in London came about quite unexpectedly. Major J. R. McCrindle, deputy director general of British Overseas Airways Corp., and Vernon Crudge, the director of the Atlantic division of BOAC, were being honored at a reception in Washington on a Thursday evening. They mentioned casually that the air line was operating some proving flights to London preparatory to inauguration of regular commercial service in July, and asked if I wanted to go over.

I said "Certainly"—if I could go over and get back in a few days. I couldn't spare much time.

The first proving flight with a Lockheed Constellation was leaving New York Saturday morning. I was assured that I could be back Monday or Tuesday. Saturday morning I went to my office in Washington as usual, but carrying a small week-end bag. I worked for an hour, went to the airport, flew to LaGuardia Airport at New York, had lunch, and boarded the 44-passenger Constellation about 4 P. M.

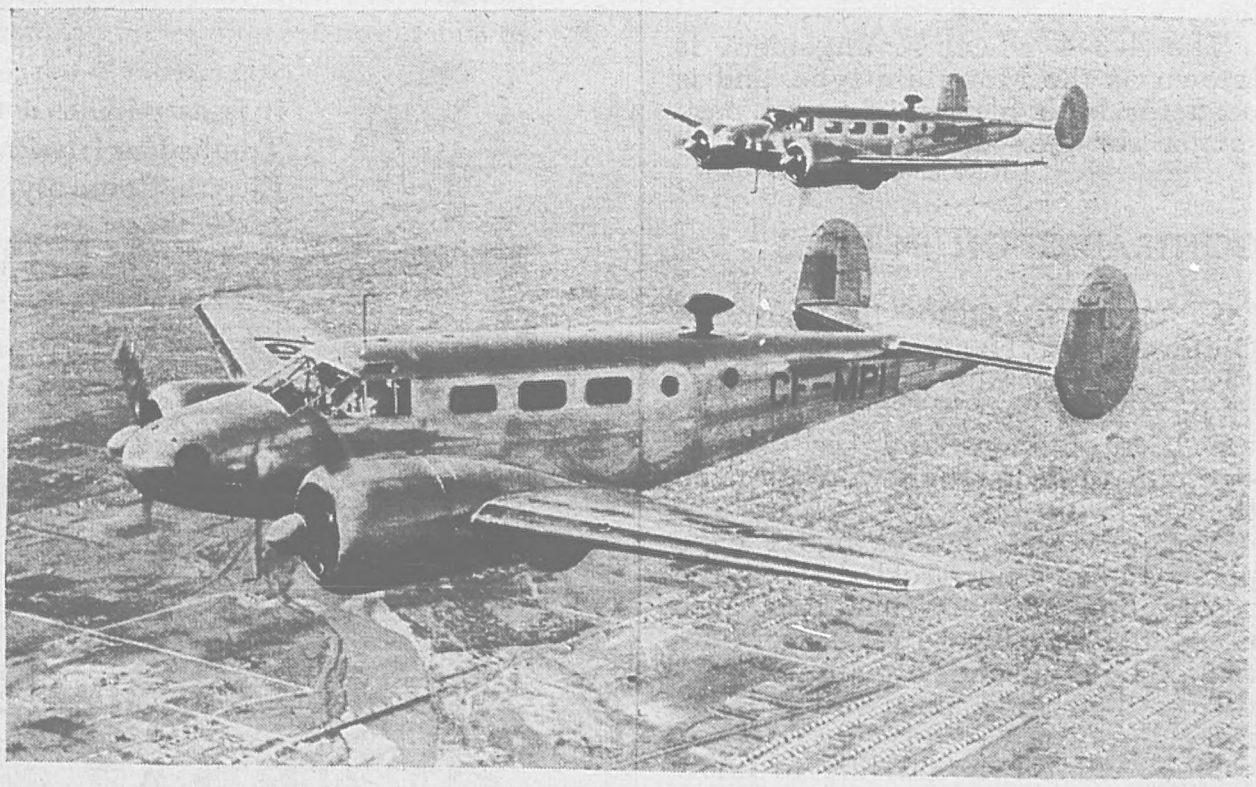
Eleven hours and twenty-four minutes after take-off in New York, the plane landed on the long runway at Heathrow, outside London. It was the fastest nonstop flight between New Lork and London yet made with a commercial airplane.

Monday night at 10 P.M. I departed from London, and after stops at Shannon, in Eire, and at Gander Airport, in northeastern Newfoundland, I arrived at New York just 72 hours after having left there.

Seventy-two hours away from New York, and I had two full days and one night in London. I had worked in my office on Saturday and reached it by 7 P.M. on Tuesday. Head winds on the westbound trip had prevented my scheduled arrival back in my office by 4 P.M. Tuesday before the close of the working day.

In two days and a night in London, I visited friends and air-line offices and moved about the city in cabs or on the Underground. Brief though the visit was, it seemed ample for my purposes.

The nonstop flight to London was comfortable and uneventful. The Connie took off quickly and climbed to 21,000 feet, and we remained at that altitude all the way to Ireland; from there on we descended gradually until we reached the outskirts of London.



The famous Royal Canadian Mounted Police is now operating two Model 18S Beechcrafts, one based in Ottawa, the other in Regina. During winter they'll be placed on skis.

Despite the high actual altitude, the "altitude" inside the pressurized plane was only 8,000 feet.

Amazing speed can be made in the Connie, especially with favorable winds. Despite the fact that we climbed to about four miles above the earth, we passed Boston in 40 minutes and were flying high over Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 2 hours and 15 minutes. Far below we could see the Queen Mary at its dock. Newfoundland passed almost before darkness arrived, and the sun of the new day greeted us with astonishing rapidity since we were moving eastward at 310 miles an hour. It was breakfast time when we landed at London.

THE food shortage was worse in London than when I had been there several times last year. It is not a luxury to be living in the British capital today, although London is by no means the dark and depressing city it was during the blackout days of the war. Prices are high, as for example when a friend of mine, Robert Ruddick of United Air Lines, paid $4.80 for six peaches. Fruit is very difficult to get. Ruddick, incidentally, had lost twenty-four pounds in three months.

Nonetheless, there is a lot of air travel to and from London. Business men are flying instead of going by steamship. Transatlantic airplanes of U. S., British, and Canadian registry are using London Airport with regularity. The British hope to be able to accommodate tourists in a short time and will see that the tourists get the best service possible.

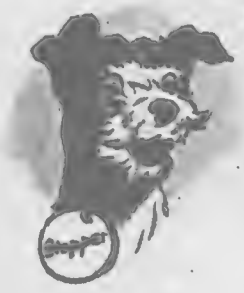
Rineanna Airport at Shannon, Eire, is one of the world's fascinating places today. An excellent restaurant open twenty-four hours a day feeds air-line passengers with steaks and other good food which is so unobtainable in England and in most countries on the Continent. The loud-speaker announces departures for Chicago, New York, Paris, Cairo, and other points as casually as loudspeakers in Washington announce departures for New York. Shannon, with superior facilities, is a bright spot in the aviation scene, and if anyone has doubts about the volume of air travel, an hour at Shannon will dispel them.

Gander, far up in Newfoundland, is the last and first stop on the North American continent. It was a busy Army base during the war and the housing and dining facilities are now being used by air-line passengers. It is operated by the Newfoundland government for the many air lines using the airport. These include KLM, Royal Dutch Airlines, which flies direct to Amsterdam; Air France, just starting its New York-Paris service; and SILA, the Swedish intercontinental air line.

During the summer eastbound flights are fast. Pan American Airways made a remarkably fast trip of about 12 hours and 8 minutes,

(*Continued on page 59*)

How *NOT* to buy watermelons!



STOPPER SAYS — "Yessir! Brakes only have to fail *once* to get you in trouble. If you aren't sure you can stop *every* time, start now for the nearby repair shop that installs American Brakeblok Brake Lining. It's the fine, lasting lining that many leading automobile manufacturers use for their new cars and trucks."

American Brakeblok

BRAKE LINING

Brake Shoe

Of Topmost Choice

BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF

In any line of fine whiskies you'll find OLD TAYLOR at the top—one of that small group of topmost bourbons most often chosen when judges of good whiskey get together. For here is the essence of Old Kentucky—the rich harvest of its limestone springs and expert distilling skill. For a quiet hour among friends, or a brilliant capping of a grand occasion, choose OLD TAYLOR.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Signed, Sealed and Delicious

Producer Bud Ernst was mobbed by 200,000 screaming candidates for Queen for a Day when the program was aired from Chicago.

Queen for a Day

BY VIRGINIA STEVENS

FIVE days a week, millions of women tune in on the Queen for a Day program from coast to coast, while hundreds more crowd any theater or studio where the broadcast originates, hopeful of being made "Queen." From the theater audience six women are selected as contestants, and five others as the "Grand Council." Members of the Council act as judges. Each contestant is interviewed by the master of ceremonies, whereupon the Council votes on one of the six for Queen. The winner is allowed one wish, which is always granted, no matter how fantastic it may be. She is also feted at a series of widely known restaurants and night clubs, and her coronation gifts include a complete new outfit—dress, suit, handbag, gloves, nylon stockings, jewelry. A beauty treatment, a course of ballroom dancing lessons, a radio-phonograph, a movie camera, and photographs are added prizes.

No matter where the broadcast originates—usually in Hollywood, but it has toured almost all the major cities—there'll be a long queue of women waiting impatiently for the

(*Continued on page 57*)

Mary Pickford crowns a Queen for a Day.

This Queen chose a honeymoon she missed when her sailor husband had to ship out.

Every Light-Truck Owner—

USING auto tires on your light truck? That may be costlier than you think — because *most* trucks need truck tires to do trucking work!

That's why, as the world's largest builder of tires, we developed the Goodyear Truck Airwheel pictured here — a true heavy-duty worker, built especially for light trucks, to do a cost-cutting job.

Stronger-bodied—with RAYON

And what a great job it does! For this Truck Airwheel rolls on a tread that's wider and thicker than auto tires. Its beads are specially reinforced. It is bodied with *six* or more plies of super-strong, heat-resisting RAYON cord. That's why it's tougher and sturdier — has more cushion — can take the slam-bang wear and tear of pick-up and delivery service in the city or on the farm.

This great tire costs a little more to *buy*. But in providing extra protection that helps lengthen truck life, in lasting far longer in all-day, stop-start service, *it's actually the lowest-cost tire to use.*

Get real truck tires for *your* light trucks. Buy and specify Goodyear Truck Airwheels — *it pays.*

Made in sizes up to 7.50-16 for all types of light trucks

HAVE YOUR GOODYEAR DEALER SHOW YOU THE DIFFERENCE

1. Wider, thicker tread
2. Six or more plies of heat-resisting RAYON
3. Heavier sidewalls, resist bruising
4. Reinforced beads prevent bead trouble

Airwheel—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

The Fervent Father

Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, who converted to Catholicism Clare Boothe Luce, Henry Ford II, and a prominent Communist, hastles disbelief with relentless logic

by STACY V. JONES

SINCE Clare Boothe Luce was baptized by Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen last February, there have been enough rumored conversions of the sophisticates to fill a moderate-sized church. Any Sheen enthusiast, and these are legion, can give you offhand the names of three journalists and a politician, hitherto regarded as godless, who are coming into the fold. Monsignor Sheen has to deny these reports almost daily.

The list of his headline converts began in 1933 with Colonel Horace Mann of Washington, a descendant of the educator and himself a Southern Republican credited with swinging several states away from Al Smith into the 1928 Hoover column. Others were Heywood Broun, the liberal writer; Henry Ford II, the young motorcar manufacturer; Congresswoman Luce, and Louis F. Budenz, former managing editor of New York's Communist Daily Worker. Budenz, who had renounced his Catholic faith, returned under Monsignor Sheen's instruction.

John Moody, the financial authority, attributed to Monsignor Sheen's first book his own decision to become a Catholic. There are many others less well known to the public.

The monsignor disclaims credit for his successes. He says he only tills the soil, and the Lord drops the seed; says all conversions are due first to good will, and second to the grace of God. But there is obviously skill in the tilling.

His success with the intellectual skeptics can be traced to the fact that he is a philosopher, in addition to being eloquent and magnetic. The holder of half a dozen degrees from European and American universities and the author of more than twenty books, technical and popular, he can present faith as a simple, emotional matter or turn with ease to science and the most abstruse theology. The more complicated and intellectual the candidate, the greater his need for a priest who is a scholar and philosopher. The Rev. Dr. Sheen has been described as an extraordinary combination of light and heat.

In his eulogy at the funeral of Heywood Broun, Monsignor Sheen said that in their first conversation Broun spent about forty-five minutes telling why he thought the Church would not want him and why he wanted to become a member. It is believed to be Monsignor Sheen's practice to let people "talk themselves out" in this way at the first couple of interviews. They have to overcome old prejudices, and they fear they will have to give up certain things to become Catholics — in Broun's case, his liberalism. At subsequent interviews Monsignor Sheen explains the Catholic faith. In Broun's case there were ninety hours of instruction over two and a half months, during which he was urged to put any

(*Continued on page 78*)

The monsignor's modern residence in Georgetown. The telephone is unlisted and the address is carefully guarded.

PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

The guy was rich, crazy about her, and had a plan to save the town she loved, and yet she was bowing out. Only an ex-marine could be so unassailable

The young man gulped. Being a tall and beanpole type young man, it made his Adam's apple do amazing things. He tried to smile but got nowhere at all with it.

Florry Was Hard to Get

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

"FLORRY," Ed Jennings said, "you can't go leavin' the Parkerville Chamber of Commerce in the lurch. Can she, Emanuel?"

Emanuel Klein tugged sadly at the wisp of beard that dangled from his chin. "Ain't cricket, Flo. Not now, it ain't, with this town about to curl up on the vine."

"I'm sorry, boys," said Flower Jones. "I like you guys—and when I first came back from the Marines the old home town looked like my dish, but now it just doesn't seem to be—my anything."

"Maybe," Ed Jennings said, "it's just because it's gettin' spring. You're restlesslike. All work, no play gives Jill the itch. You want—"

"I want to go back to being a newspaper reporter," Flower said, "which is what I left this town for in the first place—long before I joined up. I want to cover fires, police, Kiwanis or the ladies' clubs—anything but this. Besides, the Chamber of Commerce doesn't need a secretary now. Parkerville is dead. This shutdown of the Norco Aircraft plant completes the final throes."

"You just talk thataway because you used to be a sergeant in the Marines," Ed Jennings sighed. "Down deep, I bet, you love this town. Don't she, Emanuel?"

"Look, Flo," Emanuel said. "It ain't just us. Both Ed and me was eatin' regular when Parkerville was no more than a wide place in a cotton patch. We'll go on doin' that. Idella Blodgett will continue makin' hats, though less of them, and Stella Youngblood's hotel will continue harborin' cockroaches and them Yankee travelin' salesmen now and then, and Julio Martinez can go back to peddlin' tamales off his back instead of bein' such a fancy thing as he has got to be, Barbecue King of Jimtom Patton County. But what about all this new population we've piled up, ten thousand souls—"

"Twelve thousand souls," Flower corrected him.

"My, what a Chamber secretary!" grinned Emanuel. "Flo, you just got to stick. Now's when we need you most, to see us through."

"But that's it, boys—you're through." She stood up straight and slim, looking more like a Marine Corps sergeant now, the firmness of her chin belying her gray eyes and darkly curling hair. "That's brutal, boys. But it's the truth. Sure, I love Parkerville, but I'm not going to seed with it. I quit."

Ed Jennings hitched his tubby body forward on his glass-topped desk. "O.K., you quit. You ain't the only one. Folks'll be movin' out by droves—no jobs, no hopes, no nice careers of slingin' ink. Twelve thousand honest Texans who have drawed a blank countin' on us. Pore little kids, women that's hungry and ascared, awanderin' and—"

"You shut up, Ed!"

"I'm shut," he snapped. "Durned if I ain't. Why should you go to see this fellow William Pendleton?" He jammed his fifteen-gallon hat down on his head and glared at her. She let him glare. He slammed a thick hand on his desk and said, "This fellow William Pendleton—"

"What fellow William Pendleton?"

"Lawyer," he barked, "for Norco, liquidatin' it. Course 'tain't no use for you to talk to him, doin' it nice, since you got hardly any interest left in Parkerville. And they could hardly be much truth in rumors Norco might take up prefab housing at the plant. I ain't urgin' you—"

Flower leaned tensely on his desk. "Ed, I'm fed up with pleading with these doddering old corporation goats. Besides, I'm Dallas-bound. I've got myself to think about. I've got— Don't sit there sulking at me, Ed! Spill it! Spill it! Where is this Pendleton?"

"Norco," Ed sighed. "Drove in this mornin' from Los Angeles and wouldn't even let us talk to him. He's hard as nails. Tougher'n swamp beef. Colder'n—"

THAT was when the front door banged. Ed Jennings hitched his booted feet onto his desk, carved off a plug of tobacco, stuffed it in his outsize mouth and said, "Breezy, ain't she?"

"Tornadolike," Emanuel agreed, "but someway sweet. Reminds me of a bolt of brown domestic, smellin' nice, lookin' so nice, and nowadays so doggone hard to git. I kind of love her, Ed."

"Me too," Ed said. He shook his jowls. "But ornery, sho ornery."

Four miles of Texas dust, stirred by her vintage roadster and complicated momentarily by a fence-jumping cow, left Flower Jones in true top-sergeant mood as she debouched onto the parking apron of the empty Norco plant.

She jammed her brakes, skidding up to a rakish blue sedan with California license plates. Out, and getting sergeantier, she jumped, "Powder my very upturned nose! Look eager and efficient now! The Old Sarge primping for a legal-minded cadaver who'll probably—Oh my! Great golly!"

It took all of her faculties to realize that what had splashed into her face and down her tailored suit was simply oil. But quantities—dripping and sticky quantities—of it. Then instantly she saw the young man with the draining pan, still crouching there in coveralls beside the blue sedan. He'd failed, Flower saw, to close his mouth. It might not have been quite so terrible if he had closed his mouth.

"We had," she rasped, "a mascot like you in the Marines. We always hoped that he'd grow up to be a mule, but when we found out that he'd be a jackass all his life—"

THE young man gulped. Being a tall and beanpole-type young man, it made his Adam's apple do amazing things. He also tried to smile but got nowhere at all with it. He stood up, holding out a rag.

"Well, holy mackerel! Here, let me wipe your face."

"I'd like," Flower raged, "to wipe your face—with mustard gas!"

He blinked but went on brandishing the rag. "I'll fix you up. Why, look at this—you're beautiful—"

"Will you stop that!"

"Mmmm, neck," he said, absorbed. "Exquisite neck—"

And something clicked. Flower remembered basic judo as it involved the neck. The Old Sarge went into her act. The young man backed up then. "All right," he growled. "Be greasy. But I won't kiss you."

Flower considered this insufferable. "Now listen, dopey. I'm here to talk with William Pendleton, not play post office with his addle-brained chauffeur. Give me that rag!"

"Whatever you say, dear." The rag plopped back into her face. She set her teeth. Eying the man and keeping one hand ready for a possible new sortie on his part, she started scrubbing oil off of her suit. What

(*Continued on page 74*)

The President's Housekeeper

BY AMY VANDERBILT

Mrs. Nesbitt, who kept house for the Roosevelts and is housekeeper for the Trumans, scouts for market-place values, skimps on sugar, and must watch her budget just as carefully as anyone else

HENRIETTA NESBITT is the third White House housekeeper in the thirty-six years since women replaced stewards on the job. She arrived thirteen years ago with the Roosevelts and has stayed on to pilot the Trumans domestically. Her job has the dignity of Civil Service rating, which she achieved after two years.

Mrs. Nesbitt had never been a professional housekeeper until she came to Mrs. Roosevelt's attention when the latter was starting a Woman's Exchange at Hyde Park. Mrs. Nesbitt was running a successful exchange in Springfield, Massachusetts, at the time Mrs Roosevelt brought her to Hyde Park, where she helped set up the co-operative venture and taught the community women to bake the fine cakes for which the exchanges are known throughout the country. There she developed the organizational talents and culinary ability that have oiled the wheels at the White House. You might say she was born with a spoon in her hand, because she limits her formal instruction in home management to about ten lectures she attended at Cornell University during a Farm Week.

Her domestic problems radiating from the White House kitchen to the upstairs purlieus don't seem different from those of most harried housewives, except that Henrietta Nesbitt is never harried and the household problems she faces come in wholesale lots. Gray, bright and busy, she runs her huge housekeeping job as she would a successful business and seems to get just as much tangible satisfaction out of it.

And like many another housekeeper, Mrs. Nesbitt must trim her household budget to suit the shrunken take-home pay of Harry S. Truman. For, unlike President Roosevelt, Mr. Truman has no outside income, and taxes flatten his wallet as they do yours and mine. It's been reported that Mr. Roosevelt made out his personal check for $2,000 a month to cover the difference between what Congress thought it should cost to run the White House —$30,000 annually—and what it actually ante-ed up to. Out of that come the President's traveling expenses and official entertaining.

"Official entertaining" means state dinners and other large-scale feedings. Food for other guests comes out of the house money provided by Mr. Truman. His household staff, under Civil Service or working toward that status, do get their uniforms, but Mr. Truman feeds them all.

Mrs. Nesbitt has it all figured out on a cost-basis per meal. She says she manages to serve the same type of food to White House guests as the Roosevelts did, but she's pared

the number of meals by dismissing eighteen of the staff, though she could use the extra help in the big establishment. But she still serves from 2,500 to 4,000 meals a month.

A guest at the White House probably couldn't spot the many neat economies under the Truman regime, because like all good ones they aren't apparent. For instance, the White House these days solves many an entertaining chore by giving teas, saving not only liquor and fodder but the footsteps of the skeleton staff. Teacakes and cookies, previously quite an item on the caterer's list, are now made in the kitchen and by Mrs. Truman's own maid, Vietta Garr, brought to the White House from the Truman home in Missouri. Vietta was making Banbury tarts the morning of my visit "backstage" at the White House. She uses both Mrs. Nesbitt's recipes and those she brought from the Truman ménage. Vietta makes the Truman family's bread and Parker House rolls. "They like the rolls close together in the pan so they'll raise high, and they want them soft, not crusty," the housekeeper explains.

IN one corner of the White House kitchen was a pan of oven-dried stale bread, for they make their own breadcrumbs. They use margarine, too. Although her sugar points are allotted to her on an institutional basis, Mrs. Nesbitt finds it just as difficult as the average housewife to get enough. Honey is used to help save White House sugar points. For example, a tablespoon of honey for each baked apple.

The housekeeper misses little niceties difficult or impossible to find, such as real black pepper, which she likes to buy whole and use in a grinder. To cut the continuous scramble for supplies in quantity—and to pare the cost per meal—White House dinners have stayed on a three-course basis since rationing virtually ceased. Mrs. Roosevelt had cut out the fish course because of the difficulty of getting enough food in wartime Washington to serve both fish and meat at White House shindigs. For the Trumans' family dinners—and they seem to eat that way most of the time—Mrs. Nesbitt serves up either dessert or salad for the third course, but rarely both, unless there are guests. She reports that the Trumans "run to salads."

Being Midwesterners, the Trumans are not especially interested in fish. "About all they'll like in the fish line is a planked salmon occasionally," Mrs. Nesbitt says. It was different with Mr. Roosevelt. While neither Margaret nor Mr. Truman is interested in food—"you have to *make* them eat—Mr. Roosevelt was a real connoisseur." He'd like terrapin fairly often and would call in a chef to fix it for him.

"Our own cooks used to get a little upset about that, because they

(*Continued on page 72*)

Vegetables for the Presidential table are chosen by Mrs. Nesbitt personally. A careful buyer, she sees to it that the President gets his money's worth.

PHOTOS BY HANS KNOPF-PIX

Mrs. Nesbitt chooses a four-rib roast of beef at Macgruder's retail market in Washington. For the big Roosevelt family she bought the meat wholesale.

Japan Is Sold American

BY VICTOR BOESEN

Tokyo.

TODAY, less than a year after V-J Day, the casual onlooker in Japan notices the American influence everywhere. It is evident in the increasing number of skirts and dresses being worn by the women in place of the baggy *mompei* and flapping kimonos; in the soapbox orators on the street corners and in the parks; in the use of American jargon in the English-language publications; in the biographies of Lincoln, Franklin, and Washington for sale in the shop windows of the Ginza, along with the latest issue of "Democracy, the only outstanding Anglo-Japanese magazine ever appeared in Japan that drives forcibly the spirit of democracy on all diplomatical, political and economical problems."

The observer sees it in the queues at theaters showing American movies; in the throngs that gather outside MacArthur's headquarters in mid-afternoon to see the new master come out and be driven away in his Cadillac. It shows in the letters of approval and encouragement which people write to the general; in the faces of the Japanese driving jeeps for the Army; in the crowds gapingly watching American bulldozers at work. One hears it from open-air loud-speakers pouring out the latest American song hits, and in the names and boogie-woogie of the Swinging Surf Riders and Bomb Shell orchestras which play at American establishments.

> The Japanese people have been called the world's best imitators. In the year that our bayonets have studded her soil, the Japs have taken to English lessons, Western dress, and even boogie-woogie and soap operas

The trend is shown in the clubs that soon will dangle at policemen's belts where used to be a tin sword; in the first Japanese women cops; in the woman candidate for the Diet who filed divorce proceedings the day after her election; in the fact that the divorce rate is climbing, with women petitioners outnumbering the men two to one. There is even a familiar quality in the action, if not the method, of the wife who, refused a divorce by her husband, had him taken for a one-way walk to the river.

But these are only surface signs of what is going on. Among the more significant manifestations is the universal devotion to the study of English. Teaching English has become big business and its study a national preoccupation.

One school was opened in a Buddhist temple. The 600 students, led by the director of the local Chamber of Commerce, included factory hands, clerks, servants, housewives, bankers, barbers, school children, and a midwife. When the course ended in three months, the graduates presented songs, plays, and recitations in English at the town's theater.

All regular schools, from primary level on up, have readjusted their curriculums to include more time for English and facts about America.

The classified-ad sections of the two English-language newspapers in Tokyo, Mainichi and the Nippon Times, are largely taken up by people wanting to learn English and those teaching it. And one of the fastest-selling items in the country is conversation books, both Japanese to English and vice versa. More than a hundred different kinds have been issued and sold out in the past six months. Japanese fall in with Americans on the sidewalk and haltingly say, "May I walk with you? I want to practice speaking English with you."

To put knowledge of the new language on a practical basis in minimum time, there is some plugging for adoption in the schools of the 850-word package of Basic English, supposed to contain all one

NONKMEYER PRESS PHOTO

Curious Japanese watch American soldiers relax in a touch football game in Tokyo. Shortly Japanese youths began playing with the Hon. Pigskin.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Japanese girls shed their kimonos for these 1946 bathing suits they call "democratic suits."

MONKMEYER PRESS PHOTO

A series of poster signs in Tokyo teach English to the Japanese. This educational effort was sponsored by the Japanese themselves.

needs to know. The idea in this suggestion is to promote early escape from such embarrassments to the sophisticates as these sample signs at a street-repair site and on a store window: "Watch your head under repairs of pavement," and "Souvenir and gift for your sweethome, sweetheart and sweetfriends. You shall be get satisfiable things."

To further expedite understanding of things American through the written word, there is growing agitation by the Japanese to simplify their own language and raise the period of compulsory education well above the present six years.

THOSE who already read English are reading every American publication they can get their hands on. A library of U. S. books, magazines, and clippings in Tokyo is jammed daily. In December the Japan Publishing Association hoisted sails into this fine breeze by negotiating to put translations of American books on sale which were written during the blacked-out war years.

The Columbia University Club of Japan is getting out a long list of books covering such diverse subjects as American history, the Constitution, politics, women, economics, journalism, traffic, education, science, religion, home life, characteristics of the people, etiquette, literature, art, music—and more.

The lust for information about the country which knocked down the myth of invincibility, and about what went on in the world at large while the wartime curtain was down, is asserted in countless ways. Besides American plays such as John Drinkwater's Abraham Lincoln and Eugene O'Neill's Ah, Wilderness, which were well received, there is also a weekly half-hour radio broadcast of facts about the war. This "Now It Can Be Told" feature draws heavy mail from listeners variously asking that it be lengthened to an hour, and that the show be made available for purchase in book form and recordings.

As the truth gradually displaces the misconceptions ladled out by government propagandists, the people are losing their diffidence and in mounting numbers are snatching up the right of free speech imported by the conquerors, and are speaking out in the American manner.

The things they say and the anger of their tones show hitherto unsuspected spirit. An editorialist recently ended a diatribe against the government with this whiplash: ". . . literal minded, inflexible, impractical, rule bound . . . bureaucrats. Public's warning: Out with the mistaken ideas in your heads, or else off with your heads!"

A VOICE from the female section, traditionally muted in Japan and supposedly happy in the arrangement, startled the men with this blast at them for continuing the "psychological bondage" of women despite liberation by the Americans: "Let me tell you, gentlemen of Japan, this time we shall not be misled by your selfish preachings about women's conduct or morals. . . . This time we shall gain freedom by ourselves. And we are on the strong side because we have the Americans as our allies. . . ."

One of the first and most vocal groups to get going under the new order, along with fresh political parties, was labor. On May Day, 300,000 workers marched through the streets of Tokyo from morning to night, singing, shouting, and carrying banners proclaiming their demands.

Labor wants up to 500-per-cent wage increases, doubling of bonuses

(*Continued on page 54*)

THE CONTEST WINNER

BY MAY SARTON

WHEN Mr. Pepper retired from the ticket window of a small station on the Boston & Maine, he simply went on doing at home what he had always done in the long hours between trains—solving crossword puzzles, learning the timetables of every railroad in the country, and playing innumerable other games he had invented. For Mr. Pepper was ingenious, and full of curiosity about everything. He read the papers and magazines people left in the station and he accumulated a marvelous odd lot of information. Start a conversation on anything at all, from Diesel engines to sturgeon fishing, and Mr. Pepper could be counted on to carry the ball. Molly, his wife, was not a great reader, but she didn't need to be. She was full of opinions. She disagreed automatically with every statement Theodore made, and this kept him in very good argumentative form. Mr. Pepper thought his wife the handsomest woman he had ever seen. After thirty-five years of married life they were still in love and never bored.

One day Mr. Pepper realized that the magazines he read were full of contests offering large cash prizes. Mr. Pepper caught the contest disease. He now began to spend most of his time explaining in fifty words why he (disguised as Molly) always used Satin-Smooth Facial Cream, or how True-Tone Hair Oil had changed his life. But what really made the game was the intricate calculations about how he would spend the money if he won. Every morning after breakfast Mr. Pepper lit his pipe and settled down at the kitchen table with pencils and a pile of foolscap.

"At it again, Theodore Pepper! You'd think you were a millionaire!" Molly began her attack.

But he answered severely, "Molly, if I win that Satin-Smooth contest, we can have a convertible Lincoln Zephyr, painted dark blue with red leather seats."

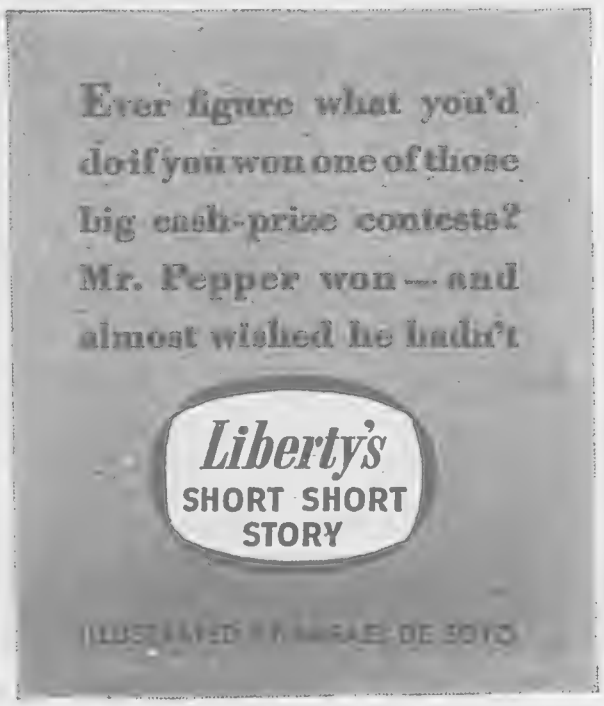
"And just who would drive the Lincoln Zephyr?" Molly asked rhetorically. "I suppose you with your bright eyes and your cleverness would learn to drive at seventy years old!"

"And why not?" Mr. Pepper took out another paper and a fresh pencil. An hour later he announced triumphantly, "I figure we can buy a farm in Vermont and start a chicken business, as well as insuring for fire, theft and hurricanes. Yup, I figure we can just about do it for ten thousand dollars—with a mortgage, of course."

"I thought that was a thousand-dollar contest," Molly threw in.

"Oh, that's the Satin-Smooth. I'm way beyond that now. This is the Nutritious Soup contest. There's real money in this."

For every contest Mr. Pepper entered he had at least five schemes worked out for spending the money. There was the trip to California via Charleston (South Carolina), New Orleans, and San Antonio, with stops at the Grand Canyon and Yellow-


Ever figure what you'd do if you won one of those big cash-prize contests? Mr. Pepper won—and almost wished he hadn't
Liberty's
SHORT SHORT STORY

stone National Park, train fares, meals on the trains, hotel bills and tips all worked out in detail. Here his great store of railroad information came in handy. Then he dreamed up a greenhouse. For days the apartment was filled with seed catalogues and builders' estimates.

He and Molly had never had so many various and controversial things to argue about. They had never had so much fun. In one respect only were they in unspoken agreement: neither expected to win. It was a game like all the other games.

And then it happened. One morning Rose O'Leary came down the fire escape and rapped on the kitchen window. "Telephone for you, Mr. Pepper!" The O'Learys were the only family in the three-decker to have a phone, Bob O'Leary being a policeman.

"Darn it!" Mr. Pepper was just at the end of a long column of figures and would have to start adding all over again. "Who in tarnation can that be?"

He came down the fire escape again so slowly that Molly had her hand to her heart, sure it was bad news.

"What is it, Theodore?"

Mr. Pepper sat down, "Well, Molly," he said, pink with embarrassment, "I've gone and done it. I've won a thousand dollars."

"You've won a thousand dollars! Why, Theodore Pepper, I don't believe it! You're foolin'."

"No, sir. That was the True-Tone Hair Tonic people calling from New York. Gol darn it!" he burst out. "Why couldn't it have been the soup contest? That was ten thousand dollars!"

"Theodore Pepper, I never heard of such ingratitude! Ten thousand indeed! A thousand's enough for me—now I can get that double boiler I've been needing."

All day long Mrs. Pepper was telling the neighbors and asking them in for coffee, and all day Mr. Pepper was figuring. By nightfall they were both exhausted and cross.

"When do we eat?" Mr. Pepper growled.

"I'm so tired I don't know what to do with myself."

"You've been gabbing all day, nothing but gabbing. Now I've been working here—working and sweating. Shucks, Molly, a thousand's just too little to do anything with." He sounded quite peevish.

"All I want is a double boiler," Molly said tactfully.

"Nonsense. We'll go to Atlantic City for a couple of weeks. Stay at a good hotel—maybe buy you a fur coat into the bargain—" Now that he was talking in terms of possibilities, Mr. Pepper began to cheer up.

"Haven't even got the check yet, Theodore Pepper. Hold your horses."

BUT when, a couple of weeks later, having deposited the check, they did make a trip to town, Molly noticed that every coat she really hankered after was too expensive for Theodore's ideas. So they compromised on dinner and a movie.

Now they had a thousand real dollars to argue over, the fun had suddenly gone out of arguing. Twice Molly retired to the bedroom in tears—once when Mr. Pepper decided to put the whole sum into a motorboat and once when he threatened to play the market. "All I want is a double boiler," Molly repeated tearfully. But it didn't look as if, with only a thousand dollars, they could even afford that.

Theodore began to look peaked.

Mr. Pepper sat down. "Well, Molly," he said, pink with embarrassment, "I've gone and done it. I've won a thousand dollars."

He lost his appetite. The fine edge of his enthusiasm was gone. When he talked now about the money, it was a business matter and no longer a game. The whole atmosphere of their lives had changed.

AND then the Peppers got a letter. Molly opened it.

"It's from Sue, Theodore—haven't heard from Sue in a dog's age. Wonder what they're up to." Sue was Molly's sister. She lived in Indiana, had an easygoing husband and two children.

Mr. Pepper lit his pipe and settled back to hear it read aloud. It was the first time they had sat down quietly to talk about something besides money for a week, and it was a good feeling. But it appeared from the letter that Sue and Bob were in trouble again. Bob had slipped on the ice and hurt his knee. He wouldn't be able to work for three, maybe four months. Sue said not to worry, that they were all right, they had some bonds put away—

"But those are the bonds Bob intended to put into a house—" Mr. Pepper interrupted crossly.

"Seems like Sue never gets a break," Molly sighed.

Theodore Pepper observed his wife anxiously. He had something in mind but he was afraid if he suggested it, Molly would jump on him.

And Molly, rocking steadily, thought to herself, If only he would think of it first! But if I say anything, he'll land on me like a ton of bricks.

"Yes, sir, that poor girl has certainly had no luck—"

"There ain't no justice in it—you can't tell me people get what they deserve!" Darkly Molly looked at her husband. What had he ever done to deserve a thousand dollars? While Sue, with two kids, slaving away. Molly had tears in her eyes.

Mr. Pepper coughed. He couldn't stand to see Molly cry. "Uh—" he said tentatively, and then decided to go the whole hog and take a chance. "What do you say, Molly, let's get rid of the money—it's burning holes in our pockets. Let's send it to Sue."

"Theodore Pepper, you're crazy!" Molly said as if she meant it. But then she got up and went over and kissed his ear. "But you're a darling, an old darling—" she said.

"You with me, then?"

"I sure am, all the way." She sighed, "Why, this is the best thing that ever happened—"

"Having the money or getting rid of it?" Theodore Pepper twinkled.

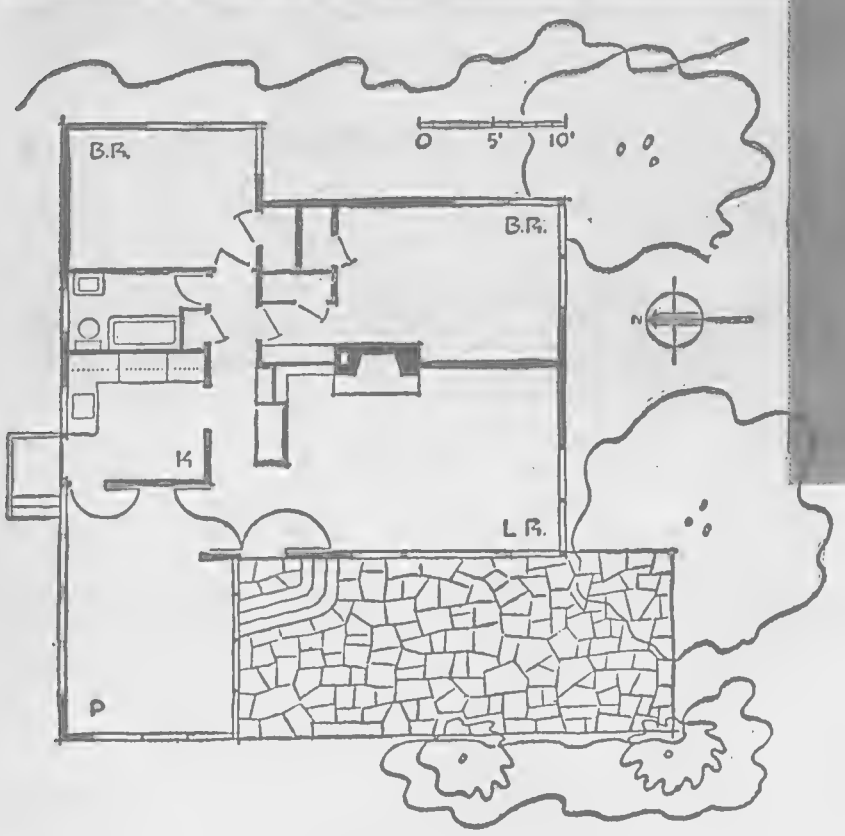
MOLLY hesitated. "Well—since you're asking—I don't rightly know. I can't make up my mind."

"Well, if you can't, it's the first time in thirty-five years you haven't been able to, that's all I can say."

"You're an opinionated old man yourself—don't try to deny it!"

The Peppers were off again on the first good argument they'd had for ages. And after a time, while Molly ironed a couple of shirts, Mr. Pepper began to figure what Sue and Bob might do with a thousand dollars.

THE END



Modern Without Frills

BY DARRELL HUFF

The owners of this one say, "We have enjoyed every minute we have spent in it"

A HOUSE can be modern in a quiet, inconspicuous way. It can be modern without looking it—modern without the flat roof and sleek lines commonly associated with the word. The house illustrated on these pages shows how.

There is a lot of tradition in this house. A feeling of old-fashioned country coziness arises out of the use of warmly traditional materials. There is white-painted clapboard outside and knotty-pine paneling inside. There is a pitched roof. There is a brick fireplace.

These things are traditional through most of the United States. They are especially common in the region where this house was built, Alpine Woods, near Peekskill, New York.

Yet this is a modern house in its fundamentals. It was designed by George Nemeny of New York City, an architect noted for his success in persuading traditional builders to recognize the merits of modern planning.

"Builders usually don't care what type of design they work with," he says. "Show them that a modern plan will produce more house for less money and they will go along with it."

Individual clients can learn the same lesson by studying such houses as this one, built for $7,000 at prewar rates in a comparatively high-cost region.

Architect Nemeny started planning this house for Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Gaines with the same basic problem that faces nearly every home planner today: how to get the usefulness and spacious feeling of a large house in one to be built on a limited budget.

"I aimed for flexibility and sense of space," Mr. Nemeny says. "I made the rooms as few as possible and, within the limitations of needed privacy, let one flow into another. A pair of reverse-swing doors lets the living room become part of the

porch. A low storage wall cuts off the living room from the hallway, yet permits it to remain visually a part of the living room."

Such flexibility was achieved that from the inside it seems much more than the four-room-plus-porch house that it really is. The porch is a good part of the secret. It is regularly used for dining and summer sleeping, making this little country home the equivalent of a six- or seven-room house of conventional layout.

Quite a bit of money was saved by omitting the usual full basement. There is basement only under the small bedroom and the kitchen.

"Even a small house will never seem cramped if it takes in the outdoors," Mr. Nemeny says. "The long banks of windows in living room and porch make the pleasant wooded surroundings a part of the house. For light and warmth these windows face west and south."

ASIDE from these important windows, the heart of the plan lies in the small area around the front entrance. Here are the wide double reverse-swing doors that fold against the walls to make the porch the most useful portion of the house instead of the usual half-used appendage. Here also is the storage wall, six feet high and eight feet long, that provides bookshelves for the living room, pantry space for the kitchen, and a generous coat closet that is handy both to kitchen and front entrances.

"Good circulation is essential to any successful house," the architect points out. "It means simply how you get from one part of the house to another. Here again the reverse-swing doors play a major part. The kitchen is next to the most desirable dining areas, in the porch and the living room, and also is handy to the front door. The bathroom is easily accessible from any part of the house, yet it is next to the kitchen, which makes installation of plumbing more economical."

There is nothing cold about a living room paneled in knotty pine, and nothing cramped about one that opens so generously onto the outdoors.

The "living porch," by the ingenious use of the reverse-swing doors, can be closed for privacy or opened to make the porch a part of the living room.

PHOTOS BY EZRA STOLLER

The decorative fireplace makes this a friendly home.

All this sounds as simple, easy, and natural as the completed house looks, but it was not achieved without anguish. A good house rarely is.

For one thing, Dr. and Mrs. Gaines, like most home planners, had started out with a pretty precise idea of what they wanted —good circulation, a view of the outdoors from every part of the house, a large living room, two bathrooms. To bring the house within the predetermined cost, the second bathroom was eliminated. So was a third doorway outside. The rooms were made smaller than the Gaineses had wanted, but open planning made up for this.

Now, after four years of experience with the house, the only faults they find are those that were forced by limited cost. But as Mrs. Gaines says, "It is so well planned architecturally that we can easily add to it without hurting the general effect."

She also found that she had a house in which almost any kind of furniture would seem at home. She took advantage of this to furnish the house just as she pleased—certainly the way a home should be treated. In living room and (*Continued on page 70*)

PHOTO BY DON AHLERS

The above is a example of why the filling station is the nation's most competitive business. One intersection—four filling stations. There are nearly 500,000 in the country and only four out of ten show a profit.

That Vine-Covered Gas Pump

Thousands of veterans want their own gas stations. Here are the sober facts

By

MORRIS MARKEY

THE filling-station business has a fatal allure for the man who wants to set up shop and be his own boss. That is because it seems so simple. But filling-station operation is a highly competitive business and, like any other retail selling job, it is full of pitfalls.

There are nearly half a million gas stations in the country. But only about 242,000 of these make half or more of their gross earnings from the sale of gasoline and oil. The others fill out their business by selling groceries, farm hardware, or other items of trade.

Only about four out of ten filling stations are really profitable enterprises. The other 60 per cent worry along, providing perhaps a bare living or perhaps going slowly down under an accumulating weight of debt. Nearly half the proprietors do not actually know whether they are making money or losing it.

There are more different kinds of filling stations than there are brands of gasoline. On the West Coast, and to a certain extent in the Middle West, a great many stations are owned and operated by the oil companies themselves, with salaried managers and helpers. But for the country as a whole, 95 per cent of all filling stations are individually

PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY

This modernistic gas station uses eye appeal to attract business.

There are things for which some men will fight, even without hope of winning, because they know that having them, they can never really lose

BY HERBERT B. LIVINGSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

CHICAGO was hot and Maxwell Street smelled the same as ever to the champ, but the comfort he had expected from the sight and smell of his old neighborhood did not come. He moved through the crowd, a short thickset dark brown man with long arms and too large hands. His white panama was tilted forward over green sun glasses and his cream shirt was plastered to his back.

He walked slowly westward, the crowd thinning after he had passed the police station on Morgan Street. Here the buildings sagged on weary foundations and there were gaps between them.

Reverend Wilson found him standing in front of the empty lot across from the school, staring vacantly at a pile of red bricks in the middle of the lot. The reverend came on slowly, fanning himself with his derby, a fat, very black man with deep lines etched into his face. "Boysie?" he asked hesitantly.

The champ turned slowly. "That's right, rev'nd. Howdy." The reverend nodded. "Tol'able. How you, Boysie?" The champ did not speak for a moment; then, "Tol'able."

"Dey chomped down you' ol' house," the reverend ventured.

"Ah see dey did." The two moved down a way and stood under the eave of a fish shack. It was not much cooler.

"Ten year," the reverend said slowly. "You done right good, Boysie. You big man."

The champ grunted bitterly, his puffed lips working and the scars around his eyes gathering as he squinted. "Ah was."

"You *is*, Boysie. Ah reads the paper. You got no right to let ol' secon' rater make you look so bad as you did you las' fight."

A sharp breath was sucked through the hammered nose. "You follow me?" the champ asked wonderingly. "After ten year?"

The reverend smiled. "You was ever a good boy. Besides, tha's all the kids dese days know. Ah got to keep up. Look dere."

The champ looked. Across the street two scrawny kids were shadow-boxing in the sun, unmindful of the heat, their tattered shorts flapping around skinny brown legs as they bobbed and weaved.

He smiled. "Wisht Ah was dey age agin. Ah stick to my shoeshine box."

His companion shook his head. "What come over you?" he asked. "You got money, fine clothes. Ah seed in the paper you even got you a fine wife."

"Ah *had* a fine wife," the champ said shortly.

The reverend sighed. "De Lawd giveth and de Lawd taketh away."

"Wa'n't no Lawd," the champ told him. "He were a yella boy fum Ha'lem."

So that was it. That was why Boysie had come back to stare at the pile of red bricks. But ten years was too long and a vacant lot was nothing to tie to when he needed something solid.

Reverend Wilson knew that, and he hummed a few bars of When the Saints Come Marchin' In while he thought it over. He was a wise man and he knew how to keep his mind free from the aches that others' misery put in his heart.

"Walk a ways wid me?" the reverend asked at last.

The champ nodded and the two walked slowly eastward.

AFTER a time the champ realized they had stopped walking and were standing in front of the police station. "Ah got to go in foh a minute," the reverend explained. "Comin' wid me?"

Why not? There was nothing better to do and it would be cooler inside. The champ followed him up the stone steps into the red brick building. It was not cooler here and the sergeant at the desk was pulling his dark wool shirt open at the collar as he watched them approach.

"You come for that boy, reverend?" he asked. The reverend nodded and the sergeant looked angry. "I know you do your best, reverend, but if we catch that kid stealing again, it's the reform school for him." He looked toward the detectives' room. "Reverend Wilson is here!" he bellowed.

In a moment a policeman came out, half dragging a spindling Negro boy of about twelve. The boy was tall for his age, but terribly thin, and his ribs showed under his taut brown skin. He wore only a pair of ragged shorts and tennis shoes which were too large for him and from which the soles hung, precariously attached by a few threads to the uppers.

The boy stood watching the champ for a moment, not paying any attention to the reverend. His gray thin lips were drawn back to reveal broken white teeth and his eyes had no right to be in a boy's face. But he could hate and it showed when he said fearfully, "Coppa?"

The reverend laughed. "No, Jimsie, he no coppa. He boy ah usta know, name of Du Bois Cummins."

The boy knew the name and he trembled but stood his ground. "Y'all brung him to whup me?"

The reverend's deep chuckle covered his pity. "Talk sense, boy," he chided. "Champs don' hit kids." He held the boy's arm tightly in a moist hand while he explained to the champ.

"Dis heah's Jimsie. Ain't got no paw an' his maw died 'bout year ago. Since den he sleepin' aroun'. He good boy, but he goin' bad. Got nobody, 'fraid ev'ybody."

The champ understood. What he never did rightly understand, though, was how the Reverend Wilson persuaded him to take the boy. How could he take care of him? Man, he himself had no home, no wife, no folks!

The training camp would be good for the boy, all right; fine food to fatten him up and a soft bed to sleep in and clean air to fill his hollow chest. And as for the rough talk of the camp, well, anything would be an improvement on Jimsie's lurid vocabulary.

The champ's manager complained, as it was certain he would. Anything that took the champ's mind off business was bad, but the champ paid the boy's way.

And sometimes it seemed that Jimsie was worth all the trouble he did make. The boy had a driving desire to learn, although he had never learned to discriminate between the right kind of knowledge and the wrong, and he soaked up much that was good along with the bad. He could never get enough to eat, either, and he was first to the table and last away. By the end of the first month the hollows in his cheeks were nearly filled in. The champ was delighted when he weighed Jimsie.

ON the other hand, the champ was not one to take lightly the responsibility he had accepted, and because of that he often wished he had never laid eyes on Jimsie. He tried to make friends with the boy.

Twice he had said, "Whyn't you call me Boysie, lak de rev'nd do? Make out lak Ah'm you' big brotha."

But the big eyes remained aloof, and the boy stuck to the custom of the camp and addressed him only when necessary, and then as

(*Continued on page 67*)

The white boy's right came out of nowhere to crash against the champ's jaw and send him into the ropes.

"I didn't know whether he'd be satisfied with that kind of picture, but I was too scared to wait. I just wanted to get my shot and run."

Anywhere but around Broadway this could have been pegged as a simple triangle killing—the girl was very dead in a man's apartment and her husband lurked near by

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

MURDER *on*

RESUME OF PART ONE

EDDIE BUELL, owner of the Club Biarritz on Fifty-second Street, was ambitious and proud of his success, especially now that he had persuaded Marian Westleigh, beautiful thrice-married heiress, to meet him for supper in his lavish apartment over the club. While he waited for Marian, Eve Lanham, the club's cashier, entered. She was in love with Eddie. She warned him that George, Marian's husband, was in the bar. It would be awkward if husband and wife should meet, so Eddie went down and gave orders to Eve's brother Arnold, the *maître d'hôtel,* to keep George occupied. Doris Lockhart, the pretty redhead with camera and flash bulbs, was in the hallway and Eddie sent her inside and went upstairs.

Sam, his man, had left drinks ready and the sole Marguery was bubbling over an alcohol flame. Marian arrived and Eddie poured cocktails for her and whisky for himself. Suddenly he began to feel weak and shaky. Marian's voice faded, the room blurred and Eddie blacked out.

Next day at noon Sam found him on the bed, his hand gripping a blood-stained bronze statuette. On the floor lay the body of Marian, her head battered. Horrified, Eddie realized someone had drugged the whisky and then tried to frame him. Arnold and Eve came in and Eddie accused Arnold of drugging him. The man finally admitted that for Eve's sake he had tried to break up Eddie's date with Marian, but he swore he knew nothing about the murder.

While they waited for police, Eddie found a heel from Marian's slipper on the fire escape and he picked up an odd concave piece of glass from the floor. Then the phone rang. It was George Westleigh, asking to speak to his wife!

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

EDDIE BUELL, his nerves tense, put the piece of glass down and took the telephone from Sam. "Hello, Westleigh," he said.

"Oh, Buell?" George Westleigh sounded casual. "Good morning. Marian there, please?"

"Why should Marian be here?"

"Well, she isn't at her apartment or anywhere else. And I know she'd planned to spend the night at your place." Just like that. No emotion.

Eddie remembered some of the things Marian had said over her Bacardi: *"I think George knows I'm here tonight. He walked into my room this morning just as I finished talking to you."*

"Quit stalling, will you?" George said. "Put her on."

Eddie answered in a tight voice, "You'd better get over here, Westleigh. Right away. Marian's dead."

There was silence. A long silence. Then George said with a gasp, "Marian's— What's that?"

"Better get here," Eddie repeated. "She's been murdered."

He hung up. When he turned, he saw Arnold Lanham watching him with narrow, puzzled eyes.

"How the devil did Westleigh know his wife was here?" he asked.

Eddie didn't bother to reply. He saw that Eve had taken up the bit of broken glass. There was an odd look in her eyes.

"What's the matter, Eve?"

"I think I know where this comes from," she said slowly. "The other night one of the waiters cut himself on a piece like this. It's part of a broken bulb—a flash bulb."

Startled, he examined the piece of glass again. The only one who used flash bulbs was Doris Lockhart, and if Eve were right, this thing virtually accused the redhead of having been up here. But why? What business could Doris possibly have had in the apartment?

STILL pale, Eve put the glass back on the chair. With her purse tucked under her arm she said, "I'm going down to have a look at Doris' darkroom. There's a box where she throws used bulbs."

But Eddie caught Eve's wrist. He shook his head.

"Let the cops do that," he said. "The less you get mixed up in this, the better I'll like it."

A bitter twist came to her lips. "Don't you think I'm mixed up in it all the way right now? It couldn't be much worse."

"All the same, stay here. Suppose you *found* a broken bulb. What would it prove? Doris could have broken it anywhere."

"Maybe you're right," Eve said, a bit harshly. "Why *should* I make it my problem?"

Eddie gathered his clothes, took them into the bathroom. He didn't trouble to close the door as he changed. In the living room he could hear Arnold pacing back and forth.

"Do you realize what this mess will do to the club?" Arnold said to Eve, his voice raspy. "Marian Westleigh isn't just *anybody!* She's hot front-page stuff. We might as well close up. We're through. No matter who killed her, it happened in Eddie's bedroom. That's what'll ruin the club."

Eddie stood in front of the bathroom mirror, knotting a tie in a white shirt. His face, he saw, was gray and drawn.

"And the hell of it is he brought it on himself," Arnold said bitterly. "Why did he have to be such a damned fool anyhow—picking somebody like Marian Westleigh? If he *had* to have himself a little fun, why didn't he find some floozy, some—"

"Shut up, Arnold," Eddie said, very loud.

But Arnold didn't shut up; he called to Eddie, "We can kiss the place good-by. It was nice while it lasted. Now maybe you can buy that fool orange grove you used to talk about. Remember?"

Though he wasn't dressed, Eddie Buell came out of the bathroom.

"Do I have to throw you out of here, Arnold?"

That silenced Arnold. Eddie sent a glance at Eve, then at the body on the floor. Lying there, hardly eight feet away, it still wrenched at his stomach. He went back into the bathroom and continued dressing. Somewhere along Fifty-second Street a siren sounded.

Arnold was right, he knew, about the effect of this thing on the club. The upper-crust trade—the backbone of his business—would shy away from the Biarritz as from smallpox.

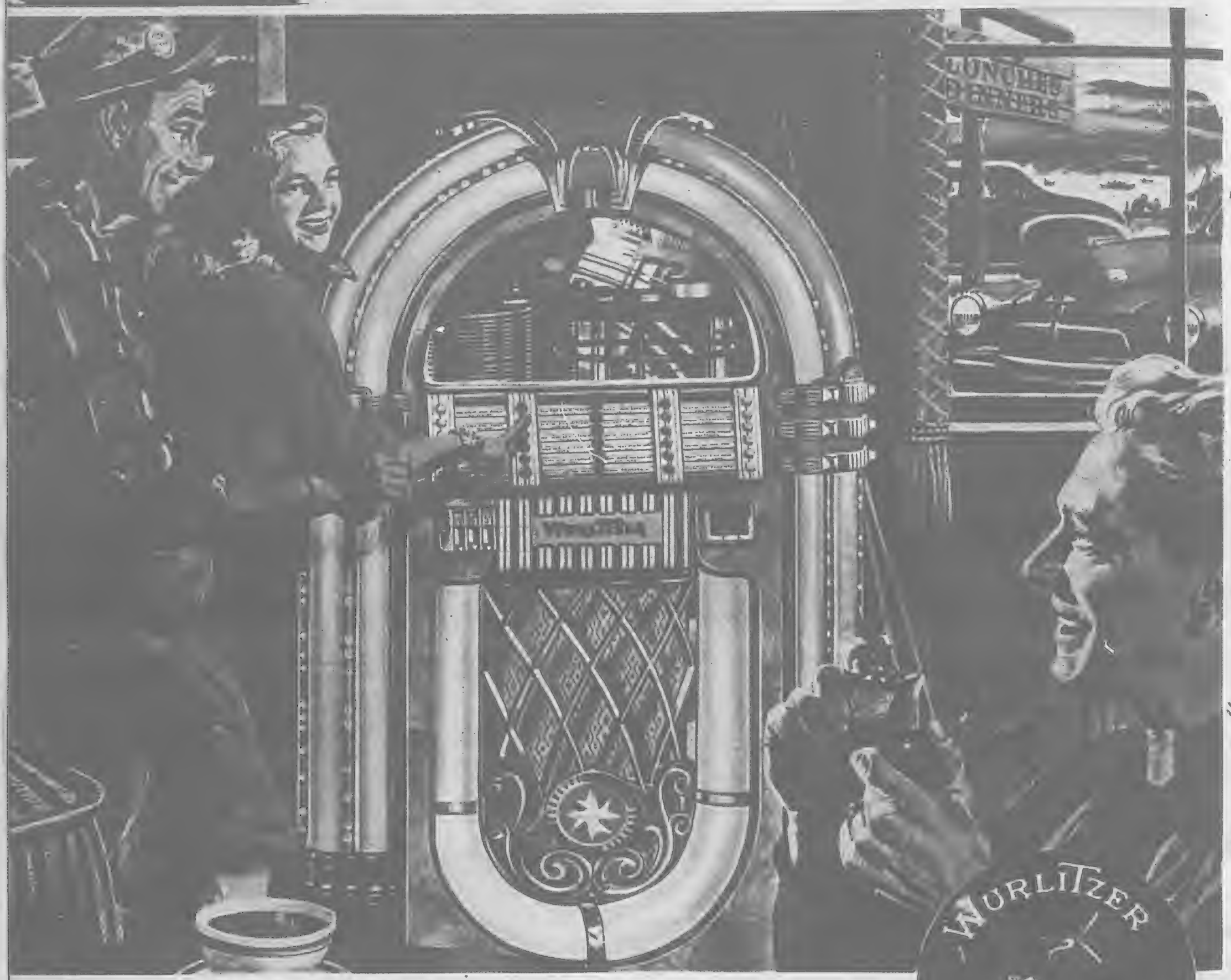
IT wasn't as if he'd ever had any deep feelings for Marian Westleigh. He'd never kidded himself about that. She was beautiful, sure, and a curiosity. It had been exciting to have her come to the apartment. He'd even had ambitions that went beyond last night. She represented something it would have been a triumph and a satisfaction to attain—for a lug who'd started with nothing in Canarsie.

He was combing his hair, and ready in the gray suit, when the police arrived.

There were five of them in the first group, all in plain clothes, with big Harry Klegman of Homicide in

(*Continued on page 61*)

Wherever you go it's fun to play WURLITZER MUSIC!



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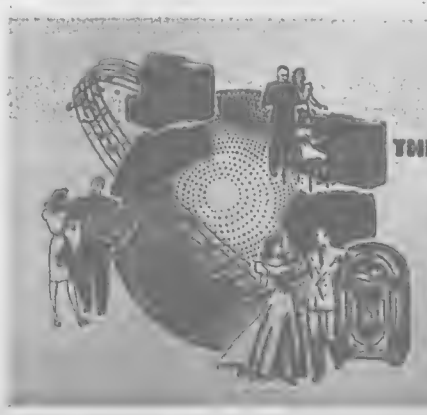

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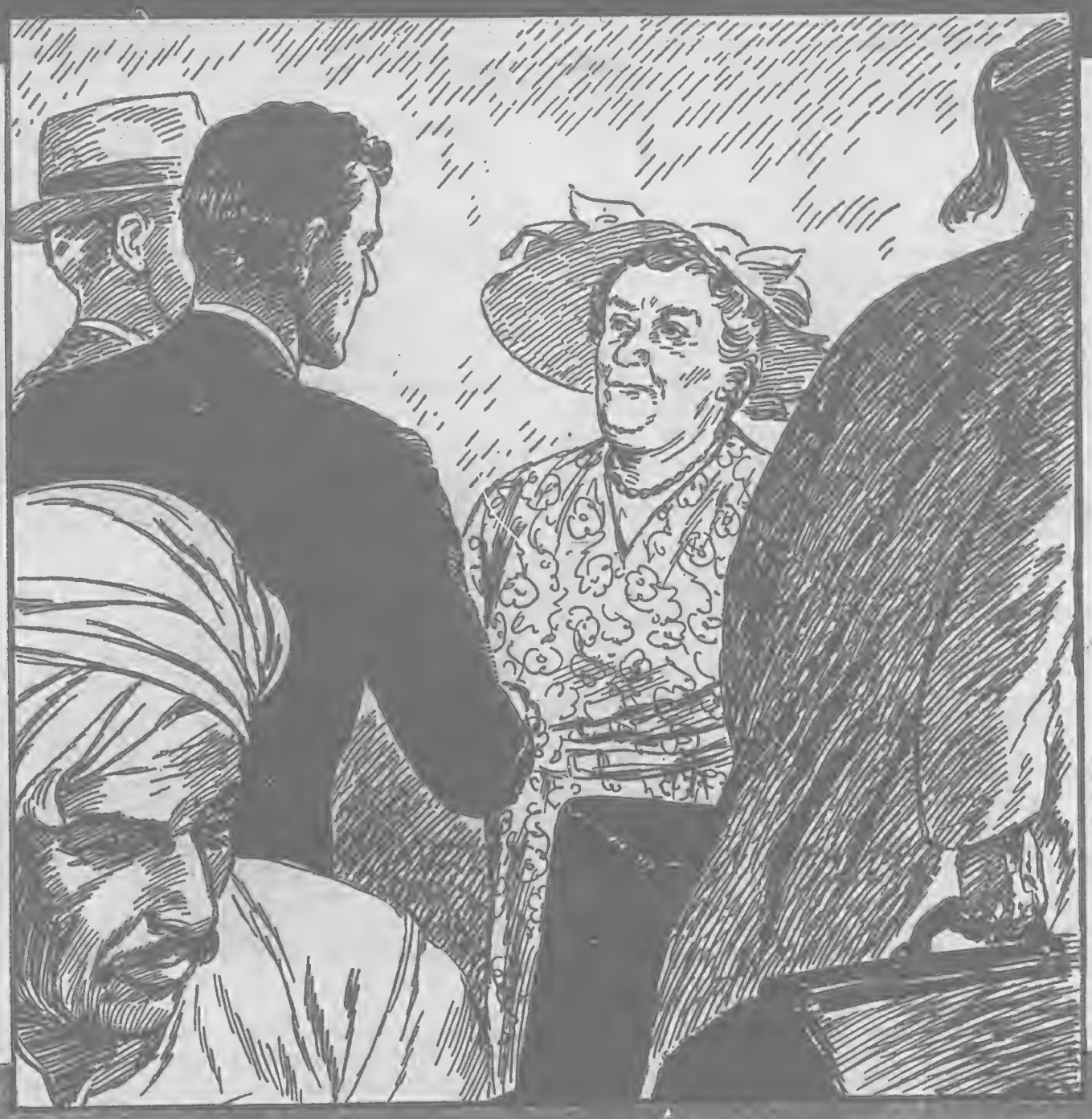

BY FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

Young [illegible] to archaic Egypt [illegible] was called was filled by [illegible] be casting [illegible] between the two of them draws on a host of [illegible] people in this, one [illegible]

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION • *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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FATHER PHILIP was beginning to feel uncomfortable. Two people on the train were acting grossly. He had no feeling that he was entitled to any particular respect personally, but he was quick to resent any lack of respect shown his collar. His collar was quite new. He wasn't thirty yet, and hadn't been ordained very long.

There had been no lack of respect either for himself or his collar all the way across the Atlantic and through the Mediterranean. What a pleasant crossing it had been! He had been included so generously and casually in everything that went on. "Father, will you join us for a cocktail?" "Sit down, Father—we were just saying . . ."

This was all quite startling to Father Philip. At the seminary he'd been pretty much of a drudge. Seminarians who came from the orphanage, as he did, were always the drudges. Even the last few years, when he'd held the Thomas Brennan Memorial Scholarship, people had kept giving him all kinds of odd jobs to do, out of habit. He had never traveled before. It didn't occur to him that it was only natural for his fellow passengers to like him. Yes—the agreeableness of the voyage had surprised Father Philip exceedingly.

The present scene, on the other hand, was not agreeable at all. It was gross. Mr. Capp, the dealer in leather, was buying from an Arab peddler a wedding ring for a lady department-store buyer. It seemed a strange thing for Arabs to be doing, walking up and down the station platform of Port Said, selling wedding rings in public. But there they were: there must be a demand.

The train pulled out of Port Said; soon desertlike stretches began to appear.

All at once worry swept over Father Philip. Freddy! Where was he? Good Lord—the Bishop's nephew! Heavens! Had he been left behind?

THE priest need not have worried. Freddy had got back onto the train in plenty of time, after buying cigarettes in the station buffet. Only, he had not got back into the car he had got off from. Through a window he had caught sight of Max Mitchell, alone in the dining car. She waved—so of course Freddy climbed into the diner.

It was only the middle of the morning, and Max was the only person at a table. What a life she had led! It made Freddy's brain whirl to think of it. How beautiful she was! The shining ginger-colored hair! Those marvelous green eyes! But Max was haggard. Damned haggard.

Freddy greeted her cheerily. "Hi! What's what?"

Max ran her fingers over her forehead with a tragic air.

"You were to be met, weren't you? Where is he?"

"Oh, darling, everything's gone terribly wrong. Absolutely all fouled up. I'm in the most hideous jam."

"Really? What's what? A telegram? A letter?"

Max ground out her cigarette. "Oh, no. If there was a telegram, or a letter, it wouldn't be so cruel. But there's nothing, darling. No Ali, no word, no nothing—and here I am. If only I hadn't told everybody everything. Then I could dash back on the next boat or plane and call everybody up and tell them I'd just been away in the country somewhere. But now everybody knows. It's so humiliating, so ghastly!"

"And you're positive he knew you were arriving on this boat?" Freddy said.

"But darling! He wired me the reservations himself. His divorce had just about gone through. The house was ready. And besides, we've been cabling madly back and forth from the boat."

"You have?" Freddy felt a pang. He had had the thought that on the boat Max had been cut off from all those other men, even from Ali. That she had been satisfied with just him.

"Yes, darling, of course we have. It's customary for the bride and groom to keep in touch, you know. Except just before the wedding ceremony. Oh, Freddy! What shall I do?"

Freddy felt suddenly warm. He did not want to hear any more about Ali or about Max's worries. There was one way to keep her cheerful. He tried it now.

"Max, darling, you're always so stingy with facts about yourself. Do you know you've never told me anything about what happened after you came back on the Clipper from Lisbon? Did you *marry* that man in Santa Barbara?"

Max breathed deeply, reflectively. A look of self-approving reminiscence appeared. "Oh, no, darling. I've never married anybody. It's true. I . . ."

Freddy felt better. It was going to work.

FATHER PHILIP jumped to his feet. Where was the boy? On shipboard he had disappeared constantly, for hours at a time. But on shipboard Father Philip had known at least that he was on the ship. Whereas here on land . . .

And the worst thing about him was that he would not cease to be a responsibility when they reached Bahari. His mother would be there, of course, but Freddy would be a member of the parish—and as such, a responsibility. Father Philip groaned. Freddy's mother would almost certainly be unable to control him singlehanded.

On his way to the door of the car, Father Philip gave a start. Old Mr. Giannini was sitting in one of the chairs. How he had changed! Mr. Giannini had merely discarded his black Homburg and replaced it with a scarlet tarbush—but what a different effect it gave! Hitherto

a heavy-set, not very healthy-looking elderly businessman: now, suddenly, a Pasha.

He addressed Father Philip in Italian, inviting him to visit him in Bahari; and Father Philip replied courteously, accepting the invitation. He had found his Italian useful while traveling. His Italian, learned so painfully at the seminary, was now taking him to Bahari. "The school is full of Italian children," the Bishop had said. "Your knowledge of the language will be useful."

Father Philip hurried on. He opened the door of the diner. There was the back of Freddy's blond head. That extraordinary-looking Miss Mitchell was talking. "Cheese it," she said. "The padre." What could they have been talking about, Father Philip wondered, that his presence should make it necessary to cheese it? What an ungrateful role, that of killjoy!

"Max was telling me awfully interesting things about her work in New York," Freddy said. "What's what, Phil?"

A rebuke sprang to Father Philip's lips, but he repressed it. Miss Mitchell was looking at him out of her rather frightening cat's eyes. Suddenly she leaned forward. "Father," she said, in almost a whisper, "would you please hear my confession, Father?"

Father Philip stood aghast. "Your confession, Miss Mitchell?" he said. "Here? Now?"

"Father, do call me Max. At least call me Maxine."

"Are you suffering, Miss Mitchell, or ill?"

"No, Father, it's just that something very serious has happened to me. Something that makes me want . . ."

"But you can confess to a priest when we get to Bahari. It would be most irregular, except in a case of emergency, for me to . . ."

"Please, Father. It is an emergency. Really it is."

What was her idea, Freddy wondered. Suddenly he thought he knew. If Ali didn't appear, then at least she'd be in a state of grace, fit to associate with the one person she'd know in Egypt—with Freddy Brennan! She knew his mother was religious. She was preparing herself, in case of need, to pass muster. Freddy was thrilled.

Father Philip reluctantly decided. Perhaps there really was, after all, some real, immediate need. The girl was certainly not a churchly type, but something did seem to have occurred. Perhaps—who knew?—this might be the occasion of saving her soul.

"Please go into the other car, Freddy," he said.

Freddy walked away. Max bowed her head. "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. My last confession was made ten—no, eleven—no, twelve years ago. . . ."

"BAHARI!" the porter called. "Bahari!"

The station platform appeared, jammed with humanity. The platform was a babel of shouts and cries.

"There's Mama!" cried Freddy. "See her, Phil? Over there in the big white hat?"

Father Philip saw her. He'd caught sight of her even before Freddy had, and knew instantly it must be she. "Good Lord!" he'd had to keep himself from exclaiming. "That's His Grace's sister, all right. It's the old boy to the life! The Bishop himself, in a big white hat!"

The noise was positively deafening. The dirty arms of porters began to reach in the windows for the luggage. "See here!" Father Philip cried, rescuing his briefcase.

He was too busy to hear Max's cry that sent Freddy's hopes crashing into the dust. "Ali! Ali darling!"

MRS. BRENNAN was elderly to be the mother of Freddy. She had married late in life.

During her earlier years she had been too busy to marry—too busy working, helping her brother, Patrick Flanagan, through the seminary. And later, when he was a monsignor on the cathedral staff, she was all ready to become a nun. But then a proposal came along. A proposal that suddenly made it clear that she could serve the Church far more usefully as a wife. It was precisely prominent and wealthy laymen like Tom Brennan who were able to see to it that the proper monsignor was chosen bishop. So they were married, and Freddy was born. The proper monsignor *was* chosen bishop, and the boy's existence was justified. There seemed to be no occasion for any further such justifications, however. Tom was made to realize that the old saw about a wife's place being at her husband's side was from now on to be interpreted in a strictly limited sense.

Mrs. Brennan had practically founded the parish of St. Patrick's-in-Egypt. Patrick for Patrick Flanagan, of course. How unpleasant it had been in Bahari when the Brennans first arrived! Not a decent church in town.

"Plenty of money to build a church," Mrs. Brennan wrote her brother after she'd been there a few months. "I'm busy getting it together right now. You just send us a pastor. Or even better, bring him. Come along with him in about six months, and consecrate the building."

The Bishop had come, bringing with him Father Smith. The consecration was a brilliant affair. The Bishop had been somewhat embarrassed by the Patrick business, but Mrs. Brennan scolded him. "It's an extension of your diocese, so naturally it's named for you."

"That doesn't sound very respectful to *Saint* Patrick."

But Mrs. Brennan cared nothing about that.

After the ceremony the Bishop had returned to the States. He wasn't quite sure why the Brennans were remaining in Egypt. "The cotton business," Tom had given as his reason, but it didn't hold water. A representative could do Tom's work for him in Egypt. Something fishy, the Bishop smelled. But he asked no questions.

It was Tom who had insisted on remaining in Egypt, though he told his wife she could go home if she wanted to. Home or anywhere else. She could go to hell if she liked. But she stayed in Bahari. Tom liked the Egyptian city. Lots of things to do there. Things that he couldn't do nearly so easily or so interestingly in the States. He kept quite active—active in a number of "lay occupations," a favorite phrase of his.

The Brennans never did go home. Not once during fifteen years. Then Egypt killed Tom. A violent attack of gyppy tummy, Egyptian indigestion—so it was given out—carried him off. And by this time Mrs. Brennan was far too bound up in St. Patrick's to think of leaving.

Unlike Tom, Father Smith had not been killed by Egypt. He had just grown happily old there. He was easy-going, Father Smith. Now he was too feeble, too sleepy, to carry on alone. So Mrs. Brennan had written the Bishop to send the curate. He knew the curate she meant—the Brennan Memorial curate.

THE moment Mrs. Brennan saw Freddy at the station she knew she would always be uncomfortable in his presence. She had not seen him for six years. He had been fifteen. Now he was twenty-one. He still looked far too young. But then Mrs. Brennan was not primarily a mother, just as she had never been primarily a wife. A sister, first, last, and always.

Poor Freddy! He was conscious of none of this as he struggled through the crowd to his mother. "Mama!" he cried, boyishly. It didn't occur to him that that cry of "Ali! Ali!" had anything to do with his excitement.

Vigorously, as she did everything, Mrs. Brennan returned her son's embrace. She told him she was glad to see him and straightened her hat. Well, that was that. Where was the curate? Ah! There he was. And in the next moment Father Philip felt his hand taken in a firm, masterful grasp and felt himself being scrutinized from head to foot by the most piercing pair of cold grey eyes he had met up with since leaving the Episcopal Residence.

"Welcome to Bahari, Father!"

Even the booming voice was the Bishop's—just as genuinely so as the eyes, the thick dumpy figure, the florid face, the fleshy nose. Extraordinary—really an extraordinary impersonation.

"Father Smith wanted to come with me to greet you. But I persuaded him not to. He is not very well."

"I look forward to meeting him at the rectory."

"That is another thing. We are renovating the house. Father Smith has been living with me. For you we have reserved a room in a pension—a boarding house. The Luxor. The proprietress is a good religious woman. A Frenchwoman, unfortunately—there will be things you will not like. But many of our parishioners have lived there, and have found it reasonably satisfactory. I am sorry that my own limited space—particularly now with Freddy's arrival—makes it impossible for me to have you at the house. Shall we be on our way?"

Baggage and travelers were transferred to Mrs. Brennan's sedan, and soon they were rolling—a not very talkative carful—through the streets of Bahari.

LIKE the rest of the world, Bahari had been through a difficult period during the past six or seven years. "The past few years"—that was how the war was locally referred to by persons of taste.

No one in Bahari was more thankful over the coming of happier times than was Madame Pichat, the proprietress of the Pension Luxor.

What a distasteful time she had had! All those Americans from St. Patrick's—well-to-do people whose comfortable homes had been taken over for one reason or another connected with national defense, and who had thereupon moved into the Luxor. Their standards of comfort! Their tastes in breakfast food! And one had not been able to refuse guests, either.

Now Madame Pichat need take in no guests at all, if she chose. The profits from the past few years were nicely salted away, and Madame Pichat could very easily live all alone—except for her canary, Trémolo.

One person among the Americans Madame Pichat had a special feeling for: Mrs. Brennan, generally referred to by Madame Pichat as *that horror*. She had never, thank

God, come to live at the Luxor; but she had come often to pry, to suggest, to drive Madame Pichat almost out of her mind. If the heating fell below American standards, if Madame Pichat ever hinted that the amount of water used by one American to brush his teeth one morning would fill all the needs of a French family of four for a week—Mrs. Brennan was sure to be heard from. One had to watch one's step with her. She was wealthy, powerful. A bishop's sister: yes, one had to be careful.

Perhaps Madame Pichat overestimated Mrs. Brennan's power and malevolence—but then that was the way Mrs. Brennan affected a number of people. At any rate, when Mrs. Brennan telephoned to reserve a room for the new curate, Madame Pichat hid her dismay as best she could.

Her impressions of him could only be slight the afternoon he arrived. There was a rather stiff meeting in the hall and then the young man disappeared into his room. At dinner time, when Mrs. Brennan's car called for him again, he unobtrusively left the house.

DINNER at Mrs. Brennan's that night was a small affair: Freddy and his mother, the pastor and the curate, and Miss Malone, Father Smith's housekeeper.

But it was not Miss Malone, naturally, who was the center of that little gathering. Nor, on the other hand, was it Father Smith. It should have been. He was the pastor, the curate was reporting to him.

And the curate reported very properly. It was good to see him walk straight up to the old priest, give him a firm American handshake, respectfully request a blessing—and then immediately deliver into Father Smith's hands the Bishop's letter and the other documents, those essential papers establishing a priest's identity.

Mrs. Brennan watched the little ceremony with approval. She removed the documents from Father Smith's old hands immediately, of course, and gave them a quick glance herself. But it would have been most improper had they been delivered in any other way.

Nor was it, however, the new curate, either, who was the center of the gathering. Father Smith smiled timidly. "I trust you will do me the honor, my son," he said, "of assisting me at late Mass tomorrow morning?"

Father Philip had already begun to answer, when his words were suddenly annihilated. "Oh, now about the Masses . . ." Mrs. Brennan broke in; and she scarcely broke out during the rest of the evening.

Mrs. Brennan, very definitely, was the center of things. And no one except Father Philip was in the least surprised. He *was* surprised. And not only surprised. Shocked and offended.

But as the evening progressed, he saw that to Father Smith, apparently, Mrs. Brennan's behavior was not only familiar, as it naturally would be, but acceptable, correct. "Oh, indeed, my dear, you're quite right," "I couldn't have put it better myself, my dear": such were the old priest's only comments as Mrs. Brennan proceeded at length and in detail to make her, his, and his curate's arrangements. Father Smith nodded and smiled impartially, and then he did not even do that, but fell peacefully asleep in his chair, breathing softly and evenly as Mrs. Brennan's monologue continued to unroll.

She talked a good deal about the scholarship. She was so glad to have been able to establish it. She was particularly glad that Father Philip had been the first beneficiary. . . . Mrs. Brennan talked a little too much, in fact, about the scholarship.

Father Philip felt rather sick. As recently as a few hours before, he had believed that it was his Italian that had caused him to be given the curacy of St. Patrick's. Now he was not so sure. He was thinking of the Bishop's order: "Limit your responsibility, Philip. . . ." Those words had seemed meaningless back in Monhegan City. But here at St. Patrick's how quickly they had taken on meaning! Limited responsibility. Limited, perhaps, by a certain obligation? That of a beneficiary to his benefactress? Was that what had been meant? Was that why he had been sent to Bahari, to be docile with the Bishop's sister, like sleepy old Father Smith? It looked like it.

The next morning, during Mass, Father Smith literally fell asleep standing up. It was when Father Philip was assisting him with bread and wine. Suddenly he noticed the old man's hands dropping slowly in mid-air. He sprang forward and seized the chalice just in time to prevent an accident. Father Smith woke up immediately, and there were no further incidents.

But after the final prayers Mrs. Brennan sent him home, and did not allow him to take part in the introduction of the parishioners to Father Philip. This she attended to herself. Doffing his vestments, Father Philip followed his benefactress down the aisle of the empty church to the entry. How fitting that the true pastor of St. Patrick's-in-Egypt should be the one to present her parishioners to her curate!

It occurred to Father Philip as his new parishioners filed past that as far as the appearance of most of them was concerned he and they might as well be back on Main Street in Monhegan City. They were all elderly people; not a youthful face, scarcely even a middle-aged face, among them: Freddy, apparently, was just about the first of the young people to return.

After the hand of the last parishioner had been shaken, Mrs. Brennan took Father Philip over to the convent, and introduced him to Mother Gertrude and the eight or nine nuns of the teaching order of Our Lady of Limerick. And then it was quietly arranged between Father Philip and Mrs. Brennan that Father Smith would say no more Masses for a while. Nothing would be said to him about it—he simply wouldn't be waked up in the morning, and Father Philip would say daily Mass.

THE afternoon of their third day in Bahari Max Mitchell telephoned Freddy. "Hi! Why don't you come around to the house and have a drink and meet the groom?"

"You mean you're married already?"

"Oh, no, darling—Moslem weddings take ages. But Ali had everything ready for me to move in anyway, so here I am."

Freddy Brennan had one never-failing recourse whenever he was depressed or bored—or, for that matter, whenever he was gay and cheerful: a skirt. Even before the boy had been rather hastily sent away from Egypt, he had been aware of the nature of his father's "lay occupations"; and at the seminary his own proclivities caused frequent embarrassment to his uncle.

Freddy was at that time destined by his mother for the priesthood: as the living evidence of the extent of her devotion to the Church he seemed to her a fit candidate for holy orders. Besides, she considered that only the most iron-clad vows would save him from following in his father's footsteps. But after rescuing Freddy from a series of escapades, the Bishop had finally been obliged to separate him from the institution.

Ali's house was a Swiss chalet called Mon Paradis. Olive-skinned Ali was middle-aged and prosperous-looking. He was a director of an air line.

He made some highballs, kissed Max a number of times on the back of her neck, and went off to the airport.

Max showed Freddy through the house. It was filled with pictures of an oriental-looking woman, wearing a great variety of European evening gowns. "My predecessor," Max said. "Isn't she beautiful? You've heard of her, haven't you? Madame Ali Abbas Bey? She was always in *Vogue*. A Greek, named Helene. It's wonderful, don't you think, that Ali loves me better?"

But Freddy felt dispirited, and didn't rise to the occasion.

In Max's bedroom were photographs of a villa. "Ali's place in Cannes," Max said. "We'll go there summers if Helene doesn't want it. They haven't straightened out some of those things yet." Her voice dropped. "Ali's frightfully black, don't you think? Sometimes he scares me. You're so different, Freddy, So nice and blond."

But Freddy continued glum. Max was quite cool when he left.

MR. FLYNN, the architect of St. Patrick's, was more nervous than he had ever been before in his life. For his daughter, away for "the past few years," was coming

home, and he wondered what she would think about him when she got there.

Maggy was traveling alone. Maggy was quite capable of traveling alone. Quite capable of doing anything, in fact. At twenty, she was apparently an expert at running not only her own affairs but other people's. That, at least, was what her college major seemed to mean. Maggy's studies had made her a specialist in "placement."

"Placement," Mr. Flynn had gathered from Maggy's letters, consisted in placing people in jobs—in the jobs for which, according to the placer, they were best fitted. But what presumption—or so Mr. Flynn could not help feeling. Things were different when he was a young fellow. No placement expert had told him to be an architect. He had told himself. And he had succeeded pretty well. Of course Maggy might not think so. All those churches he had built in the Eastern States: she'd seen some of them, undoubtedly. Maybe she thought they were hideous. She might think he had placed himself badly.

There was the train. Pulling slowly in. And as it came to a stop the platform became the usual bedlam.

Mr. Flynn strained his eyes, peering into the crowd. Maggy was on him before he knew it. "Pop darling! Flynn! *Flynn!*" She was in his arms.

But poor Mr. Flynn! Barely had he and Maggy got home—they were walking up the flagstone path to the Tudor cottage—when there fell the kind of blow he had been dreading.

"Pop, what a funny house! *So* funny! I'd forgotten how funny it was."

"Had you, dear?"

"Yes. I'd really forgotten. But oh, Pop, I'm so glad to be here!" She hugged her father.

Mr. Flynn found that he felt less nervous as soon as the blow had fallen. So he *was* badly placed. He sighed. And yet it wasn't as bad as it might be, by a long way. His daughter might have thought him a wonderful architect and yet *not* hugged him. Maybe it was the hug side of things he had really been nervous about.

AT Mrs. Brennan's, where the Flynns went to call a day or two later, Maggy and Freddy approached each other the way two dogs will often meet. The first burst of friendly greeting was succeeded by careful, wary, almost hostile circling and sniffing.

Freddy and Maggy had played together as children in Bahari. In the States, however, their paths had not crossed. They stared at each other curiously. Freddy wore his discharge button. Maggy eyed it. "Overseas?"

Freddy shook his head.

Miss Malone, Father Smith's housekeeper, was in the room and she was beaming at this reunion. "Oh, Freddy went through all kinds of dreadful experiences," she volunteered. "The poor boy almost died."

Maggy had met modest heroes before, but never so modest a one as this. He was blushing positively scarlet. "Where did you go through that?" she asked.

Miss Malone replied for him. "Why, in that awful basic training."

Poor Freddy! Not that the answer bothered Maggy. In addition to heroes, she'd known boys who hadn't got through basic and plenty who'd never got even *to* basic. She had no prejudice against any of them. But the way Freddy was taking it! Such embarrassment—he seemed almost in tears. Maggy changed the subject. She was a kindly girl whenever she recognized that it was time for kindness—often a little late.

LITTLE Sister Cupitina, teacher of the third grade in the school of St. Patrick's-in-Egypt, had a passion for candles. That was obvious, despite the nervousness she was feeling and showing with Mrs. Brennan and Father Philip visiting her class.

The room was filled with candles. All the desks were covered with them, and the children were busy folding scraps of colored paper to form fluted candle-saucers. "Christmas is coming," said Sister Cupitina. "It's still several weeks away, but we mustn't dally. For we'll need hundreds of candles. Work busily, children!"

Occasionally Sister Cupitina's delight at one candle or another triumphed over her nervousness. "Just look how sweet this one is, class," she said, holding up a tiny blue birthday-looking candle. "Isn't it cute? Such a sweet color!" She stroked the little thing affectionately, and the class murmured appreciatively.

Mrs. Brennan, conducting Father Philip on his first tour of inspection of the school, nodded to him to indicate that they might move on. They moved on to the fifth grade.

Sister Misericordia was just announcing a topic for discussion. "Today's topic is: Which would you rather have die first, your father or your mother? Remember—always give a reason with your answer."

The room was alive with wildly waving arms. "Ask me, Sister!" "Ask me!" "Ask me!"

"Rose Comanzo."

"I want my father to die first, Sister, because I love my mother best."

Murmurs of contempt filled the air. "Oh!" "*Oh!*" "Ask me!" "Ask me!"

"Tessie Maniero."

"I love my mother best, too, Sister, and that's why I want her to die first, because she'd be so sad if my father died first."

"A good answer, Tessie. Well thought out. Nick Bella."

"I want my mother to die first, Sister, because if my father died there wouldn't be any money."

It was a sure-fire topic: everyone had an opinion.

"If my mother died first my father would marry again and we'd have a lousy stepmother, so I hope my father dies first." "I want my mother to die first because then she'd be in life everlasting." "I hope my father dies quick because he keeps saying he's going to kill us."

Sister Misericordia held up her hand. "Let us pray, children. Say a prayer asking God to take away your father or your mother first, whichever you think best, and if your reason is good and springs from a pure heart, God will listen to you, because He is merciful."

The children bent their heads in prayer.

Father Philip and Mrs. Brennan visited the eight classrooms. As they approached the principal's office, Mrs. Brennan turned to Father Philip with a smile. "Aren't some of the modern teaching techniques vivid? What impression did the school make on you?"

Father Philip struggled to master a depression that was threatening to overwhelm him. He had been in those classrooms before. It had been thousands of miles from Egypt, and a number of years ago, but visiting them in St. Patrick's made it seem only yesterday that he had entered them every day in Monhegan City, sat on the hard seats, and been taught by just such "modern teaching techniques." They were no golden memory, those school days: he'd been happier since, a good deal happier the farther he'd left them behind. And he hadn't left them too far behind at that, it seemed. He kept his face blank as he replied. "It seemed to me very much like the school at home."

Mrs. Brennan beamed. "That has been our aim, exactly . . ."

St. Patrick's was a mission school for children of the Bahari Italian colony. The enrollment had come about

quite casually. Mrs. Brennan wanted a convent of nuns at St. Patrick's, there had to be something for the nuns to do, so Mr. Flynn was commissioned to design a school, and when it was built the children began to come.

"We've done such wonderful things at St. Patrick's," Mrs. Brennan told Father Philip. "I've always dreamed of our being visited by the Superior General of the Order, from the Motherhouse in Ireland. A wonderful woman, I should imagine. The very highest type of Irish woman. Perhaps some happy day we can turn that dream into a reality."

Father Philip scarcely heard her. He was busy with his thoughts. Those "modern teaching techniques" . . . If one went about it in the right way, one could perhaps influence Mother Gertrude to change some of them. Despite her title she was obviously only assistant principal at best, but it might be possible to institute through her a few unobtrusive alterations that might not be noticed by the principal-in-fact.

Father Philip suspected, rather apprehensively, that his life was tolerable at present only because he lived at the Luxor. After Mass, after breakfast by Molly, Mrs. Brennan's maid, after a morning in Mrs. Brennan's library, often with Mrs. Brennan, attending to parish business, after lunch with Mrs. Brennan, after an afternoon making or receiving parish visits, usually with Mrs. Brennan—after all that, he went home to one of Madame Pichat's dinners and a quiet evening alone. The Luxor was a refuge. But it would not be for long. The rectory would soon be ready. And it was alarmingly near Mrs. Brennan's. She could run over any time . . .

That evening Father Philip had to make his usual effort to keep from succumbing entirely to undreamed-of delights of taste at Madame Pichat's table.

How different were his dinners from his breakfasts and lunches prepared by Mrs. Brennan's Molly! It was remarkable, considering the lack of resemblance between the market produce of Monhegan City and that of Bahari, how Molly succeeded in making lunch at Mrs. Brennan's taste like lunch at the seminary. And Molly was always smiling brightly at Father Philip, always expecting compliments.

Whereas Madame Pichat, if he complimented her, never took the compliment personally. "Cooking is cooking, Father," she said, raising her shoulders a little. "There is only one way to do it—the French way. Since I know no other way, I cannot fail."

Madame Pichat, when her guest had returned to his room, after dinner, continued with the meditations that were occupying her these days. Should she continue the Luxor? At present she was turning away all would-be guests. Following the trials of "the past few years," it was pleasant to relax. Pleasant to have no one to attend to except Father Philip, of whom, despite the misgivings with which she had received him in her home, she had become very fond.

At times Madame Pichat thought of returning to France, there to spend her old age. But she had been away so long. France was so changed—so battered, people said, and uncomfortable. Egypt was so warm and easy. On the other hand, it was hard to think of living in idleness in Bahari, alone except for Trémolo the canary. And yet, to run a pension when one didn't have to . . .

Madame Pichat had always heard that wealth and leisure brought their problems, and had always been skeptical. So it was true, after all!

THE next day Freddy invited Maggy to join him on a trip to the Pyramids. They hired horses, rode through the sand, and dismounted at the Sphinx. There, in a secluded spot, Freddy did his best to add Maggy to his list. He failed, and laid his failure to overhaste.

They had quite a scuffle in the sand before Freddy gave up. Maggy didn't lose her temper until a camel party of tourists suddenly appeared from around a sand dune, just too late to see anything. Then she slapped Freddy hard, angered by the narrowness of the escape. Otherwise her sensation was one of strangeness. A curious feeling—to be leapt upon by a playmate of childhood days. Just what was the matter with Freddy?

Afterwards they climbed the Great Pyramid and went into the garden of the Grand Hotel for coffee. Maggy didn't enjoy it too much. The way Freddy kept staring at other women made him not very fascinating.

On the way back, Freddy almost ran the car into a ditch full of water-buffaloes because he'd turned to stare at an Arab woman riding a donkey: she was bouncing up and down in a way that took his fancy. Maggy was rather glad to get home.

That night she wrote a letter to a young man in uniform she'd known at Columbia. Since he'd gone to join some unit or other in Japan he'd been writing regularly. Maggy was suddenly beginning to feel a little apart from things in Bahari.

After dropping Maggy at her house, Freddy continued on. He felt like visiting. He found Max Mitchell sitting on the porch of Ali's house in slacks, listening to dance music on the radio. She seemed delighted to see him.

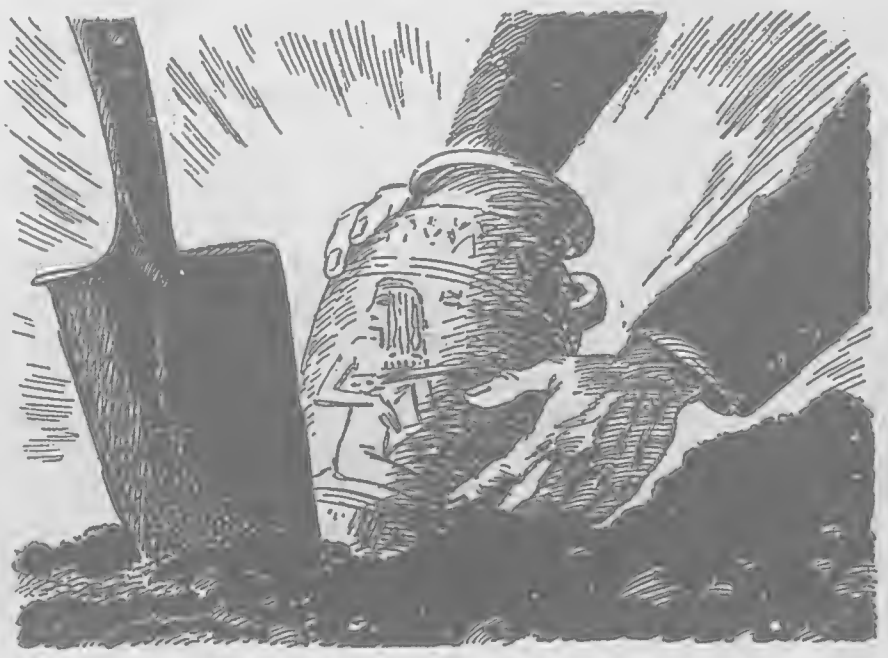
Max still wasn't married. Ali was waiting for certain papers from Mecca, which were endlessly delayed. And it turned out that the divorce from Helene wasn't final after all—not from Helene's side, anyway.

"I'd certainly hoped to be married by Christmas," Max said, gloomily. "I know I'll feel blue Christmas day way out here in Egypt if I'm not married."

"*I'll* marry you before Christmas, Max. I'd love to."

"What a sweet boy you are, Freddy darling."

She was quite lonely in Bahari, Max said. Ali didn't



like her to leave the house by herself, and he never took her out and didn't introduce her to anybody.

On the dressing table Freddy saw a volume of the lives of the saints. "What in the world is this?"

"Oh, your friend Phil on the train gave me a dreadful lot of penance. He told me to read religious books. This is the only one I could find in the bookstore."

"I used to like to read about the martyrs."

"So many of the poor darlings seem to have been virgins. Do you *have* to be a virgin to be a saint?"

"Lord, no. Didn't you ever hear of Mary Magdalen? Others, too. I forget their names. Saint Maxine, maybe?"

Freddy was joking, but they looked it up. No—no Saint Maxine. But there was a Saint Mary the Egyptian, and a Saint Maxima who wasn't a virgin, as well as another Saint Maxima who was. Close enough, Saint Maxima. Max was quite thrilled.

IT was on Christmas day that the big news broke.

Mrs. Brennan habitually thought of herself as a saint—as a saint and martyr. Many years before, she had sacrificed herself on the marriage bed for the greater glory of the church, and in doing so had given up the vocation she would almost certainly have embraced. From the great cross of marriage she had sought what relief she could in the establishment of St. Patrick's. The removal of the cross had given her an idea. Wasn't late better than never? Why shouldn't she, despite all the years of delay, become a nun now?

During the past few months she had corresponded

voluminously about it with her brother, and some weeks before the Bishop had notified her that everything was in readiness at that end. She could be received into the order whenever she wished. Received, of course, with the rank of Mother Superior. There was no question of subjecting Mrs. Brennan to the usual tiresome preliminaries, suitable only for frivolous-minded girl novices. Ordinarily, a dispensation would have been sought from the Motherhouse in Ireland—a wearisome, time-consuming business. But the Provincial Superior of the order in Boston had finally allowed herself to be persuaded by the Bishop that she had the power to decide the matter herself—particularly since Mrs. Brennan was planning to make over the larger part of her capital to the Boston Daughterhouse as a kind of dowry. Yes, the Bishop had won. Whenever Mrs. Brennan gave the signal—so he had written her—a cable would be sent her. A cable admitting her to the order and appointing her Mother Superior of the Convent of the Sisters of Our Lady of Limerick at St. Patrick's-in-Egypt. All she would have to do would be to change her costume, her coiffure, her residence, and her name.

There were, of course, a few things to do before she could give the signal. Just a few. Financial arrangements, among others. In addition to the dowry, there would be a substantial endowment to the parish of St. Patrick's. And a trust fund for Freddy. From now on, Freddy would not live near her. She was not going to continue to carry *him* as a cross. He reminded her all too painfully of the old one. These matters meant long letters to lawyers in Monhegan City who were to make the arrangements.

And then, there were a few other odds and ends of arrangements to be made. Father Smith, Father Philip, Mother Gertrude, Miss Malone . . . every one of them had to be taken care of. Tying up these loose ends meant letters to the Bishop—letters with careful instructions. So that when the lawyers' work was done, and the Bishop had attended to his side of things, he could send explicit cables to Bahari—cables breaking all the news at once.

Early Christmas morning the Bishop's cables came.

Mother Gertrude received hers at the convent. Three of them, however, were delivered to Mrs. Brennan. One addressed to her, one to Father Smith, one to Father Philip. They were all handed to Mrs. Brennan, and all of them she opened, naturally. What good cables her brother wrote! Almost as good as the ones she drafted for him in her letters. Almost identical, in fact.

Nothing in her life—except her brother's consecration and perhaps her husband's sudden death—had given Mrs. Brennan as heady an exhilaration as these cables. She read them and reread them. She smiled to herself. She had long since decided what her course of action would be on the day the cables came.

THE work on the rectory was done by that time. There were two studies: one for the pastor, one for the curate. Father Philip would soon be moving in.

Yes: the work of the rectory was done. Except for just a few more hours of nuisance. The new study was too sunny. Shade had to be planted.

The trucks laden with papyrus bushes arrived that morning. What was Christmas to the Moslems? And after early Mass Father Philip stood around in the sunshine watching the workmen dig and set out.

The papyrus-planters were chattering among themselves. Occasionally one or another of them seemed to pluck something out of the dirt he was shoveling, and whenever that happened the chattering grew louder. Father Philip watched curiously. He thought he saw gleams in the dirt—gleams that Egyptian hands quickly plucked *out* of the dirt. Then he heard a shovel make the sound that a shovel makes when it strikes against something hard but hollow. There was a perfect frenzy of chattering. Father Philip stepped over. "What have you found?"

Unwillingly, the huddle separated. There it was: a jar, or urn, half embedded in the dirt. Seizing a shovel, Father Philip liberated it and lifted it out. Yes—a graceful jar, a foot and a half high, and heavy.

"This is God's property," Father Philip announced to the now scowling Egyptians. "You may keep any small things you find. Give large things to me. I do not keep them. They go to God."

The foreman translated.

The digging was resumed. It covered an area larger than was necessary for the planting of the papyrus hedge. In all, four jars were found. Father Philip had them put to one side.

It occurred to none of the workmen to tell Father Philip that a nun was coming toward him. When she came quite close and said, "Merry Christmas, Father Philip," the Egyptians scarcely bothered to stare.

But Father Philip did. He stared and stared again. He felt his scalp creep. A chill passed through him and made him shiver. Good Lord! Had the woman gone mad? The sight of Bishop Flanagan in a big white hat at the Bahari station the day of his arrival was as nothing to this. For here was the Bishop again: this time staring at Father Philip from among the veils of a Sister of the Order of Our Lady of Limerick! The Bishop in veils! What a sight!

"Give me your blessing, Father."

Mechanically, Father Philip raised his hand. The nun bowed her head. Then from the vastness of a sleeve she produced an envelope. "This is for you, Father."

In a kind of trance he pulled out the paper and read. "With our blessing you will assume as of today the pastorate of the Parish of St. Patrick's-in-Egypt. As separately notified, Father Smith will proceed to Monhegan City. Miss Malone is requested to accompany him. As separately notified, Mother Gertrude will also accompany him. As separately notified, Mrs. Mary Brennan is as of today received into the Order of Our Lady of Limerick as Sister Mary Immaculata and appointed Mother Superior of the Convent of St. Patrick's-in-Egypt."

Mother Mary Immaculata half expected Father Philip to fall at her feet and ask *her* blessing, in gratitude: he would know that it was she to whom he owed his pastorate.

But Father Philip did not fall on his knees. He asked, "And what are you doing with your house?"

"I have presented it to the parish. It will be closed for a while. Soon we might establish an orphanage. . . ."

An orphanage! Father Philip's head was spinning. Father Smith was being recalled. But there were two studies in the rectory now, with a connecting door between them. Who would occupy them? He himself, and who else? He thought he knew: it was pretty clear.

The nun spoke. "Father, it is time to get ready for Mass. I shall attend, of course . . ."

In the rectory yard the Egyptians were gathering up their tools. They got into a truck and drove off happily, though not without casting glances at the four vases standing on the lawn.

Father Philip carried the vases into the garage.

"What are those vases, Father?"

"We just dug them up, Mrs. Brennan."

"Mother Mary Immaculata, Father."

"Mother Mary Immaculata."

"Or Reverend Mother, if you prefer."

"Reverend Mother. Thank you."

"Or just Mother, if you prefer."

No, not just Mother, Father Philip decided.

He went into the rectory to wash up.

Mother Mary Immaculata wondered a little about the old jars. Alabaster jars, probably, under their dirt. Pretty things when they were cleaned up. They made nice table lamps, fitted up with bulbs and a shade. . . .

FREDDY was at Mass. He sat there feeling desperate, bewildered—feeling so queer.

He had almost jumped out of his skin, earlier that morning, when his mother had walked into his room dressed up like a nun. And then when she told him that she *was* a nun . . .

"But Mama! What do you want me to do?"

"I have written your uncle that you are not staying in Egypt. I have asked him to get in touch with some American business friends of your father's. They will make a place for you in the cotton business."

"But there's cotton business right here, Mama. I just left the States. I came here to be with you."

"Much better to go back, son. I am providing for you, of course. A nice income. And only one condition attached to it."

"A condition, Mama?"

"Just one. That you not live in Egypt. I saw what Egypt did to your father. It is no place for you. Purely for your own good, you must live somewhere else."

"But there are only the two of us, Mama . . ."

There was less patience in her voice now. "Remember, you were destined for the most noble of all professions, and you failed. Our Lord may be merciful to you, even though you failed Him. But you have disappointed us all, Freddy. Pray that you may bring no more disappointment to those who know you, to your mother."

Then she went out.

What was he to do? He called up Max Mitchell, but Ali said that Max wasn't feeling very well. Then he tried Maggy Flynn, but it seemed that she and her father had gone up the Nile for the holidays.

So he'd gone to Mass. He had to go somewhere.

In the church he saw people stare at his mother, then stare at each other. Some of them stared at him, too. But after Mass, when they surrounded his mother and Father Philip, they left him alone. Avoided him carefully. Naturally: what could anybody find to say to a boy whose mother had suddenly taken the veil?

ALI was awfully sweet. He'd bought a tiny Christmas tree. Under it, in a little velvet box, was his present to Max—a sapphire ring. It was marvelous—much the nicest stone anybody had ever given her.

Then he broke the news to her as gently as he could. News that made Max cry a little. Helene was coming back.

Ali had been too much of a gentleman. Instead of simply uttering the few Moslem words of divorce and casting Helene out, he had allowed her to bring suit against him. Everything had been arranged in advance, naturally. Helene had signed the agreements. And then, just before the decree was to become final, she started demanding extras.

Most unfortunately, the matter had come to the attention of Mecca. And Mecca was seriously displeased. Ali was ordered to hush the matter immediately. Otherwise he would be relieved of his directorship in the air line. So since Ali could not meet Helene's extortionate demands, the only thing to do was to take her back.

That was what Helene wanted. Ali was sweet the way he pointed that out to Max. "She was quite willing to take the settlement until somebody sent her a picture of you, darling. What Helene can't stand is to have her place taken by somebody more beautiful than herself."

That made Max feel a little better.

"I'd like nothing better than to have you both here," Ali said. "But I don't think Helene would stand for it. Would you like to marry one of my brothers? They're all crazy about you. Of course they're married already, but only to Moslems. Any one of them would love to set you up separately in a new house."

Max said she'd think it over.

It was a lonely Christmas morning for Max, not married and so far away from everybody. The ring was lovely, of course. Between looking at it and dabbing at her eyes she didn't read the lives of many saints. Just Saint Maxima. She did think about things, though. She thought about things quite a bit.

MADAME PICHAT was spending a solitary Christmas too. Only Trémolo, her canary, was there to keep her company. How he was singing! Outdoing himself, as though in honor of the day.

Indeed, the day may have meant more to Trémolo than to Madame Pichat. She did not mind being alone on Christmas. No more than being alone on any other day. They were beginning to pall a little, though, she had to admit it—her almost empty days. With the departure of her last guest so near, her future began to seem puzzling indeed. Should she continue the pension?

Trémolo took his bath about noon. How fascinating he was when he ruffled up his little feathers and shook himself dry! So fascinating that Madame Pichat started up almost in fright when she suddenly heard Father Philip call. She rushed out.

Father Philip seemed rather agitated himself. "Only one thing, Madame . . . Madame, I would like to ask you . . ."

"Yes, Father?"

"Madame, I have been appointed pastor of St. Patrick's, and I wanted to ask whether you would be willing to become my housekeeper, in charge of the rectory."

It was rather frighteningly violent, Madame Pichat's reaction. For a moment she stood motionless, as though transfixed by a revelation. Then tears flooded to her eyes. Then she fell to her knees and raised clasped hands. "Father! Your blessing, for the love of God!"

Out of Madame Pichat's room came a glorious trilling from Trémolo. Wiping her eyes, his mistress rose unsteadily to her feet. "Yes, Father," she said, in a voice still shaky with emotion, "I will serve you, and gladly. Gladly. Thank you!"

Father Philip hastened back to St. Patrick's, dreading the dinner ahead of him.

And indeed Christmas dinner at what had been Mrs. Brennan's proved to be quite dreadful. The hostess, of course, was eating her dinner in the convent. The others were already seated when Father Philip arrived. Both Father Smith and Miss Malone were red-eyed. Father kept weeping. Very quietly, but steadily. Miss Malone was more spasmodic and noisy about it.

Father Smith emerged from tears long enough to say a few words. "Your promotion, Father, gives me real joy. But to leave this place, after so many long years . . ."

Father Smith knew what was ahead of him. The Diocesan Home in the Berkshires. A former millionaire's estate, with a rose garden. A rose garden in summer. Snow in winter. Father Smith hadn't seen snow in fifteen years, and would prefer never to see it again. His blood was thin. How he loved St. Patrick's, where he could sit in the sun and admire the way Mrs. Brennan ran things!

After lunch Miss Malone shook Father Philip's hand. She knew that the resentment she felt against him was unjustified. "Good luck, Father," she said.

They sat in the living room with their coffee as at a wake. It was indescribably gloomy.

IT was a hard day in the convent. A long hard day for everybody—except Mother Mary Immaculata. For her everything was so interesting!

She was disappointed, she had to admit, in Mother Gertrude. She knew quite well what was in the cable Mother Gertrude had received—after all, she had written it, even if the Bishop had sent it. "As of today you are with our blessing appointed Mother Superior of the Convent of Mount St. Margaret, Monhegan Heights, where kindly proceed at your early convenience," etc. What could be more considerate than that? Mount St. Margaret's was a big convent—one of the biggest. There was an academy for young ladies attached to it, and Mother Gertrude, because of her experience at St. Patrick's School, might well become its principal. She was being promoted. Of course, Mother Mary Immaculata had heard this maneuver referred to as "being kicked upstairs." Maybe Mother Gertrude had heard the phrase, too. Maybe that was why she had gone to pieces.

Gone to pieces she had, in any case. Indeed, Mother Gertrude had sobbed so loudly and behaved so rudely, shown herself so incapable of subordinating her unjustified personal feelings to the good of the order, that Mother Mary Immaculata was beginning to wonder whether she was worthy of the new post after all. Perhaps there should be a little cabling done on that subject.

"I am attached to it here after all these years, Mother Mary Immaculata. I'm attached to the sisters."

Insubordination! Absolutely insufferable. She would regret it. First of all, however, she would receive her successor's preliminary vows. And cut her successor's hair. And find her a proper habit, and a proper gold ring. And assign her a temporary cell. All of this she did with what Mother Mary Immaculata considered the utmost ungraciousness—calculated to tarnish the new Superior's first day in the Order if anything could have tarnished it. But not even the day's ending could.

It was almost dark when two drunks stumbled into the hall: Mr. Capp, the dealer in leather with whom Father Philip and Freddy had come over on the boat, and a friend. "I wanna shay Merry Chrishmush to the pashtor! Can't a fellow shay Merry Chrishmush to hish pal the pashtor in this damned plaish?"

Mother Mary Immaculata guided the gentlemen into the reception room, and telephoned Father Philip at her former home. He came right over.

While he was gone, Freddy returned from parts unknown and parked his car in the driveway of the Brennan house. Somebody was sitting on the porch smoking a cigarette. Who could it be? It was too dark to make out. Then the glow began to move toward him. "Freddy darling! Merry Christmas!"

"Oh, Max. Merry Christmas. What's what?"

"No news, darling. What's what with you?"

Max came very close to him. He could smell her perfume. Her hair gleamed. She lifted up her face. "Freddy darling, shall we get married"

Instant tears stung Freddy's eyes. "What about Ali?"

"I'd so much rather marry you, darling. Ali's so black.

He scares me so. You're so blond, so sweet. Besides, Helene. . . ."

But the part about Helene's coming back meant nothing at all. Freddy was crying almost as hard as anybody else had cried at St. Patrick's that day. How wonderful to have Max in his arms!

"Shall we get married right away, Freddy? . . . I'd feel rather funny going back to Ali's for the night. And it would seem a dreadful waste of time for me to move to a hotel. I brought my coat along, and a few things I put in a bag . . ."

Freddy went upstairs for some things of his own, and they got into the car. They were off.

Down the driveway the headlights picked out three figures. Phil, Mr. Capp, and the leather dealer's friend. Freddy called something to them. "What did you say?" Phil shouted. "What?"

But there was no time to answer him. Freddy speeded on. Once outside the city, they'd decide where to go.

Father Philip watched the tail-light of the car disappear. "No use, gentlemen," he said. "Fred is out for the evening. I'll call you a taxi."

But Mr. Capp and his friend declined. They needed, they said, a walk. A little exercise would do them good. Father Philip did not disagree with them. They bade him good-night. Their manner was decidedly subdued.

It had been quite a talk Father Philip had had with them in the reception room of the convent. When he had arrived, Mr. Capp had greeted him by slapping him on the back. Mr. Capp had immediately regretted his greeting. For Father Philip had turned on him, and on his friend too, and had thundered at them and filled them with shame and contrition.

Mr. Capp had been most apologetic. While he was groveling, Father Philip had abruptly asked him to give Freddy Brennan a job. And Mr. Capp had agreed with repentant readiness.

For Father Philip had decided that Freddy must remain in Egypt. To be cast off, abruptly sent back to the States alone . . . Father Philip dreaded to think what would become of him. Whereas in Egypt he, at least, would be available for the boy to turn to. A job with *carabao,* the leather made from the Egyptian water buffalo, had suddenly occurred to him, and he had been bringing Mr. Capp to the house, intending to turn the boy over to him. Now that would have to be postponed.

FREDDY had not returned the next morning.

That day Father Philip conferred with each of those who were leaving Bahari. He saw to their tickets, and a few days later accompanied the party to Port Said.

Father Philip's assistance in speeding the deportees Mother Mary Immaculata interpreted as a sign of his perfect loyalty to the dynasty. She said not a word to him concerning what she regarded as his one youthful indiscretion: his absurd engagement of Madame Pichat.

She did happen to pay a call on Madame Pichat the day Father Philip was in Port Said. Just happened to.

Madame Pichat gave a loud shriek when Mrs. Brennan suddenly appeared at the door of the Luxor in nun's robes. What unwarned woman wouldn't shriek at such a sight? Mother Mary Immaculata lost no time in telling Madame Pichat that she feared she was letting herself in for a lonely life at St. Patrick's. Madame Pichat then gave Mrs. Brennan—not for a moment could she think of her under any other name—a warm account of her devotion to Father Philip. And then Mrs. Brennan made her offer: to move Madame Pichat and the Luxor into larger and more attractive quarters—a mansion in the Embassy quarter.

Madame Pichat looked regretful. "I am so sorry, Madame, but I fear I consider myself bound by my word. . . ."

MR. GIANNINI, whom Father Philip had met on the voyage to Egypt, greeted the young priest warmly when he appeared in the Italian's shop one day bearing one of the alabaster jars.

Father Philip looked about him, entranced. Only through illustrations in books did he know anything about the arts of the ancient world. He had done almost no sightseeing. And now suddenly he found himself surrounded by sculptures of Egyptian kings and deities, and by case after case of scarabs, jewelry, and carvings. Here in Mr. Giannini's shop the ancient world first began to be revealed to him, and he felt a kind of astonishment and ecstasy.

Mr. Giannini watched as the priest wandered about. Mr. Giannini knew what was going on. Every once in a while someone came in, often an American, who behaved as Father Philip was behaving now. Spellbound. Mr. Giannini liked his visitors to be spellbound. It meant they were apt to buy without haggling.

Mr. Giannini was eyeing not only Father Philip, but also the jar. He intended to buy it cheaply.

"You found it during excavations at the rectory, Father?" There was no harm in asking that. But why should Mr. Giannini point out that this vase had never been tampered with—that its cover was still in place, sealed with the original seal? Around this seal he cut carefully.

Mr. Giannini examined the contents of the vase.

Old linen and, wrapped up in it, crumbling bits of what were once human entrails, together with ornaments depicting the progress of the soul after death and seeking to ward off evil spirits. A very good jar.

"I can give you a couple of hundred dollars for this jar, Father."

Regretfully Father Philip turned his eyes toward Mr. Giannini. "A couple of hundred dollars?"

"Yes, that is the best I can do, Father." Mr. Giannini's voice took on a regretful tone. "The jar is intact and the ornaments are of good quality. But the whole thing is only a fragment, alas. The person buried in your rectory grounds was evidently of high birth, and the entrails of a person of quality were placed in a series of four jars.

There must have been three other jars with this one at one time, Father."

The pastor was beginning to pay attention.

Mr. Giannini took out his wallet. "Yes, two hundred dollars is the best I can do. A single jar isn't worth more than that. It's the completeness of the series that's rare and valuable—the ornaments tell a story. I could have offered you as much as two thousand dollars if you had brought me a set of four jars, Father."

"If you will come home with me, Mr. Giannini, I have the other three jars in the garage."

In the taxi Mr. Giannini gave a series of faint sighs. A set of four Canopic jars: was it possible? And for two thousand dollars; thank God his natural caution had led him to mention so modest a price. And yet—and this is what caused his sighs—if he hadn't mentioned two thousand dollars he could probably have got the four jars for two hundred apiece, or even less.

Father Philip found it hard to keep from smiling. Two

thousand dollars, for St. Patrick's! He would have taken so much less!

In the rectory garage, Mr. Giannini examined the three other jars. Each was unmarred. Each was tightly sealed. He took out his wallet. "British, Egyptian, or American money, Father?"

AT her desk in her study in the rectory, Mother Mary Immaculata listened to the outpourings of Trémolo. His roulades and his piercing chirps filled every corner of the house. Mother Mary Immaculata's fingers drummed on her desk. A canary! The most insufferable, certainly, of God's creatures. Mother Mary Immaculata disliked many things—many, many things: but *canaries!*

Other things, however, were working out well.

The new study was such a pleasant room—even pleasanter than the old one, now occupied by Father Philip. And the connecting door between the two studies was such a blessing! Father Philip did not come into her office very often; he was as tactful as one could wish. But it was so pleasant to be able to go in and out of his, in and out. A stroke of genius—*her* genius—that connecting door.

Then there was the letter she had received just yesterday from the Motherhouse in Ireland. The Superior General was coming! The head of the entire order of Our Lady of Limerick would soon be arriving to honor St. Patrick's with a visit. Mother Mary Immaculata had flushed with satisfaction when she read the letter.

"The General approves your suggestion that she arrive by ship and return by plane," the letter read, in part. "The General is pleased to accept your generous offer to assume her traveling expenses. The General is pleased to accede to the suggestion that while at St. Patrick's she receive your definite vows of entry into the order."

The General! Mother Mary Immaculata tried to picture the noble dame she would soon be welcoming as her guest. A member of the Irish aristocracy. Some high-born Lady Moira or Lady Cathleen who had chosen to rule an order rather than to be chatelaine of a country house or give balls in a Dublin mansion. That was the kind of person an important nun was likely to be in Ireland.

But not even the impending visit from her directress completed the list of things that Mother Mary Immaculata had to be thankful for. There was the return of Freddy, married. Married in a church.

But it was not the mere fact of his marriage that so pleased his mother. It was the particular girl he was married to.

Max, shut up at Ali's, had never been known to Mother Mary Immaculata. She burst upon her in all her beauty—and with what deference! How instantaneously she had fallen to her knees when Freddy had brought her to the convent! "Your blessing, Mother, please!" She had even, in her emotion, kissed the nun's ring—a touching, if somewhat unusual, act of devotion. "Please let me love you, Mother. Please! You are an inspiration to me." That was the kind of daughter-in-law she had acquired.

So that most decidedly there were compensations for the coloratura of Trémolo. The trouble was, however, that his coloratura sometimes made her forget what they were.

MAGGY FLYNN had had a narrow escape in Assuan, where she and her father had gone to spend the holidays. A strep throat had sent her unconscious, worried the doctors, and driven her father almost to despair. But the proper drugs arrived just in time, and as soon as they could the Flynns flew back to Bahari.

Father Philip called on them at once.

"Father Philip's outside. Shall I bring him in?"

Maggy was in bed, reading a letter from Japan. "Oh no, Pop. Please don't. I'm not up to it, really I'm not."

Mr. Flynn looked disappointed. He told Father Philip that Maggy's throat was still too sore to let her have visitors, and Father Philip went away. He scarcely knew Maggy. They had only exchanged an occasional word after Mass. She didn't strike him as unreal, the way Max did, and he was conscious of a certain air of independence about her.

A week later he called again, and this time Mr. Flynn sat with him in the living room, and gave him an invitation.

"Maggy and I left a car in Assuan when she got sick, and now we're going to fly there and get it, and drive it back here. Wouldn't you like to come along? There's a lot to see, along the Nile, between here and Assuan."

"I have to be here during the Superior General's visit," Father Philip said. "Would you be going soon?"

"Within a week or two," said Mr. Flynn. "Because Maggy's going back to the States before long."

"I'll certainly come if I can."

Since setting the date of her departure, Maggy had tried to be gentler with her father than usual. So that when she came in just then, and her father told her that he'd asked the pastor to drive with them down the Nile, she said she hoped he'd be with them. "If Father Philip's thinking of traveling with us," she said to her father, "I think he's entitled to know the truth."

"The truth, dear?" Mr. Flynn always felt nervous when Maggy talked about "the truth"—it so often meant something rather prickly.

"The truth about *me*." Then Maggy told Father Philip about her loss of faith.

Father Philip was startled. All his life he had heard of that tragedy of tragedies—the loss of one's faith; this was the first time he had come upon an example of it. He listened intently. Maggy, with her independent air, seemed anything but tragic. She didn't seem to know that she was tragic, or should be. He asked her, "Have you substituted a new faith for your old one?"

"I have no religious faith at all."

Father Philip was entranced. It was a privilege to meet someone like this. But then he had more curiosity about more things than most people.

An interruption came now. Mr. Flynn spoke. "If you'll excuse me, I must get back to the orphanage plans."

Father Philip felt himself quiver. "What orphanage is that, Mr. Flynn?"

Mr. Flynn looked surprised. "Why, the Saint Patrick's, Father. The remodeling of the Brennan house."

"Oh, so that's being planned already?"

"Yes, indeed. The Reverend Mother told me you and she wanted it under way by the time the Superior General's to arrive."

Mr. Flynn went out wondering what was wrong. Maggy didn't have to wonder. "Why in the world weren't you told about the orphanage plans, Father?"

"I don't exactly love orphanages, Miss Flynn."

"Who does? At least there are fewer and fewer of them all the time, thank goodness, the way orphans live with families nowadays, like other children."

"In Monhegan City we lived in a building called an orphan asylum."

Maggy's eyes flashed. "It's only the church that . . ." But she broke off, and a little more calmly told Father Philip things that she had learned in her studies and that he had never heard of in his. He didn't find them surprising: they were too reasonable for that.

"You don't want an orphanage here, Father."

"Don't I?" Father Philip asked. And he added something he mightn't have said to anyone else. "What's the best thing for me to do about it, I wonder?"

"Well," said Maggy, "under the circumstances, I think it would be better if *I* did something."

"You! No, indeed, Miss Flynn. Thank you, but . . ."

Maggy was adamant. "I *am* going to do something. A little sabotage, right here at home. It may work. It will certainly postpone things. You can trust me absolutely."

"Can I? How do I know I can?"

"I promise you you can. Won't you believe me?"

Father Philip tried to believe her, chiefly because of the charming tone of voice in which she uttered her plea. There was something in Maggy . . . something that the Reverend Mother lacked, that Max Mitchell wore like a coat of paint. . . Womanliness? Was that the quality that touched him?

AFTER a reception in honor of Max, she and Freddy settled down. Freddy began his travels with Mr. Capp. All week they journeyed all over Egypt, looking for *carabao* leather; and every week end they came back to Bahari.

The week ends were wonderful. There was usually a party on Saturday night. Through Ali and Helene they met dozens of modern Baharians. Sundays some of the St. Patrick's people usually came to dinner, and Freddy liked these occasions almost more than the Saturday night parties. Max was such a charming hostess. Their house was so very definitely the social center of St. Patrick's.

Mother Mary Immaculata saw Max every day, told her whom to invite each Sunday and what food to give them. "Your mother is simply marvelous, Freddy," Max usually said at least once every week end. He was proud of Max for getting along with her so well.

There was only one thing that disturbed Mother Mary Immaculata: the difficulty of getting Max a house to move into so that the orphanage might be started. There seemed to be but one suitable house available in all of Bahari—the mansion in the Embassy quarter into which she had hoped to persuade Madame Pichat to move the Luxor—and the owner was now asking a fantastic rent, much higher than before. He was a foreigner, of course. A French lawyer named Senard. He was impossible to deal with—wouldn't come down a cent.

Possibly Father Philip had something to do with that. Possibly that was a step he took in the matter of the orphanage. At least, he once remarked to Madame Pichat, who saw lawyer Senard from time to time about her affairs, that he couldn't understand why Mother Mary Immaculata should be trying so hard to get the house for less than the owner wanted. The Brennans had always been wealthy. Money meant nothing to them.

THERE was something special about those four Canopic jars. A museum director from the States, in Egypt on a buying trip, told Mr. Giannini that he'd take the set if the ornaments in the three sealed jars proved to be equal in quality to those in the one that had been opened. Mr. Giannini responded eloquently, and off came the covers.

The director declined to buy the jars. He pointed out that although the ornaments were all of equal quality, there was a lack of sequence. Taken all together, they should have told the story of the travels of a soul through the underworld. They should have, but they didn't. Therefore the four jars were not a set. No museum would care to buy them.

Mr. Giannini did not argue. He merely sold the man other things, at prices higher than he would have asked had it not been for the man's stupidity about the jars.

For stupidity was what it was. To deduce from the lack of sequence that the four vases weren't parts of one set was nonsense. What it did show was something quite different, something that had set Mr. Giannini's elderly pulse beating faster. The set was incomplete. There was another jar somewhere. A five-jar Canopic set! Absolutely unique.

Mr. Giannini did not go to see Father Philip. He did no searching. He just prayed. And he went to Mass on Sunday—something he had not done for many a year.

When he came face to face with the young priest's housekeeper one Sunday morning, as they both emerged from the French church, he felt an access of dizziness, braced himself on his cane, said, "*Bonjour, Madame.*"

"*Bonjour, Monsieur.* The other day Father Philip was speaking of you to the Reverend Mother in connection with another of those vases that has been found."

Mr. Giannini could not help staggering. Madame Pichat caught at him. "Monsieur! You are ill!" He denied that he was, but suggested that they enter a taxi and that she allow him to take her as far as St. Patrick's.

"The vase was found near where the others were found, Madame?"

"No, Monsieur. It was found in the convent yard. The convent cesspool . . ." Madame Pichat delicately lowered her voice. "And the Reverend Mother now has the vase standing on her desk in her office, Monsieur. She's going to send it to her brother, the Bishop of the United States, to use as a lamp."

Mr. Giannini betrayed a slight agitation. "But might the Reverend Mother not prefer to send her brother something else? My shop is full of antiquities. Some are of the early Egyptian Christian period—surely more appropriate, as a gift to a bishop, than a pagan burial urn. Could she not be persuaded to make an exchange?"

"Why do you not try?" Madame Pichat asked.

"Madame, will you assure Father Philip that if he wishes to discuss the vase with me I shall be happy to hear from him?"

"Au revoir, Monsieur. Thank you. And, Monsieur, the vase may well be here for several days. Tomorrow we are expecting a visit of the head of this entire order of nuns. Great preparations are being made. I doubt that the matter of sending the vase to America will be attended to until after her departure. But I suggest, Monsieur, that you come here before the week is up."

"Au revoir, Madame."

Madame Pichat went up to her room. That old secondhand dealer and his poses! If he could in some way thwart Mrs. Brennan in the matter of the vase . . . If anybody, indeed, could thwart Mrs. Brennan in the matter of anything . . . All to the good, as Madame Pichat saw it.

YES, preparations had been made for the arrival of the Superior General. The entire convent was given a cleaning that almost rubbed it bare; the school and the church were scoured and freshened.

The sedan, bearing Mother Mary Immaculata, Father Philip and Max, was to meet the General at her boat. Max was to do the driving: an honor for her, and in her mother-in-law's opinion an honor for the General as well.

But before Max had driven them very far toward Port Said, Father Philip began to have serious doubts as to whether her driving was an honor that anyone would particularly welcome—anyone, at least, who sat in the back seat. The tossing and swaying were rather pronounced. By the time they reached Port Said Father Philip's arm and leg muscles were sore from holding and bracing.

The next morning, at the dock, no one who could possibly be the General came down the gangplank. Father Philip was just about to make inquiries when the ship's doctor approached them. "I think you're probably looking for the lady who was carried off through the baggage door," he said. "You'll find her in a stretcher over there. Nothing serious. Just seasick."

They hurried over to a corner of the pier and looked down on a pitiable object. A tiny elderly nun with a wrinkled face. Even her voice showed the effects of her ordeal. "Mucha da seasick," she whispered, hoarsely. "Tella da beads like crazy, but seasick alla da same."

What a ghastly amount of retching an Irishwoman must have done, that she should enunciate like that! Mother Mary Immaculata's heart was wrung.

Father Philip and a porter supported the General between them to the car. "In the front," said Father Philip, "where she won't feel the motion of the car."

"In the back, of course," said Mother Mary Immaculata, "where she can stretch out and be comfortable."

The General was installed alone in the back.

The very first curve brought groans and moans. *"O Santa Maria! Ho di nuovo il mal di mare! Povera me!"*

Father Philip had Max stop the car, and exchanged with the General a few sentences in the tongue which was so surprisingly and yet so clearly her own.

Mother Mary Immaculata's face suddenly became cloudy. "Is that Italian that she is speaking?"

"Yes, it is," Father Philip said, moving to the back seat. "She wants me back there, to support her against the swaying. She feels seasick again. You've got to drive more evenly, Max. Lean against me, Mother General," he said, in Italian. The car moved on.

Mother Mary Immaculata was swallowing her disappointment. The Irish aristocracy! The delicate brogue of Lady Moira or Lady Cathleen . . .

Another curve. There were more moans from the back, more mutterings in Italian.

"Easy, Max, easy." Max throttled the car down to a creep, but there were many dozen more moans and mutterings before they reached St. Patrick's.

THE General greeted Father Philip in vivacious Italian the next morning when he called at the convent to pay his respects. She was quite recovered.

"Ah, Father! Good morning! You have arrived just in time to be my interpreter. I am sick of speaking English. Sick, sick, sick. It is my great cross. At Limerick not one of those Irish nuns speaks my language. But here I have you, thanks be to God. It will be a real vacation. Now, Father, listen. This is most important."

Mother Mary Immaculata sat with martyred face as the incomprehensible torrent poured from the wrinkled old nun. She knew what the subject must be. It could only be the subject that the General had started talking about the moment she had appeared that morning, recuperated and refreshed—even to her English. Money.

The gleaming convent, the vases of flowers—neither of these had received any more comment this morning than they had the night before. The nuns, at breakfast, had been granted a series of sharp glances and a sketchy blessing: there wasn't even a hint of a gracious speech. "Ah, grapefruit!" the General had cried, attacking hers with gusto. "How much does it cost, this grapefruit?"

And it had been "How much does it cost?" about the oatmeal and the fried eggs and the strawberry jam and almost everything else in sight. Mother Mary Immaculata resented having to explain that the luxuries were gifts. The General seemed to have arrived with the impression that St. Patrick's convent was overflowing with private American wealth. It was probably going to be hard to disabuse her, too, considering the way the convent's Superior had come into office.

In vain had Mother Mary Immaculata tried to turn the conversation into other channels. She cut short the tour of the convent and they repaired to the Community Room, where the General promptly pulled out of her sleeve a mass of slips of paper covered with scribbled figures and began to talk about shillings and pence. Then Father Philip came in and she changed her language at once.

He listened to the Italian, studied the slips of paper, and turned to Mother Mary Immaculata. "Mother General has incurred certain expenses in coming here, above and beyond the steamship ticket which you provided. The taxi from the Motherhouse to the station was four shillings, the railway ticket from Limerick to Cobh, plus the luncheon-basket on the train, was . . ."

It took most of the morning to decipher it and add it all up.

MAGGY FLYNN was going back to America even earlier than she had planned—so soon that she wouldn't be able to go up the Nile with her father.

"I certainly think you should come with me, Pop, under the circumstances," she said.

"But, Maggy, dear . . ."

"I'm probably going to get engaged when I get to the States. I'd like the man I'm going to be engaged to, to meet my father. I'd like my father to meet him. Any girl wants that, Pop."

"But, dear, of course, but I have my work here. . ."

"You'd do so much more important work in the States. There'd be other things to build than orphan asylums."

Maggy seemed to have the orphanage on her mind. Several times she had made fun of him for working on such a thing. It had delayed him considerably. The plans weren't ready yet.

"You haven't got a single thing to keep you here that's as important as being with your daughter when she gets engaged."

"But Maggy, you're so independent. . . ."

"Independent! Papa, you disappoint me so. . . ."

Maggy was no cry-baby, but she cried now. Mr. Flynn was distressed. Of course he would like to be with her, but the thought of breaking the ties with Egypt . . .

He thought and thought about it, but while he was thinking, Maggy bought herself an airplane ticket and told him she wouldn't be able to go up the Nile.

THE General insisted that Father Philip or Mr. Flynn, who also spoke Italian, or both be part of the company on the sightseeing excursions to the Sphinx and the Pyramids, to the desert, to the bazaars.

She liked the bazaars best. Several times she insisted on going back to the street of the sandal merchants, or the perfume sellers, or the rug dealers, and listening with almost childish pleasure to the haggling in a dozen tongues. Father Philip suspected she had grown up near some country marketplace.

It was the auctions that she liked best of all in the Bahari bazaars. Sales of grain, of hides, of fruit, at auction, with the auctioneer shouting over and over the English words, "Raise the bid!" The General hated to tear herself away.

"Raise the bid!" she exclaimed to Mr. Flynn, who was her escort that day. She repeated it gleefully several times. It was the only English phrase except "How much did it cost?" that she seemed to have conceived an affection for.

If there was one person who had little reason to be pleased by the way the visit was turning out it was Mother Mary Immaculata. The General steadfastly refused to speak of convent matters—apart from uttering her constant financial observations and hinting that St. Patrick's convent could probably afford to make a nice cash offering to the Motherhouse. On sightseeing expeditions the General was willing to speak so little English that Mother Mary Immaculata had stopped accompanying her. The visit was as irritating a disappointment as one could imagine, a useless, foolish failure.

The end was in sight, thank God. Her vows were to be administered on Sunday morning. Then there was to be a farewell buffet lunch at Max's, and then the General would take her plane. Yes, it would soon be over.

MOTHER Mary Immaculata was in the principal's office the Friday afternoon before the General's departure, and Sister Cupitina brought one of her third-graders in to see her. "A naughty girl, Mother. She needs . . ."

"I will decide what she needs, Sister. You tell me what she has done."

"Yes, Mother. She has chewing-gum in her mouth."

"Chewing-gum!" Mother Mary Immaculata fixed her gaze on the guilty girl. "What is your name?"

"Ruth Costello, Mother."

"Stop chewing!" Mother Mary Immaculata thundered. "How dare you chew gum when I am talking to you?"

Ruth gagged and choked. But the gum wouldn't go down. It came noisily out, instead, into her hand.

"Give me the rattan, Sister. Come here, Ruth."

Father Philip was in his study when the shrieks suddenly began to come from the school.

Hurrying along the sidewalk, he saw the sedan draw up in front of the convent. In it were the General, Max, and Mr. Flynn. Where was Mother Mary Immaculata? He had thought that she was out with them too. A strange foreboding began to come over him. Even before he reached the school, and ran upstairs following the noise, and discovered where it was coming from.

Swish-swish! Swish-swish! Swish-swish!

Mother Mary Immaculata did it well: Sister Cupitina had to admire her technique, a smart forward-and-back motion that doubled the action as well as the screams.

Swish-swish! Swish-swish! Swish-swish!

"Now give me your gum, Ruth. I am going to put it some place where you can show it to everybody. It's going to look ugly, Ruth. But gum is ugly. I want everybody to see how ugly it is. Be quiet, Ruth. Be quiet! Hold still! Now I am going to stick this gum right in the middle of your forehead—there, like that—and press it flat and tight—like that—and I want you to leave it there till you get home tonight. There."

Ruth was yelping loudly when Father Philip came into the room. He stood for a moment to get his breath, and then he went over to Ruth and put a hand on her cheek. "Can you stop crying?" he asked. "Do, if you can."

The yelping diminished.

"That's better." Father Philip looked surprised, and turned to Mother Mary Immaculata. "What is that thing on the child's forehead, Reverend Mother?"

"Chewing-gum."

"Who put it there, Reverend Mother?"

"I did."

"Sister Cupitina, take the child to the rectory, please, and ask Madame Pichat to take off the gum. Ask her to be careful—the stuff seems to be ground in."

Father Philip and Mother Mary Immaculata were left alone in the office.

"I had begun to believe," Mother Mary Immaculata said, in a voice of ice, "that you were happy at St. Patrick's, Father. But now, much to my disappointment . . ." Father Philip went at once to the door. "If you'll excuse me, Reverend Mother, I have an errand to do."

FROM the window Mother Mary Immaculata saw Father Philip walk past. There were so many things to be done! A letter to the Bishop, suggesting steps to be taken at once. And Mr. Flynn had to be spoken to severely about the orphanage plans.

Last but not least, that vase. Father Philip had taken it upon himself to sell the other four, but now she would pack the single vase and send it off. Why not now? She left the school and entered the rectory.

Where was the vase? That morning it had stood there on her desk. Now it was there no longer. She opened closet doors. Where was it? "Madame Pichat!"

Her voice echoed through the house.

"Madame Pichat! Madame Pichat!"

Out. The house was empty.

No: it was almost empty. Her calls had awakened the one occupant, apparently. From the kitchen came a positive flood of song, the canary's, Trémolo's trilling. Shrill, immensely loud, maddening. Maddening. Mother Mary Immaculata moved toward the kitchen. . . .

Madame Pichat had been in the convent. In the kitchen gossiping. She got back to the rectory just after Father Philip did. He was in his study, reading his breviary half-aloud to himself, trying to calm his nerves, when she came bursting in. Her face was all queer. She was holding her bird-cage in her hand.

"Dead!" she cried. "Dead, Father! Murdered!"

Later that evening, her eyes red and swollen, Madame Pichat finally, and much against her will, promised Father Philip to do as he advised.

"You share my certainty, Father, that it was she who committed the deed? And you swear that the deed will not go unpunished?"

"She is sick, Madame. But there will be punishment."

"Then . . . I consent, Father. I will do nothing, nothing." And Madame Pichat burst into fresh tears.

Revenge! It would have been sweet to take it into her own hands. But a request from Father Philip . . . Could she keep the promise, though? Madame Pichat wondered.

Little had she realized, early that afternoon, when she had put the vase into protective custody among her potatoes, that in doing so she was dooming her Trémolo to a martyr's death!

ALL week Mr. Giannini had been waiting. Waiting and hoping. Praying, too. But there had been no word from the rectory.

Early Saturday morning he called a taxi.

"Come in, Monsieur," Madame Pichat greeted him. "Father will see you in his study."

But Father was not quite ready. "I'll be through with

what I'm doing in a minute, Madame Pichat," he called, when she announced the visitor.

"Do sit down, Monsieur. Father will be with you in a moment."

And as Mr. Giannini sat, she busied herself nearby with dusting: not for anything would she have quit the scene of whatever events might be about to unfold.

Suddenly she stiffened. There was a step on the porch. And in through the screen door came *that horror.*

"Good morning, Madame Pichat."

Madame Pichat forced herself to reply as she always replied. "Good morning, Reverend Mother."

Then the Reverend Mother turned to Mr. Giannini. "Good morning." She bowed slightly and disappeared.

From inside the room which she had entered came the sound of a door opening, and then the sound of her voice. "Good morning, Father. Have you any idea of what has happened to the vase that was standing on my desk?"

Mr. Giannini turned wildly to Madame Pichat. "The vase is gone?" he demanded in a passionate whisper.

The housekeeper put a finger to her lips.

"The vase, Reverend Mother?" came Father Philip's surprised reply. "Why, no. Isn't it there?"

Then came the sound of Father Philip rising and moving into the adjoining study, and Madame Pichat was filled with panic. This was the one risk she had dreaded —the risk of being questioned by Father Philip. To anyone else she could lie with calmness. But if he were to come out, now, and bluntly ask, "Madame Pichat, do you know what has become of the vase?"

Come out he did, looking pale and overwrought, and with the obvious intention of asking exactly that question. "Madame Pichat . . ." he began.

The presence of Mr. Giannini saved her.

"Oh, Mr. Giannini. Good morning. Madame Pichat, do you know what has become of . . . ?"

Then she was saved again, by a step on the porch.

The screen door opened, and in came the General. "Good morning, Father," she said, in her language.

"You are most kind to come, Mother General." With her he retired into his own study.

The Reverend Mother had followed to the outer door of her study. She stood alone, imperiously, on the threshold.

"Madame Pichat, do you know what has become of my vase?" That was what Mother Mary Immaculata wanted to say.

Madame Pichat knew it quite well, and she knew quite well what she would reply. "And you, Reverend Mother, do you know what has become of my little bird?"

For an endless moment the two ladies stood there, a few feet apart; and then Mother Mary Immaculata suddenly turned crimson-faced and astonished the housekeeper by walking out of the house without a word.

Just as Madame Pichat had known what Mother Mary Immaculata had wanted to ask, so Mother Mary Immaculata had known what Madame Pichat was all too likely to ask in return. Should the battle be joined? For an elated moment she had determined to join it. It was the sound of Italian, coming just then from the other study, that had made her change her mind. The insolence of Father Philip in closeting himself with the General without a word of explanation, the insolence of both of them to continue to flaunt the foreign language in her face: so high did her rage mount that even she suddenly shrank from the fury which a battle would now assume. She strangled the call to action, she strode from the scene.

"LISTEN!" Madame Pichat whispered, almost fiercely, to Mr. Giannini. Listen! It is your language they are speaking. Listen, and tell me what they say!"

He obeyed. He approached the study door. "She is telling him why she cannot accept his proposition."

"What proposition, Monsieur?"

Mr. Giannini's interest was rising fast. "His proposition that in exchange for a gift of a thousand dollars from St. Patrick's parish, she take the Reverend Mother to the Motherhouse to serve a novitiate before accepting her vows."

Madame Pichat's eyes glittered. "Why does she refuse?"

"Sh! sh! Much money has already been given to the Provincial Chapter in the States, in order that a novitiate be dispensed with. It is true that that was improper: the money should have been given to the Motherhouse. The Provincial Chapter's authority to dispense with the novitiate was dubious. But because the money was given, she dislikes to risk dispute or ecclesiastical litigation with the bishop who was in charge of giving it."

"Yes, Monsieur?"

"Sh! She is the Reverend Mother's guest, and has promised both her and the Provincial Chapter to accept the definitive vows here at St. Patrick's: a small price, she thinks, to pay for a vacation. It seems also that she has conceived an antipathy to the Reverend Mother and would consider a thousand dollars far too little compensation for having her at the Motherhouse anyway."

Now it was Father Philip's voice that was heard.

Mr. Giannini's face grew taut as he listened. "He is doubling his offer, Madame. Two thousand dollars. But that is the amount I paid him for the four jars, Madame!"

"Do you not see, Monsieur? If the Reverend Mother leaves before she has time to send off the fifth jar, it too will be yours."

"Sh! Offer refused! Not worth it, she says. 'A mere two thousand dollars, Father, in exchange for having her on the premises?' She is being very definite."

Even in the strange language the definiteness of the General's tone was apparent to Madame Pichat. And equally apparent were the disappointment and resignation in the tone of Father Philip. "I am sorry, Mother General. That is all I have to offer you."

Mr. Giannini knocked on the study door.

"Yes? Come in."

And Mr. Giannini went in and made his offer for the jar. He made it in English—his English—to Father Philip.

"If you permission me to do so, Father, I should be enjoyed to increase your gift to the Motherhouse by one thousand dollars."

"Dat only maka t'ree t'ous!" cried the General. She shook her head fiercely. "Raisa da bid!" she commanded, looking from one to the other. "Raisa da bid!"

"I raise the bid," responded Madame Pichat, pressing forward eagerly. "Five hundred dollars more, Mère Générale!"

"Raisa da bid. Raisa da bid!"

Horror covered Father Philip's face. A slave market! A slave market in reverse! Here at St. Patrick's . . . ! He opened his mouth to speak.

"Five hundred more," cried Mr. Giannini.

"Raisa da bid!"

"Five hundred more, Mère Générale!"

"Raisa da bid!"

"Five hundred more!" said Mr. Giannini. "And that is all, Signora. Absolutamentally all. For five thousand

dollars," he said, in Italian, "you should be glad to make a guest of the devil himself in your Motherhouse."

The General gave a shrug with her reply. "As between the devil and this crazy rich American . . ." She shrugged again, then looked hopefully at Madame Pichat. "And you, Madame?" she wheedled. "A little more? Our order is so poor . . ."

"Alas, I cannot, Mère Générale. For me a gift of a thousand dollars, which I willingly give for the sake of my beloved pastor . . ."

"Stop it!" Father Philip ordered. "Stop it!"

"I accept!" cried the General imperiously. "One year! One year novitiate. Not a month longer!"

Like a flash, out from Mr. Giannini's pocket came his thick wallet, filled with notes. The General's eyes snapped like sparks. "I will pay the entire sum now, since I have it here," he said to the others. "You can give me your checks when it conveniences you."

To the accompaniment of murmured thanks, five one-thousand-dollar bills disappeared up the General's flowing sleeve.

Madame Pichat left the room for a moment, and returned bearing the jar. "You are willing to sell it to Mr. Giannini for his two thousand dollars, Father?"

Father Philip stared at them all. A revolting, a sinful, spectacle! And yet he himself had begun the deal. Mr. Giannini's additional two thousand dollars, a business investment like the first two thousand, had merely strengthened his hand. But the money from Madame Pichat . . . He looked at her sternly. "Madame, I cannot allow . . ."

The strain over, Madame Pichat's control gave way. Her tears poured forth. "Please, Father!" she sobbed. "I would willingly give more, much more, if I could. It is little enough, in return for your kindnesses. Allow me to give it, Father, if only in memory of Trémolo."

When Mr. Giannini had left, Father Philip addressed the General. "You will understand when I say that it is advisable that no warning be given, no time allowed for possible communication with home? I will reserve another seat on your plane, and you, please, will break the news—at the latest possible moment."

A rare smile appeared on the General's wrinkled face. "I will, Father."

ALONE in his study, Father Philip put down the telephone and wondered what to do. The Sunday plane was full, as were all planes for several days. If the woman were not taken away at once, by the General . . .

He walked down the street and rang the Brennan doorbell. Max answered it herself. "Phil! How wonderful! I was just coming to see you, darling. Help me decide whether to go to India with Mr. Capp or not, won't you please?"

"To India with Mr. Capp! What's he going there for? Does he want Freddy to go along?"

"Oh, no. He's willing to let Freddy keep on being his representative here, but he wants to take me with him. He's going to India for his business in a week or so. I'm terribly tempted, Phil. Not that I haven't been a good girl. I have, Phil, I really have, every minute."

"Why don't you just continue to be, Maxine? Instead of running off with a gross . . ."

Max was delighted. "Oh, he is gross, Phil, isn't he? That's just it. So gross. It's so tempting, Phil."

"You have a responsibility, Maxine. You know that. Fred needs you. He's just got started working. . . ."

"I know, Phil. It would be a little hard on Fred, wouldn't it? But there's something to be said on my side, too. There's something a little creepy about being married to a boy his mother never talks to."

"Maxine, I want you to do me a favor. Telephone your friend at the airline, will you, and tell him a member of this parish has to get a seat on the Sunday afternoon Europe plane."

Max went to the telephone at once, and returned quite radiant. "Ali seemed awfully pleased that I'd called him up. Helene's away for a few days. He suggested . . ."

"What about the seat on the plane, Maxine?"

"Oh, he was terribly sorry. There just aren't any. Ordinarily he could always get one. But there's a tremendous waiting list. They're thinking of putting several people off the plane because some of the people on the waiting list are more important."

"Maxine, please telephone him again. Tell him two people from this parish will probably be leaving Sunday, and get him to promise they won't be put off."

Max came back humming. "Ali invited me out tonight. He promised about the plane, Phil."

"Thank you, Maxine. Please put Mr. Capp and India out of your mind."

Max said she'd do so, if Phil would have a talk with her about it on Monday. He said he would.

There was just one more place to try.

Like Max, Maggy Flynn answered the doorbell herself. She'd been crying. But she was smiling now, and behind her was Mr. Flynn, and he was smiling too.

"Father Philip! My father's coming home. He's going to follow me as quickly as he can. Oh, Father, my father's so sweet!" Maggy flung her arms around Mr. Flynn.

"Yes," said Mr. Flynn. "I've decided I'd better go. I want to look the young man over, you know."

"And there won't be any orphanage, Father—at least as far as Pop is concerned. Isn't that wonderful? So there'll be a long wait, and you can think up . . ."

"There isn't going to be any orphanage at all."

Asking them for secrecy, Father Philip told them the tale. And then he approached his business. "But now you don't have to leave quite so quickly, Miss Flynn. Since your father's going too, why don't you wait just a little while and leave with him? We were all going to drive down the Nile together. Perhaps we still can."

Mr. Flynn looked eager. "You will, dear?"

Maggy nodded. "Will you come with us, Father?"

Father Philip smiled. "If you'll let me have your seat on tomorrow afternoon's plane, Miss Flynn."

SUNDAY morning Mother Mary Immaculata sat waiting in her cell for the summons—the traditional, ritual summons which calls a nun to the assembly in the convent chapel where she is to take her final vows.

As she waited, she reread the letter from her brother which had been handed to her that morning.

"As per your suggestion," the Bishop wrote in part, "I have given further consideration to the matter of the appointment of Mother Gertrude to Mount St. Margaret's, and have come to the conclusion that it is necessary to let it stand. I have talked with Mother Gertrude again, and am confirmed in my earlier feeling that her reaction to the transfer from St. Patrick's was severer by far than you had given me to feel it would be. Indeed, I was impressed by the amount of bitterness which yet remains. As you know, the special conditions surrounding your admission make it particularly advisable for me to bend every effort to live on good terms with the order of Our Lady of Limerick. Annulment of Mother Gertrude's appointment, as suggested by you, would scarcely further this aim.

"By the way, dear sister, you might start remembering me particularly in your prayers. I shall be entering the hospital, to let the doctors determine whether a certain operation they have in mind is necessary."

He had always been a coward about operations. Fear was clearly the cause of this unaccustomed softness of heart, this concern for Mother Gertrude's happiness.

There was a knock at the door of the cell. It was Sister Maricopa, Italian-speaking teacher of the first grade, whom the General sometimes used as interpreter.

"Have you come to summon me?"

"No, Reverend Mother. Mother General send her excuses. She has a bad headache. She says she's afraid it's her airsickness beginning already. She will not be able to hear your vows this morning after all. She is going to take you with her to the Motherhouse for them, she says. The vows are only postponed for a year."

"Where is Mother General, Sister? Take me to her."

"I am sorry, Reverend Mother. Mother General is lying down. She gave strict orders not to be disturbed by anyone."

THE General was ending her five-thousand-dollar speech of thanks to the parishioners assembled at Max's lunch. Father Philip was translating her Italian.

"And in grateful appreciation of the delicious hospitality shown me by your beloved Mother Superior, I am taking the liberty of giving her a surprise. I am boldly stealing her from you for a time! It is her turn to be my guest, and I am carrying her off with me this very afternoon to the Motherhouse."

At the announcement, a murmur arose from the guests. They all looked at one another, and they all looked at the nun sitting in the big armchair. How red her face had become! But how quietly she sat there!

And then, as the General sat down, Mother Mary Immaculata stood up. "Have I your permission, Father Philip," she asked, slowly and clearly, "as pastor of this parish, to take leave of my duties and accept this great honor that is offered me?"

"I think I express the feeling of everyone, Reverend Mother, the sisters in our convent and myself included, when I simply say, 'Good-by, and God bless you.'"

There was a murmur of sentimental approval, a ripple of applause. On Father Philip was turned the full chill of those gray eyes that were so like the Bishop's. . . .

At the airport, Father Philip exchanged a farewell handshake with the General. "One year!" she shouted in Italian, amid the roar of the engines. "One year, and not a day longer!"

Then he offered his hand to Mother Mary Immaculata. But only her lips moved.

"What?" Father Philip cried. "What did you say, Reverend Mother?"

The roar of the engines grew louder. The Reverend Mother's face contorted. "I said," she screamed, "may God forgive you! I will not!"

Father Philip turned away and left the final farewell to Max.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

JESSIE SCOTT'S The Charity Ball, is a tender and understanding novel of two young girls who in 1919 were nearing their seventeenth and eighteenth birthdays.

Harriet and Esther Benedict were spending a year with their grandmother, the beautiful Adele Benedict, while their father was in Ecuador. Adele Benedict hated their dead mother as she hated any woman who ever entered her life.

Jessie Scott

The two sisters had been brought up in isolated communities and, until they went to the Midwestern city of St. Cyr, had had very little contact with people their own age, so that they were almost unbelievably innocent. Innocent, but not stupid or spiritless, and when their grandmother finally accused them of all manner of immorality, they took matters into their own hands and left her. As Gwen Alsted, the woman who loved their father, said of Adele Benedict, "She has her own methods of turning everything shabby and hateful—"

The girls' problems are handled with a deftness that proves Mrs. Scott one of those rare writers who can characterize young people with deep sympathy but never with sloppiness.

The Macmillan Company, New York. Price $2.75.

COMPLETELY unimportant, **Reluctant Hussy,** by **Richard Burke,** is nevertheless an entertaining and lighthearted novel of San Francisco in the early part of the century.

Nevada Medford was left unchaperoned in the coast city when her charming but irresponsible father, Niles, failed to appear. An enterprising young lady, she decided to remain and outwit Hugh Burley, the "bonanza buzzard" who threatened to ruin Niles Medford.

Richard Burke

Posing as "Neva," a famous European beauty, she managed to rush unscathed through a series of hair-raising adventures that made her the talk of the city; and when her father finally found her, he was ready to settle down to a period of responsible fatherhood, looking after his irrepressible daughter.

Samuel Curl, Inc., New York. Price $2.75.

LET'S KILL GEORGE, by **Lucy Cores,** is a mature and witty mystery, unusual because of its sharply defined and interesting characters.

George was a playwright, an immensely successful one, who was worshiped by some people and hated by others. Shelley Ames, the heroine, was one of the worshipers. Mons and Monica Banat, George's son and daughter, were not. In fact, when George was found murdered, his head bashed in by his own Oscar, it appeared that the haters far outnumbered the worshipers.

Fast moving and engrossing, Let's Kill George is one of the better mystery novels of the year.

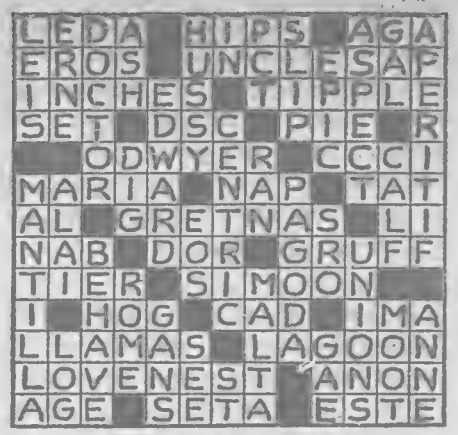
Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc., New York. Price $2.50.

HELEN JONES CAMPBELL'S Diary of a Williamsburg Hostess is the story of her adventures while showing the historic old city to the thousands of sight-seers who flock there each year. The book is a "must" for anyone contemplating a visit to the Virginia city.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price $3.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



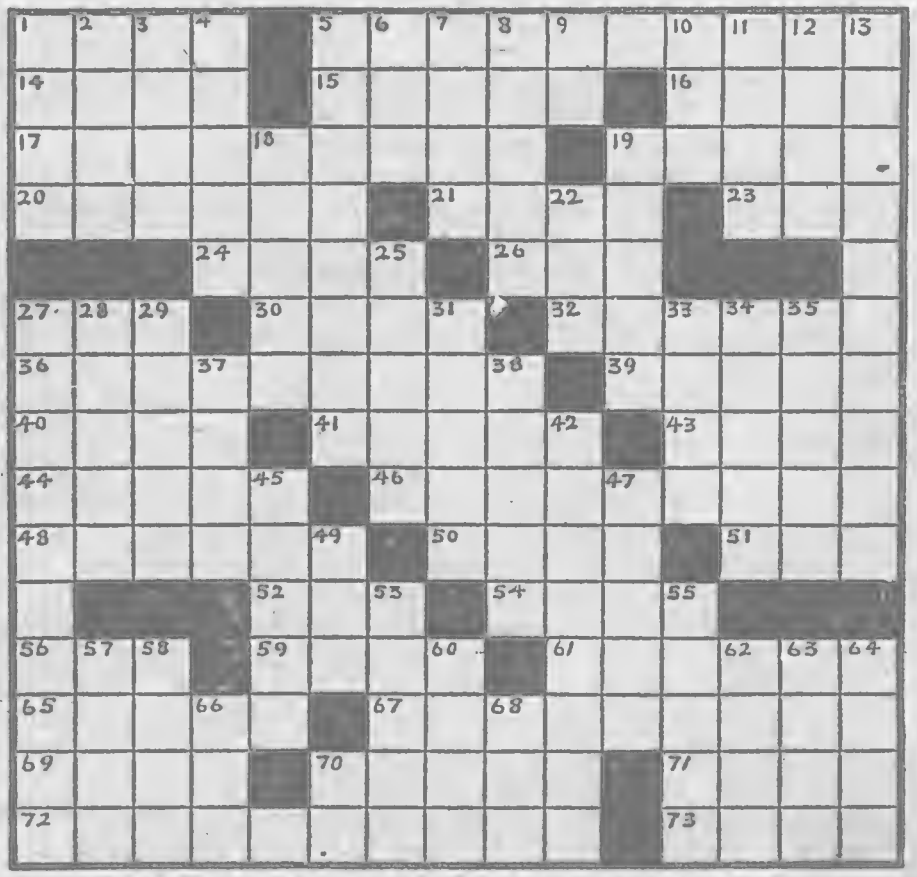
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Old-fashioned pusses
5 Old King Coal
14 Where they go in Mormon for you when you die
15 Striking force
16 South American hotspot
17 What two Englishmen meeting in a jungle remain unless properly introduced
19 He's carrying quite a load for an old-timer
20 Aural insect, worn to avoid bare lobe
21 Animated hunks of garden hose
23 Old-fashioned atomizer (abbr.)
24 Restful-sounding gal
26 Dry, as bubble water (Fr.)
27 Two articles in one little collection
30 Roman well
32 No matter how thin you slice it, it's still a lot of baloney
36 She's got to keep on her toes and get a wiggle on to earn a living
39 Lance flag, advertised bachelor knight (alt. sp.)
40 Herman Melville's Irish cow novel
41 Jump
43 Against
44 Heals holey heels
46 If you squeeze this with your fingers against your stomach, it lets out the most awful yowls
48 Only thing that can shut up a bore; pant
50 Contracted adverb
51 Atom of energy
52 Women do this Mondays —
54 — while their babies do this
56 A lion can make a billion out of this
59 Attention caller
61 Fabulous fellows
65 This is pretty offensive
67 He crowned a lot of women in the Middle Ages
69 Office billet-doux (abbr.)
70 Folded paper
71 Poor Olaf got all mixed up when he got in here
72 This one kids around in the evening with the younger generation for $.50 an hour (two words)
73 British tacks collector that leaves folks flat

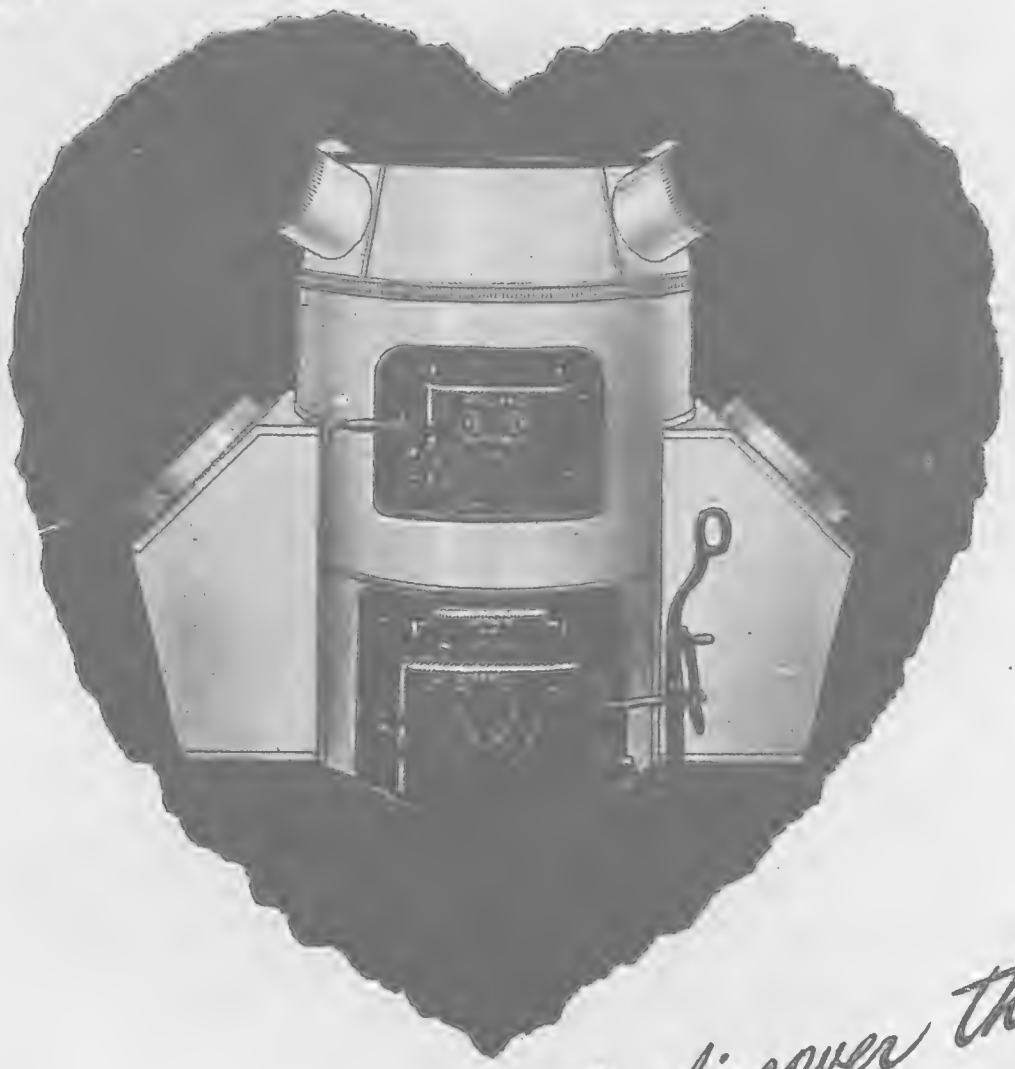
VERTICAL

1 Poet vitamizer
2 Word to urge a boy
3 Junior salmon, sounds like its senior
4 Grandma's sarong
5 They start tossing a few high balls, and then keep everything up in the air
6 Slim figure
7 What horses were for in gramp's day
8 But for them, there'd be no B.O.
9 Two letters for a gal
10 Endless Prattle Tires (abbr.)
11 Lash mark
12 U.N. football—have they kicked it around!
13 Bread-and-butter radio program
18 Tantalus' gal
19 The June-Moon-Spoon union (abbr.)
22 Male nickname
25 Racing saint—famed for her derby
27 This may be double talk, but it's two reasons why Japan collapsed
28 Person who tags people
29 Only way not to leave Germany
31 What congressmen like to do to bum laws
33 Fool's gold
34 Miss Cleves to Henry VIII
35 Jeep shover
37 "Get a —— of this!" cried the miner as he struck gold
38 Don Marquis' lit'ry cockroach
42 Bullthrower
45 "Get thee hence, sirrah!"
47 Game wardens
49 Dumb question
53 Had a child in an old-fashioned way
55 Let's Smoke Mattress Feathers Today (abbr.)
57 A rattling good thing in Mortimer Snerd's head
58 What young blades hung around corners to see mount streetcars in the '90s
60 Manufacture materials for feather beds
62 Kind of boid that gets the woim
63 Kind of migan
64 Underdog with a sole
66 You in a backward sort of way
68 World secretary
70 Final Idiocy (abbr.)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Sooner or Later —



you'll discover that in heating, the best you can buy is the cheapest to own — why not make it a

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WORLD'S LARGEST INSTALLERS OF HOME HEATING EQUIPMENT

THAT VINE-COVERED GAS PUMP

Continued from Page 27

keting and, in some cases, financial help in getting started. But their position under the law requires them, if they are to escape troublesome liabilities, to keep their hands strictly away from the affairs and management of the individual operator.

Gasoline and lubricants are sold on a strictly cash basis, or at best on a load-to-load basis. That is, upon the delivery of each load the cost of the last load must be paid. Tanks and pumps remain the property of the oil companies in most cases, and are, so to speak, on loan. The dealer's profit on both gasoline and oils is roughly 25 per cent of his selling price, though this margin varies from state to state, depending largely upon transportation costs.

The filling-station man is under no obligation to sell his gasoline at any fixed price. He may undercut his competitors, but experience has taught most of them that the retail price per gallon recommended by the companies—and based upon a fair margin of profit for the operator—is the best course to follow in the long run. Some stations make price reductions to favored customers, to the owners of truck or cab fleets. But most do not.

STEVE says his chief problems are getting regular customers and keeping them and seeing that people get good service. As he explains it, the way customers are treated has a lot to do with one's success. "In a location like this you've got to do all kinds of things. My wife works on the books part of the time, and every now and then somebody will ask her to keep a baby for an hour or so. We keep dogs for people, and sometimes deliver their groceries for them," he says.

"I figured when I first started out that I'd need about twenty-five hundred dollars cash to open up. You've got to have cash reserve to pay your rent and light and the wages for your helpers for at least two months. You don't begin making money sooner than that. Then you've got to put in nearly a thousand dollars' worth of inventory—gas and oil, tires and batteries and accessories. I also had to buy some fixtures and tools, and other equipment.

"I had about twelve hundred dollars saved up, and the bank lent me the rest at cheap interest under the G.I. Bill of Rights. So I could swing the investment."

He showed us his last month's figures. He had sold 7,500 gallons of gasoline for a gross profit of $263, and he had made another $130 on oils and grease. He had done 100 lubrication jobs at $2 each, and the grease for them had cost him only $20, so that was $180 to the good. Selling other services and merchandise had brought him up to a gross take of $911.

He had two full-time men on the job with him, and one part-time helper, and their wages were $375 for the month. Rent was $85, and expenses like heat and light and so on had added up to another $75. So his total cost of operation was $535.

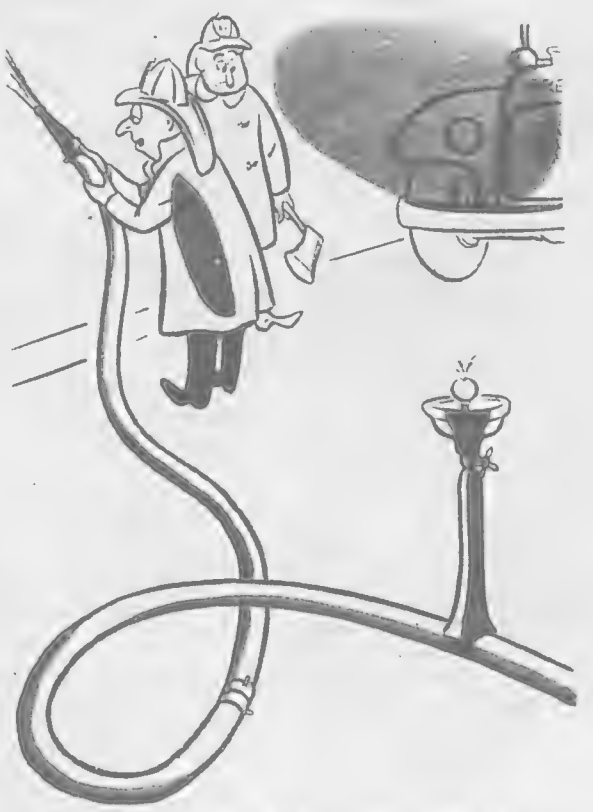
That left Steve $376 for his own salary and profits for the month. That figures out to $4,512 for a year's work.

"But I'm telling you, mister, that's a year's *work!* I put in about sixteen hours a day. I don't have time for ball games or race tracks, and I'm generally too tired even to go to a movie at night. But I like it. I'm getting somewhere. I'm building a business, and I'll have enough to educate my kids when they come along."

It must be confessed that Steve is something of an exception, both in his successful management of his station and in the kind of service he gives the public. The oil companies know that filling-station service generally, throughout the country, is poor, except at the small percentage of stations which are company operated. But there is little the companies can do about it.

Service deteriorated to a severe degree during the war. This was due in part to gasoline rationing, during which the filling-station man was a sort of minor deity who could sell gas with insults just as easily as he could with smiles of courtesy.

"We can do very little but educate and plead," said one of the executives. "We are spending a lot of time and money now on missionary work, trying to convince our customers — the operators — that they are in a competitive world again and that service should be tightened up all around."



"Some wise guy was always wanting a drink of water!"
LIBERTY

For the highway stations, the kind most of us see and use when we are touring, the competition is even keener than in city or suburban locations. Generally speaking, the operator is not concerned with establishing a list of steady customers. His job is to attract the man in a hurry, sell him as much of everything as he possibly can, and then bid him a fond good-by. For this reason, location is the primary concern with him.

MIKE had a big busy-looking place on one of the Pennsylvania highways. He was successful, and not loath to talk about the reasons for it. "Here are some things I learned the hard way," he said. "It won't hurt me any if you pass 'em along. First off, I figured I didn't want to be at an intersection.

"At an intersection there's liable to be a traffic light, and the main thing people want about a traffic light is not to stop at it. You don't want to be anywhere near a curve, and you want to be on level ground—no grades. Look! You can see this joint of mine for a mile in either direction, and the minute you see it you know it is a filling station, with some chow around. While you're approaching you've got plenty of time to see it's a clean joint. Clean rest rooms pull more trade than any other one thing.

"Next, you want to make the outside look like this is a good place to stop and stretch your legs, and come in to see what's going on. So you fancy it up a little, and put out a good-looking sign. You've got to make the joint look prosperous but not ritzy. See what I mean? If it's too ritzy, they'll think you're going to rob them once they're inside.

"I don't go for booze. A bar is liable to turn into a rough joint, and you've got to make up your mind which kind of people you're out to attract in a spot like this—truck drivers or women and children. There ain't no in-between. The women-and-children trade spends more dough, so that's what I went for.

"What do I do? I give 'em good fast service at the pumps and the lube pit. And inside I give 'em a choice of just four kinds of chow: hamburgers, egg and ham sandwiches fresh made, beef stew, and chicken pie. My wife makes the best damn chicken pie in the world, and I sell it at a right price. It's funny about a thing like that. I don't get a lot of repeaters. But people are always pulling up and saying, 'Is this the joint where you have that chicken pie?' See? Their pal Bill or Mamie has told 'em, 'When you're going through Pennsy, be sure to stop at Mike's joint and get some of that chicken pie.' You get a reputation.

"The gas and oil business is still the most important thing about the joint, of course. Not only for the

(*Continued on page 54*)

DIXIE BELLE

There's satisfaction in knowing that your own particular favorites are preferred by others. DIXIE BELLE for instance, is preferred because it's better tasting gin, distilled from selected fruits, herbs and berries and grain neutral spirits.

A Favor-ite because it's Flavor-right!

A Favorite in GIN

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(*Continued from page 52*)

money, but you can't do nothing with a place like this unless you've got the gas and oil to pull 'em in. I never let anybody around here forget that. I'm still a filling station—with trimmings—not a hash house with a gas pump in the yard."

Within the oil industry, and also in the U. S. Department of Commerce, there is a general belief that the number of filling stations will show a steady decline within the immediate future. Only rarely can a filling station show a profit if its total annual gross volume is less than $10,000. Yet in the last reports, 61.7 of all American stations were doing less than $10,000 worth of business a year. This huge number of stations handled only one quarter of the total gasoline business.

Therefore the feeling is that they will die on the vine, and that we are moving toward an era of fewer and better stations, spaced more strategically about the land.

And if you still want to have your own filling station after all this, I have one suggestion to make: Write to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, U. S. Department of Commerce, Washington 25, D. C. Put thirty-five cents in the envelope and ask them to send you their manual on Establishing and Operating a Service Station. It is Series No. 22 in their list of small-business manuals, and it is a grand job.

THE END

JAPAN IS SOLD AMERICAN

Continued from Page 21

and other benefits, improved working conditions, a voice in management, ousting of company officials appointed by the government, company reorganization, and an end to stool pigeons and brutality. In Tokyo, streetcar employees, failing to get what they asked, took over the company and operated the cars on their own, dividing each day's take among themselves. A suburban railroad, struck after the workers were refused a 500-per-cent pay hike, was kept in operation under reduced schedules by the employees, who wanted thus to show their gratitude for the long patronage of the line's commuters.

Striking coal miners, asking a forty-eight-hour week, among other things, possessed the Company's power stations and cut the current to the pits.

The Asahi newspaper, with a daily circulation of four million, faltered for many weeks when the employees objected to continued control by the men who had guided the paper through the war, whom they accused of playing ball with the militarists. They successfully demanded a complete reorganization, with fresh blood at the top.

"Oops, I'm sorry—I was just hanging up a few pictures."

LIBERTY

Motion-picture workers threatened production after meeting to purge the industry of all members who had helped to fan the war by way of the screen. Two hundred postal workers in Sendai City made history by giving Japan its first strike against the government.

In February the numberless industrial unions that had risen were beginning to congeal into what aspired to be a Japanese counterpart of the American C.I.O., with the end hope of membership in the International League of Labor Unions. This move was initiated by the Japanese Newspaper and News Agency Workers' Union, which was well placed to use the press in furtherance of the project.

Japan's half million schoolteachers, forming a union in December, called for democratization of the school system, internationalization of education, and exposure of those among them who had supported the war through the classroom. They demanded an end to teacher training by the government.

The students have made demands, too. Some of them went on strike in protest against dictatorial treatment by teachers, against failure to drop instruction in jingoism, and there were strikes against teaching policies in general. At a medical school, the students demanded resignation of the president and faculty. University students wanted self-governing bodies, free of teacher surveillance which they said was like that of secret police.

These calls of the students to get away from old ideas and explore new and wider horizons of knowledge are not going unheeded. Aside from the changes imposed by the occupation, many have been voluntary. The school children were told early in December that the emperor was really not a divinity after all, and later they got his own word for it.

Further to get school children off on the right educational foot, they have been issued a new reader, containing the stories known to all other children of the world: Andersen's and Grimm's fairy tales, Aesop's Fables, and Gulliver's Travels. Feudalistic heroes and ideas are out and Longfellow is in.

That there is little such material of native origin, a writer blamed on the members of his own craft. "It certainly reflects discredit to the Japanese literary world. . . . It was not simply due to official repression that we have had no masterpieces in the world of literature. Just as the fundamental cause of Japan's defeat in the war was the inferiority of her people, it was due mainly to the inferior quality of Japanese novelists that there have been no excellent literary productions. . . ." Now that writers can go their own way again, he hoped there would be no novels about the period when Japan was "cutting the most ugly and disgraceful figure."

This comment indicated a tendency to self-reproach which extends from matters of national behavior down to personal conduct. On the anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor, one newspaper led off its special supplement with, "The present pitiful predicament of this country began on this day four years ago. Cursed is this date. . . . We emphatically propose that this accursed day should be made the opening day for trials of all war criminals by the hands of the people themselves."

IN the national introspection there are frequent nostalgic recollections of the men who sought to guide the nation along different paths from those which led to grief.

It is remembered that eighty-eight-year-old Yukio Ozaki, who claims to be the oldest Parliamentary member alive, having been returned to office at each election since the Japanese Parliament was established fifty-five years ago, once cautioned his countrymen that Japan was thinking too much of money while at the same time accusing America of being a "country of dollars." That might be, Ozaki had said, but America would not elect a man President just because he was a millionaire, whereas in Japan, if the nation became a republic, the election of a Mitsui or a Mitsubishi would be taken for granted.

Thoughtful Japanese are calling back early contacts with America as a man relives a broken love affair, bitterly knowing that he might have saved it. Since it now becomes necessary to conform to the will of the dominant partner in the late romance if it is to be revived, the effort begins with the emperor himself and reaches to the country's institutions as well as people, independently of the conqueror's mandates.

The emperor eagerly took in a professor's lecture on American science given early in the year. Then he broke procedent by beginning a series of visits among the people and doing his best to appear democratic. In one trip he talked with a shop foreman. The words of this historic occasion were recorded and later broadcast. This was the second time the imperial voice ever was heard on the radio, the first being the occasion of his rescript ending the war.

A lot of other things are going to be heard on the radio in the future. Heretofore, broadcasting facilities were limited to the Broadcasting Corporation of Japan, a government monopoly, financed by a one-yen monthly fee from each listener with a receiver. Now the country is getting its first private outlets—a two-station hook-up between Osaka and Tokyo. The hook-up is financed by private capital and income will derive solely from advertising.

The old facilities, now being operated under supervision of the Americans, already have a Man in the Street program, and the Ida Family, Japan's first soap opera, which may be a punitive measure, went on the air in May.

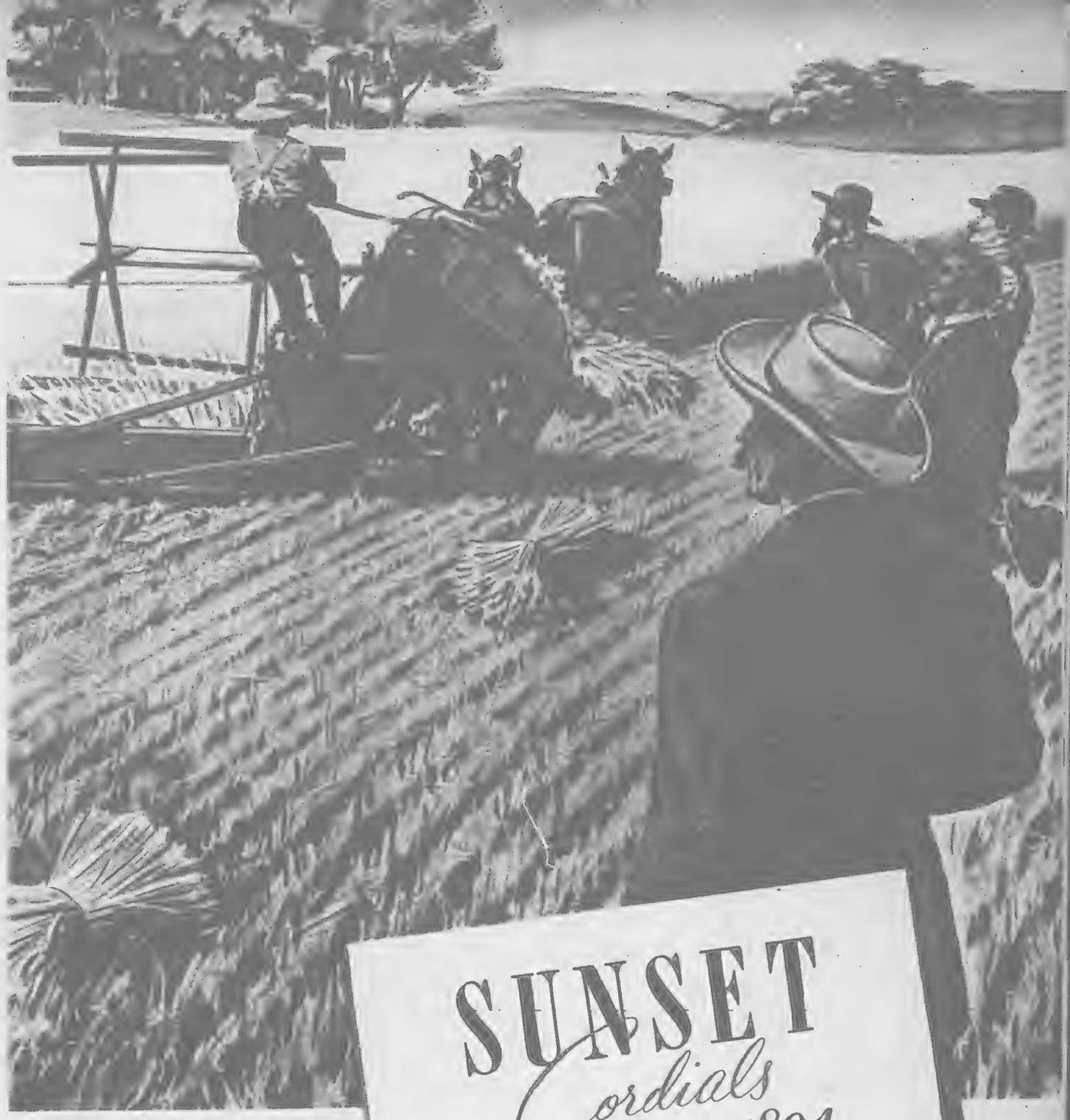
CHRISTIAN competition with the old-time religions is being stepped up. One hundred thousand Bibles, the vanguard of three million being donated by the American Bible Society, recently arrived by air and scarcely made a dent in the demand. Non-Christians as well as Christians want them. The proceeds from the sale of the books are going toward printing Bibles in Japan and rebuilding damaged churches.

The shrines of the pagan gods meanwhile are going to pot for lack of contributions to keep them up. People seem to have lost interest in them.

To ensure against diplomatic *faux pas* in the future, when relations are resumed, the Foreign Office is training its best young men in a special school on the road to Sugamo Prison, where reside the diplomats of old who failed to make the grade. It has been resolved that Japan's official representatives to America henceforth shall know the people they are dealing with; the old boys did not. In the same cause, the American Culture Association, composed of the thousands of Japanese who have visited America, has set itself up to interpret American and Japanese ways.

But perhaps the most significant sign of the changing times was the resignation of the men who headed the Sumo wrestling association, explaining that the new era called for different guidance; and the proposal that kimono styles, unchanged for centuries, be modified in keeping with the progressive spirit. There is the real measure of what is happening in Japan.

THE END



AS AMERICAN
AS THE HARVESTER

Born of American skill and ingenuity, the mechanical harvester helped make this country the "land of plenty".

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IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

CREAM-OIL CHARLIE SAYS: TUNE IN: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Friday night on ABC (Blue) Network.

YOU'VE heard a lot about the AVC (American Veterans' Committee). Since it is the best publicized of the World War II veterans' organizations, some impartial information on what it's like and what it stands for is in order.

Coming up first is the $64 question: have the Communists got a finger in the AVC? Here's what the AVC chairman, Charles Bolte, told

Everybody!

me in answer to just that question. I have not the slightest doubt of the sincerity and truth of his assertions.

Bolte admitted that some Communistic infiltration had been discovered in AVC ranks. But that did not, he pointed out, stamp the organization as Communistic. Moreover, he declared, the AVC is taking every democratic measure to stamp out any semblance of political control or dominance by *any* party or faction. The difficulty, he said, was in keeping some measure of control over local chapters and still remaining democratic.

That the weakness of AVC is its strong democratic character was particularly evident at its recent national convention in Des Moines. Everyone wanted to be heard—and darn near everybody was! Meetings that were scheduled to last only an hour or two were prolonged far into the night—so that the most obscure delegates could get a hearing. Heckling took up a considerable amount of time, too.

The bonus discussion was a typical example of what transpired at the convention. The labor group delegate from California shouted, "We represent the common man, the worker! Look at my hands—I am one of them! We make up by far the greater proportion of veterans. It is now that we need a cash grant to help us keep up with the rising costs. Let me warn you that if AVC turns down a bonus, then the average veteran is going to turn down the AVC."

Even before the speaker had finished, a well-dressed Negro representative from California began stamping for recognition. "If we are to adopt the bonus," he declared, "just so that we can grow in membership, then my conception of what the AVC stands for has been a misinformed one. I move that we go down on record as being against a bonus—yes, even if it means a restricted growth of the AVC."

Lt. George Hawes of Pasadena, California, tried to challenge the rule of the pro-labor group in the domestic affairs committee by sponsoring the motion, "We do not favor labor striking or forcing workers to join unions when the majority of the employees do not care to join." The motion was tabled in a shouted vote. "My father-in-law owns a factory," Hawes continued. The opposition broke in with mocking laughter as he went on, unconcernedly: "The workers in this factory did not care to join the union, but it was picketed anyway. As a result, my sister-in-

Physical

law was struck down near the plant. Is that fair?"

And up came Ralph Rosenbaum, a San Francisco member of the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen Union, asserting that "labor has at no time intimidated people or forced them to join a union!" And once again out came a burst of laughter.

Despite the strong division of opinion within the rank and file, the AVC managed to agree on a new platform calling for racial and religious equality; a strong OPA; full-hearted support of the U.N.; immediate housing legislation with the Wagner-Ellender-Taft Bill; full employment, with a minimum wage of 75 cents an hour; support of the C.I.O. and the A.F.L. to unionize the workers of the South; prevention of the use of armed forces to break strikes; no federal bonus; cars for amputees; extension of selective service; no compulsory universal military training; unification of the armed forces.

A word of warning to veterans who are only on the lookout for direct personal benefits from a veteran organization. The AVC has not yet been Congressionally chartered and therefore cannot offer such important regular services to its members as expediting Veterans Administration claims. Moreover, AVC cannot offer members much in the way of social activity at present.

What veterans *can* expect from the AVC is a policy that closely follows its motto of "Civilian first; veteran second." It chooses to get the veteran his due through vigorous campaigns for stirring public opinion instead of by cloakroom pressure tactics.

* * *

Mark Sande, Providence, R. I. Even though you were a poor student before you entered service, you are now eligible to attend any school that has the approval of the Veterans Administration as an institution of learning and will accept you as a student.

* * *

Oliver Wikham, Omaha, Nebr. You must report to the VA for a physical examination, in accordance with the notice you have received. If you were to renege without good cause, your checks might be suspended entirely.

* * *

Ethel Vernay, East Orange, N. J. The G.I. Bill provides a subsistence allowance of $65 a month for you; therefore you may not claim readjustment allowance or unemployment insurance, in addition, while going to school.

* * *

Mrs. Jane Darley, Austin, Texas. The War Department will provide you with transportation to Europe to join your husband if you are not beyond the sixth month of pregnancy. Otherwise, no can go.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

QUEEN FOR A DAY

Continued from Page 13

doors to open. A recent Queen show is typical. The theater was jammed with excited women and girls. The stage was bare except for a gilt armchair in the center with a red velvet robe thrown over it, and a crown. On each side of the throne chair were six straight-backed wooden chairs arranged in a semicircle. At stage right, a long table with five more chairs. That was all.

When Jack Bailey, the master of ceremonies, and Bud Ernst, the producer, appeared, the women became hysterical in efforts to attract their attention.

"What would be your wish if you were chosen Queen?" Up and down the aisles they asked this question, picking their contestants at random.

"I'd like to go to the places I read about in Winchell's column."

"I'd just like to have a good time for once without my children."

"I'd like to ride in a hansom cab down Broadway—just me alone."

"And you?" he asked a little blonde woman.

DINNER AT SIX WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING...
COME OVER TO THE HOUSE FOR DINNER, DON, AND WE'LL GO INTO THIS FURTHER
THAT'S FINE, MR. ROBERTS. ABOUT SIX?
SO THAT'S THE FAMOUS DON DUNCAN. HE'S NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT
HE'S HAD A HARD DIRTY JOB TODAY. WAIT TILL YOU SEE HIM TONIGHT
I'M HAVING DINNER WITH THE BOSS TONIGHT. HAVE YOU GOT A RAZOR AROUND HERE?
SURE... AND THERE'S A BRAND NEW THIN GILLETTE BLADE IN IT TOO
EVER TRY A THIN GILLETTE, SID? I'VE NEVER HAD A SLICKER SHAVE THAN THIS
SURE... IT'S THE EASIEST-SHAVING LOW-PRICED BLADE THERE IS
MR. DUNCAN IS HERE, DAD, AND YOU'RE RIGHT... I SCARCELY RECOGNIZED HIM
I TOLD YOU HE'S A FINE-LOOKING CHAP
YOU'LL HAVE TO STOP MONOPOLIZING DON, MY DEAR. WE'VE BUSINESS TO DO
ALL RIGHT, DAD... BUT DON'T BE TOO LONG
LATER
I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU AGAIN SOON, PEGGY
IT WOULD BE VERY PLEASANT TO HEAR FROM YOU. GOOD NIGHT
A THIN GILLETTE SHAVE MAKES THINGS HAPPEN FAST
YOU LOOK YOUR BEST AND FEEL THAT WAY TOO AFTER A COMFORTABLE, REFRESHING THIN GILLETTE SHAVE. THIS BLADE IS SO SHARP, SO SMOOTHLY FINISHED THAT IT MAKES QUICK, EASY WORK OF TOUGH BEARDS ALSO IT FITS YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR EXACTLY AND PROTECTS YOU FROM THE IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES
THIN Gillette BLADES
4 for 10¢

"I'd like to take those six servicemen in the front row out for a really wonderful time," she said. "I've two brothers still overseas and I know how they feel."

The G.I.s yelled and cheered.

She was among the six contestants who finally sat on the stage, widely varied in type but all sharing the same nervousness. Jack then selected a Council. These, too, he chose as his whim dictated.

THEN the contestants stood before the mike for an interview. Number one was a large motherly woman who said she was fond of singing. She'd like "nice seats for a good show" if she were chosen; she was so tired of sitting in the balcony because she couldn't afford the better seats.

The next contestant wore a black jersey dress, a pink feather hat, and pink rayon gloves.

"I'd love to rumba, tango. . . . I really don't know what I'd like to do within limits," she giggled. "Excitement, I guess. You see, I'm a widow, living alone. . . ."

The little blonde woman, typical of Queen contestants, who wanted to entertain the G.I.s, was number six.

"Please," she asked, "can my little boy come up here? I lost him once today while shopping. I don't want to lose him again." The little fellow staggered to the stage carrying the bundles from a day of shopping. He stood by his mother's chair as she waited with the other candidates for the Council's decision. It's a moment of terrific suspense when home listener and theater audience alike wait tensely to have their own choice confirmed.

"I vote for number six," said the first councilor-judge. "Number six," said the second, and "Number six," said the third and fourth judges. The audience applauded wildly. Number six had it. They put the red velvet robe around her street dress, a crown on her head, a bunch of roses in her arms and a silver scepter in her hand. "I crown thee Queen For a Day" Bailey said solemnly.

"I went to my husband's office," the Queen said, in telling what happened after the broadcast. "I had the roses, two bottles of champagne, and my packages. The men in the office looked at me dumbfounded. 'I'm Queen for a Day,' I told them, and then they understood—their wives all listen to the program."

After sending their youngster home, the Queen and her husband picked up the six servicemen at a swank hotel where they all had cocktails. The G.I.s presented her with four white orchids. They were veterans who had all been wounded.

After cocktails, the festive party went to a night club for dinner, and then to a play. They wound up the evening by doing the rounds of the smart supper clubs.

Next day, the jubilant Queen received additional gifts of clothing and accessories, and finished the celebration with a gala luncheon party. The gifts are given by the manufacturers in exchange for mention on the program. In the same manner the restaurants and night clubs often entertain the Queen and her party gratis.

Queen for a Day, a Mutual Broadcasting System program, is being sponsored jointly by Miles Laboratories (Alka-Seltzer) and Procter and Gamble (Duz) who have a ten-year contract for the show. The Edward Golden Productions has bought the film rights to produce a movie based on the Queen broadcast.

The woman chosen Queen is usually the one who makes the strongest appeal to the Council. She has more charm than the other contestants, she's funnier, or her story strikes a responsive note. For instance, there was the contestant who was married when she and her husband had only eight dollars. All her life she had dreamed of a church wedding. She had been married at City Hall. Her desire was to be photographed in a wedding gown in front of the Little Church Around the Corner in New York. Her story moved audience and Council. She was their choice of the day. She and her husband saw their first stage play. They went to El Morocco and the Monte Carlo. Later, she was photographed in a glamorous wedding gown.

"Now I'll have a decent wedding picture to show my grandchildren," was her contented comment.

MOST women who aspire to be Queen for a Day want excitement in contrast to daily routine. For instance, one wanted to fly in a sky-writing plane which would spell out her name as they flew over Hollywood. A demure little woman wished to ride a camel through traffic. The majority, however, simply ask "to have a good time for once!"

Not infrequently the program makes a definite change in the life of a Queen, as it did for nineteen-year-old Dorothy Krotoschin, who told how the program catapulted her and her fiancé, Ray Calembotti, into an immediate marriage when the Queen show was in New York.

"It was a special program, where the audience was made up entirely of June brides," she said. "The moment Ray and I stepped into the studio lobby a radio man asked if I were a prospective bride. Thinking what can we lose, I said yes. We were given special seats. Only one other girl and I had our boy friends with us. And when the voting was over I was Queen for a Day."

Then Dorothy was whisked off for a bridal reception at the Hotel Pierre. And she and Ray were married the following afternoon. They spent their honeymoon at a New Hampshire resort, with all expenses paid. Three days before, they had no definite plans.

"Sometimes a woman faints from excitement when she comes face to face with celebrities," said Bud Ernst. "A woman fainted when she met Franchot Tone at a night club."

The reigning Queen is provided with an official escort who sees that she meets all the celebrities at the night spots. A few—a very few Queens—surprise the escort by refusing not only to meet the famous people but to go to the famous night spots themselves. But such Queens are rare. It's the glamor most of them hunger for.

Yet they don't have to be glamorous to compete for the role of Queen for a Day. As one woman said, "I like the program because all women have a chance on it, whether they're sixteen or eighty."

THE END

LIBERTY

MURDER ON 52ND STREET

Continued from Page 33

charge. Eddie knew Klegman; he knew a lot of the boys on the force. Most of them Eddie could take or leave with a shrug.

But this Klegman was different. You couldn't get under his skin; couldn't guess what he was thinking. Massive, heavy-jawed, Klegman accepted everything that happened with an air of inevitability, as if he had long ago decided that people weren't much good and that there was nothing he could do about it.

Now he listened in silence to what Eddie had to tell. And Eddie told everything. The detective never lifted his gaze from the body on the floor —except when he heard about the drugged whisky and how the Mickey Finn had been administered. Then he sent a long, wondering look at Arnold Lanham, who fidgeted.

When Eddie finished, Klegman examined the silver heel and the piece of broken glass. He went to the window, leaned out, and squinted up and down the fire escape. Finally he turned to the bedside. With a handkerchief in his hand he lifted the figure of the Dancing Satyr. He studied it a while.

"This is going to be a screwy one," he said, "to spread before a grand jury."

"In what way?" Eddie asked.

"How's it going to sound when we claim the blood on your palm and the fact that you slept with the statuette in your hand don't mean a thing?"

"I was out cold."

"Sure. Sure, I know. Only, what happens if some smart cookie on the jury figures you could have done it *before* you swallowed the Mickey Finn? Or before it took effect?"

Eddie could feel a warm wave rise through his head. "I wouldn't know how to answer that one."

"All the same, I think we'd better *find* an answer."

KLEGMAN knelt beside Marian Westleigh, peering at the ugly wound in her head. He looked over the rest of her body, then he rose.

"The medical examiner and the camera boys will be along soon," he said. "Let's leave it for them." He went back to the living room, and the others followed; there he nodded to the filet of sole on the floor. "What happened to *that?*"

Eddie said, "We never got around to eating it."

"Who upset it?"

"Maybe the one who swung the statuette. I don't know. It happened after I passed out."

"Seems like quite a lot of things happened after you passed out." Klegman glanced around the room, with its yellow modern furnishings and burgundy-red drapes. "Where was the statuette kept?"

"On the mantel."

"And the Mickey Finn hit you in here?"

"In that chair," Eddie said.

"But you woke up in bed. You were moved."

"So what? Marian—Mrs. Westleigh—would have taken me in there," Eddie said. "If she thought I was sick, that's what she'd have done."

"She'd have had to carry you."

"Or drag me. She had the strength for it."

ONE of Klegman's men said, "If she thought you were sick, why didn't she phone down to the club for help? Why didn't she ask somebody to get a doctor?"

"Because," Eddie said, "under the circumstances she wouldn't want anybody to know she was here."

Klegman seemed willing to accept that. He asked, "How soon you expecting Westleigh?"

"Can't say. I don't know where he called from."

"You figure he was sore enough at his wife last night—for two-timing him with you, I mean—to come up here and start a row? That is, if he knew she was here?"

Eddie's face hardened. "I wouldn't know."

"Could he have come up without anybody seeing him?"

Eddie shrugged, but Arnold Lanham offered a quick answer. "I don't think so," Arnold said. "If he went out the side door of the club, he'd have had to pass the cashier's cage. Eve would have seen him. If he came in by the street entrance, the club's doorman, Steve Carilli, would have noticed it. We could ask Steve. He knows all the regular customers. He certainly knows Westleigh."

"Where's this Steve now?"

"Home. Somewhere in the Bronx. But he's got a phone. His number's in the book. Carilli."

So one of Klegman's men—a fat fellow named Lou—riffled through the Bronx directory, and in a few moments they listened to his half of a conversation with the club's doorman. Finally Lou asked, "How did he look when he came out? Excited?" And then: "See anybody *else* go in or out?. . . Uh-huh. I see. . . . Well, O.K., feller. Thanks. That's fine. . . . What?. . . Yes, you better get here."

Lou put down the telephone.

"He says," he reported to Klegman, "that Westleigh came out of the club about twelve thirty. He couldn't make up his mind for a minute whether he wanted a taxi. Then he walked into the private entrance of the house. Steve Carilli says he wanted to go after him and ask what he was looking for, but a party drove up in a cab, and he had to help them out. By that time Westleigh was gone. He came out again less than five minutes later. He didn't look excited, Steve says. Just sort of pleased with himself. He got into a cab and drove away. That's all. Nobody else went in or out."

Possessed by one woman . . .

Obsessed by another . . . this man who helped shape the destiny of nations.

Hal Wallis' PRODUCTION

"The Searching Wind"

From the successful Broadway Play by Lillian Hellman

starring

ROBERT YOUNG
SYLVIA SIDNEY
ANN RICHARDS

Screenplay by LILLIAN HELLMAN

Paramount Pictures

Eddie, lighting a cigarette, found his hand shaky.

"We could build up quite a case," Klegman said in a reflective tone. "Westleigh goes up and has an awful row with his wife. Kills her. This morning he knows he's got to cover himself, because the doorman saw him come in. He's got to make it look like his wife was still alive when he left. So he calls up, nice and cheerful, like he knows nothing about any murder, and asks to talk to her. . . . What do you think, Buell?"

"Could be," Eddie said.

"You'd *like* it that way, wouldn't you?"

"It would help."

Lou said, "He'd have been a damn fool to kill her, knowing the doorman saw him go in. Besides, why should he have waited till noon to phone? He couldn't have guessed about the Mickey Finn keeping Buell asleep till noon."

"Also," Klegman said with a sigh, "it wouldn't explain the heel on the fire escape or the piece of broken glass from the flash bulb."

A couple of men came in with the photographic equipment, and the detective motioned them on into the bedroom.

Eddie caught Eve's eye. She stood near the window. Eve was one of the few realities in the room.

A POLICEMAN put his head into the door and said to Klegman, "There's a redheaded dame named Lockhart downstairs—Doris Lockhart. Claims she works here. Camera girl. She busted through the crowd to ask what was the matter, and when she heard, she pretty near fainted. You want her up?"

Big Harry Klegman rose. "Sure, get her up," he said. "And if a man named Westleigh comes, bring him up too!" He turned to Eddie. "I thought you told me Doris never shows till cocktail time."

"Maybe today she's got a special reason."

Klegman began to appear impatient. He walked to the bedroom door to see what the photographers were doing. When he turned back he saw Sam, still in street clothes, near the kitchen.

"You," he said. "You got a door key, haven't you?"

Sam stammered, "Y-yes, suh!"

"Where did you go last night?"

"M-Mistuh Buell said I could have the night off. He said not to come back 'fore noon—"

"I'm asking where you went."

"Harlem. My—my brother's place." Sam shifted his weight from foot to foot. "Honest to God, suh, that's where I was!"

"All night?"

"Yes, suh. I slep' on the couch. You—you ask my brother."

Klegman motioned to Lou. "Get his brother's name and check on it."

Eddie Buell said, "Look, Klegman. Sam had no reason in the world to—"

"Of course not," Klegman said.

"He tried to get the cherry out of his Tom Collins."

LIBERTY

"Sam had no reason. You had no reason. Eve Lanham had no reason. Arnold had no reason. Nobody had a reason. So what do you want me to do? Forget the whole thing?"

OUTSIDE, the elevator door clanged, and the uniformed policeman brought Doris Lockhart into the apartment.

The redheaded girl wore a tight dark dress, short enough to show her knees. She was terrified. As she stared about the room, she clutched a red purse in both her red-gloved hands.

"Mr. Buell!" she whispered. "I didn't know she was dead! I swear I didn't!"

Eddie looked at her curiously. "What was it you wanted here, Doris?"

"I—I wanted to explain about the picture!"

Klegman had been about to speak; but now maybe he felt he could get as much from listening.

"Yes?" Eddie said to her. "What about this picture?"

"It was his idea!"

"Whose?"

"Westleigh's! He was sitting there at his table in the club, and after I passed a couple of times he called me over. He had a wallet in his hand, and he said he had two hundred and fifty dollars with him, and how would I like to have it?"

"What did he want you to do?"

"He—he wanted me to go upstairs with my camera," Doris said, "and get a shot of his wife and you together—in your bedroom, if I could catch it that way!"

"Oh. A little thing like that."

Klegman came across the room, scowling. "Just a second," he said. "I want to see whether this makes sense."

"It makes plenty of sense," Eddie said savagely. "Marian was going to divorce him. He didn't want a divorce. He tried to talk her out of it and couldn't. Maybe he felt that if he had grounds to threaten a countersuit—with the kind of evidence that would smear her name in big dirty letters across newspaper sheets, with a picture to prove she'd been in my bedroom with me—why, maybe he could blackmail her into dropping *her* divorce action. He was married to a hell of a lot of money. Why should he want to be divorced from *that?*" Without waiting for Klegman's comment, he said, "Go ahead, Doris. Shoot the rest. What happened?"

"I—I didn't want to do it. So help me, Mr. Buell, I told him so. So then he laughed and boosted the ante to a thousand. That—that's a lot of money to me—a hell of a lot of money."

"For a thousand bucks," Eddie Buell said, "you were willing to knife me in the back."

DORIS looked down at the purse. She rubbed a nervous hand over it, around and around.

"Get your picture?" Eddie asked.

She nodded.

"How?"

"From the—fire escape." Her whisper was guilty, almost inaudible. "I—I went out the side door, like I was going for a smoke, and nobody paid any attention. Then I went to the roof and down the fire escape. The drapes were drawn together, but not all the way. I—could see you lying on the bed, and Mrs. Westleigh was sitting on its edge, next to you, with her hand over her face. I didn't know whether he'd be satisfied with that kind of picture, but I wasn't going to wait. I was too scared. I just wanted to get my shot and run."

Doris lifted harassed eyes.

"Only, when that bulb flashed, she came after me. Like a cat. She got out on that fire escape and caught up with me halfway to the roof. She—was awful fast. And strong, too. She dragged me all the way back and into the apartment. Once we both almost fell. I think she broke her heel. But that didn't stop her. She looked wild—wild and crazy-mad. She yanked me into this room and said to give her that plate or she'd brain me. She—she looked like she'd do it, too. She got hold of the camera and I thought she was going to break it right off the strap and smash it. I dropped my flash bulb, and it broke, and then I told her to quit—she could have the damned plate."

Klegman interrupted. He pointed to the filet of sole that still lay on the carpet. "How did that happen?"

Doris looked at it in bitter recollection. "When she was trying to take the camera away," she said. "We sort of tussled, and she knocked the platter over. Or maybe I did."

"What about that plate?" Eddie asked.

Doris said, "I gave it to her, and she threw it on the table. She wanted to know who'd put me up to taking

that shot, and I told her. Then she kind of laughed and walked back and forth, rubbing her hands, sore as hell. After a while she told me to pick up the busted flash bulb and get out. I did."

"And you went down to the club?"

"I went right back to Westleigh and told him what had happened."

Klegman said, "That must have been something to see. Did he blow up?"

"No. He just kind of—grunted. Then he gave me a hundred-dollar bill for my trouble and cleared out. I—honest, Mr. Buell, I couldn't sleep a wink last night. I thought Mrs. Westleigh would tell you about it, and of course you'd fire me today. And all that—for a lousy hundred bucks! So I thought maybe if I came and told you how rotten I feel about the whole thing—and how I don't know what got into me to make me do it—"

"If you were a man," Eddie Buell said, "I'd beat the hell out of you."

Doris looked down at the purse again. She was white.

Eddie turned away. He was almost as pale as the girl. He walked halfway to the window, and nobody spoke. When he stopped and faced her again, he said, "And all the time you and Mrs. Westleigh were fighting in here knocking over platters, I never came in to see what was the matter. Didn't that strike you as plain cockeyed?"

Doris whispered, "It—it did, Mr. Buell. I *asked* her what was wrong with you. That was while she was walking back and forth. She just said, 'Oh, shut up! Pick up your things and get out!' "

The uniformed policeman came into the room again and said to Harry Klegman, "You want to see this guy Westleigh now? I got him outside."

EDDIE was standing beside Eve Lanham when Westleigh came into the apartment. Tall, with his startling white hair disarrayed, George walked as if he were in a trance. He had no color at all. In his left hand he held a hat.

"Where is she?" he whispered.

Klegman nodded toward the bedroom. George went to the door and stood there a while, looking down. He didn't say a word. Then he turned. When his eyes found Eddie, he tossed his hat into a chair and slowly came toward him. In front of Eddie he stopped, staring.

And then, suddenly, he drove out his fist with all the strength of his body. He smashed it into Eddie's jaw, and Eddie Buell stumbled back.

When he found his balance again, Eddie's eyes blazed. He hunched his shoulders and started for Westleigh with both fists swinging. He hit the man just once, on the head.

By that time four of Klegman's boys—and Eve—had rushed in between them, holding Eddie back, dragging Westleigh away.

On the other side of the room

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS

Perfect Womanhood?

"No"—claim medical authorities, who ought to know! Nature has a way of playing cruel tricks on womankind—on even the most beautiful and talented women.

And Nature has so constructed and physically endowed woman that in many cases she's apt to suffer certain distressing symptoms during her life. For instance, when she enters womanhood — or during the menopause, the period when fertility ebbs away.

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Thousands upon thousands of women have reported truly remarkable benefits by taking Pinkham's Compound. It is also an excellent stomachic tonic. Certainly *worth trying!*

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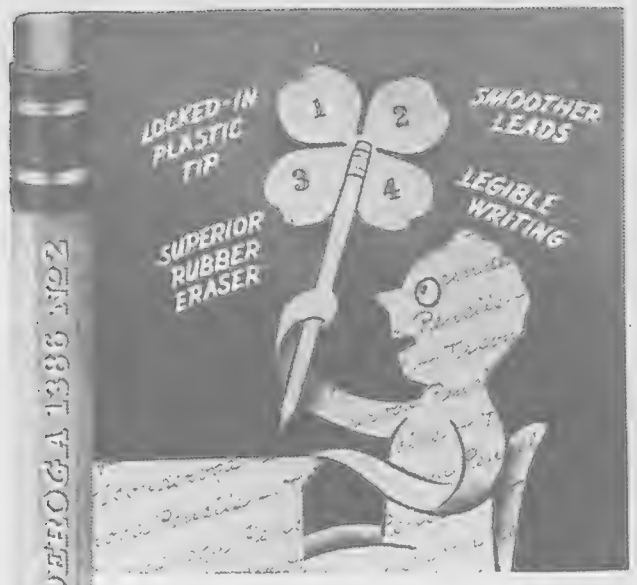

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Klegman shoved Westleigh down into a chair. "That's no way to prove anything," he said.

George glared across the room. "If that louse hadn't got her here—" He looked up at Klegman. *"Did he kill her?"*

"Look, Mr. Westleigh," Klegman said. "I'll be glad to answer questions in good time. But first I'd like to *ask* a few—see?"

"I don't know anything about this," Westleigh said. "I didn't even know she was dead!"

"But you were up here last night. The doorman told us about that."

GEORGE WESTLEIGH wet his lips. He glanced around the room in an uncertain way. When his eyes met Doris Lockhart's he stiffened.

"Yes, I was up here," he said.

"What for?"

"Well, because I was sore. I wanted the satisfaction of walking in on Marian—of seeing her here with him."

"Just to let her know she wasn't getting away with anything, you mean?"

"You can put it that way, yes."

Klegman slid his hands into his pockets. "Well? How did it work out?"

"It didn't. As a matter of fact, I didn't even see her. And she didn't see me."

"How's that?" Klegman was surprised. "She was here, wasn't she?"

"Yes, she was here, all right. When I got up, the door was slightly open. So I walked in. I could hear somebody running water in the bathroom. Marian, I guess. I saw her wrap on a chair. Then I saw something else, too— the plate of the picture Doris had shot. It lay on the table, right where Marian had tossed it." Westleigh hesitated. "If you want me to be frank, I decided that plate could be more valuable to me than any encounter with Marian just then. So I took it and got out. She never heard me. The sound of the running water must have drowned out my steps. That was all."

"And you left the building?"

"Yes. I went to my place—I've been living at the Pasadena." He added, "I suppose you know Marian and I had been separated."

"I've heard," Klegman said. "Where's that plate now?"

"In my room."

The photographers came through the door with their equipment, and one of them said to Klegman, "If you could move this mob somewhere else for a while, we could take a few shots here."

At the same time the medical examiner arrived—a small bald man with sharp eyes behind spectacles. He carried a grip and gave Klegman a brief nod, meanwhile going right through to the bedroom.

The detective motioned to Lou. "Take them downstairs," he said. "I'll be along."

"To the club?"

Arnold Lanham said, "We've got a couple of private dining rooms on the floor below this. The office, too. You could go there."

Klegman waved Lou away and stepped into the bedroom to talk to the medical examiner. The rest of them started toward the outer door —all except Eddie.

Eddie stood still, frowning at the filet of sole Marguery on the floor, at the omelet-like blob of sauce beside it. He seemed more than puzzled; his eyes had something haunted in them.

Eve, seeing him like that, slowly came back. "What's wrong?"

He looked at her. Then he looked toward the door, where Lou beckoned him to come along with the rest of the crowd.

"In a minute," Eddie said. "Give us just a few seconds. I've got to talk to Klegman."

Though Lou didn't object to that, he signaled another man to stay with them. Eddie waited until the others had gone out; meanwhile he could hear Klegman saying to the medical examiner in the bedroom:

"There's some doped whisky out there. We'll get it analyzed, of course. But, offhand, doc, would you say a Mickey Finn—even a powerful one—*had* to keep a guy out cold for twelve full hours?"

"Not necessarily," the doctor answered. Eddie could see him rolling up his sleeves. "It would depend on the dosage."

"A guy could come to after maybe six or seven hours, let's say, couldn't he? He could get up for a while and then flop back and sleep some more if he felt groggy. Could be, couldn't it?"

"Certainly," the doctor said. "Provided the dosage was light."

Eddie's face became bitter as he approached the bedroom door. He had to step around some of the photographic equipment. Klegman heard him and turned.

"So you still think I did it," Eddie said.

"I still know," the detective said, "you woke up with a blood-smeared statuette in your hand, and that's more evidence than we've got against anybody else right now."

"What would my reason be?"

"If I knew all the answers, I'd make an arrest."

"What about Doris and Westleigh? You believe everything *they* told you?"

Klegman gave him a thoughtful stare. "Why not?"

"Then why not believe me?"

THE detective drew in a long breath. "Look, Buell," he said. "If Westleigh killed his wife and wanted to cover himself by phoning here to talk to her, why would he wait till *noon* to do it? He'd have been scared sick ever since last night. He'd have been expecting the cops to crash in on him any minute. Chances are he'd have phoned by eight this morning. He certainly wouldn't wait till noon to try to establish his innocence."

"And Doris?"

"Westleigh was here *after* her. He came up only because she didn't bring him his picture. If he'd found his wife dead on the floor, he'd have done something about it. He'd have yelled for the police and raised holy hell. He wouldn't just have walked out—especially knowing that Steve Carilli had seen him. No. Doris may be a louse, but when she went out of here she must have left Marian Westleigh alive."

"So you figure that narrows it down to me," Eddie said.

"Oh, no. There's still your Sam, who had a door key, and Miss Lanham here, and Arnold."

Eve gave the detective a searching look. "Just what have you got against Arnold and me?" she asked, her voice low.

Klegman shook his massive head. "Not much, Miss Lanham," he said. "All I know is you were sold on this guy." He nodded to Eddie, "and maybe jealous enough to come down that fire escape—if only to see, let's say, if the Westleigh woman was still here."

"But I didn't."

"That's what you said before."

"As for my brother, he'd have had to come through my room to reach the fire escape. I'm a pretty light sleeper. And besides, I didn't sleep much last night. Arnold *didn't* come through."

Klegman picked one phrase out of her talk. "What do you mean, you didn't sleep much last night? What kept you awake?"

"If you want it straight, I was too sore to sleep. Sore at Eddie."

"Because he had Marian Westleigh here?"

"Yes. I—I could have kicked his teeth in."

FOR a few seconds, as Eve spoke, Eddie seemed to forget Klegman. He looked sidewise into her eyes. He started to say something, then dropped it. He held out his hand.

"Can I have your lipstick, Eve?"

That startled her. It surprised Klegman, too. But Eddie's face was so grim that she opened her purse without a word and gave him the lipstick. He smeared it on the fingertips of his right hand.

"What's the idea?" Klegman asked.

"If the killer had any sense, that statuette was probably wiped clean of everything but blood before it was put into my hand," Eddie said. "Still, you'll be taking our fingerprints, won't you? To compare with possible prints on the figure?"

"Well?"

Eddie went to the bedroom door and pressed his fingers against it, waist-high, beside the knob. They left red smudges.

"Whoever killed Marian didn't mind planting evidence on *me*," he said. "Why the hell should I mind hitting back the same way? You show that crowd downstairs how the killer left bloody prints on this door—prints sure to tell the story—and *somebody's* going to get the jitters in a hurry, maybe bad enough to crack up!"

Klegman drew his lips in tight. "Got somebody special in mind?" he asked.

"I've got plenty on my mind," Eddie said. "Why don't you get them all back here? They may as well hear this, too."

Klegman hesitated, then nodded to the man who had remained with Eddie. He went out, and in a minute he was back with the whole bewildered group.

"Go on, Buell," Klegman said.

Eddie talked straight to red-haired Doris Lockhart. "You told us that platter of sole was upset when you were dragged in here by Marian Westleigh."

Doris nodded in a jerky way. "That's right," she said. "Why?"

"I've watched sole Marguery being served in the club for years," Eddie said. "When it's hot, the sauce is fluid, loose. If you upset it, the stuff splashes, runs like cream. Once it cools off, though, it thickens. When it's cold it gets to be like an omelet. Well, take a look at it, Doris. That sauce didn't splash at all. Just fell in a blob. *Exactly* like an omelet. You know what that shows? It shows the

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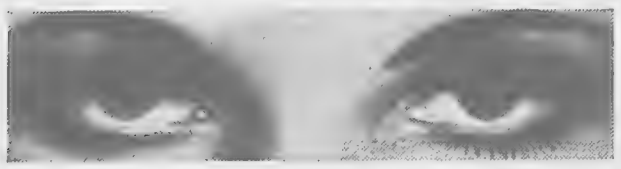

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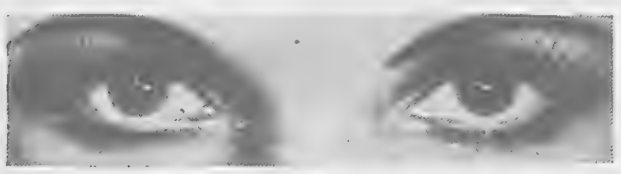

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sauce was *cold* when the platter was upset."

"So—so what?" Doris said. "What's that got to do with anything?"

"It took a long time after the lamp was put out for the sauce to become that thick. If George Westleigh left the club by twelve thirty, you were pulled in here by Marian before that time—and the sauce would still have been pretty warm and loose. That platter must have been knocked over long *after* twelve thirty for the sauce to be that thick."

Doris stood staring from Eddie to the thing on the floor.

"What's more," he said, "you saw me just before I got into the elevator to come up here. I sent you into the club to get a few shots of Senator Call's party. Remember that?"

"Yes, I remember," Doris whispered.

"Did I look sick?"

"No-o—"

"And yet, less than a half hour later you had a wild rumpus with Marian right here in the apartment, and I didn't even get up to see what it was about. Even if Marian *didn't* explain, it must have puzzled you. I've got an idea it bothered you enough to make you come back here, to see what was the matter with me later when you figured Marian must be gone."

"No," Doris said. "No! I *didn't!*" But there was panic in the way she denied it. "That's not true!"

Klegman said in a voice unexpectedly gentle, almost friendly, "You know, Doris, if you hit her in—well, say self-defense, it doesn't mean the chair. You realize that, don't you?"

"But I didn't! It's not true, I tell you! I *never* came back!"

"We can check on it easy," Klegman said. He pulled the bedroom door half shut, so that Doris could see the red smudges. "This is one spot the killer touched without knowing it, and so we have a very nice set of prints. Take a set of her prints for comparison, will you?"

DORIS fell back a step. She clasped her hands against her breast.

Seeing her like that, Klegman was still gentle; but insistent now, too. "Why don't you save yourself a lot of trouble by telling what happened, Doris? Maybe there were—you know—what they call extenuating circumstances."

She looked in horror at the smudges. Then she looked at Eddie, at Eve, at Westleigh, back at Klegman.

"You might even get let off," Klegman said, "if—well, if you couldn't have *helped* yourself. Don't you see? Come on, Doris. Tell me. Just what happened?"

"She—she *came* at me!" she whispered.

"When you got back to see about Mr. Buell?"

"Yes! I thought she was gone, and the door wasn't locked, and I came

"Just a second—I was trying on this suit first!"

LIBERTY

in. But she heard me and came out of the bedroom. The first thing she saw was that the plate was gone. She thought I'd taken it. She told me to give it back. I didn't have it. Only, she wouldn't believe that. She came at me, as mad and wild as the first time. She said she'd rip every stitch off me till she found that plate. We had quite—quite a fight. I just couldn't handle her. She banged me against the mantel. I'll show you my back, if you want to see it—it's got a welt all the way across. The pain drove me nuts for a second. *I* was wild too. She had my hair then, and she was pulling, and it hurt like hell. I went blind with the pain. Then my hand found that statuette, and I swung it at her—and—"

Doris stopped. She looked in a desperate away from one to another.

"I didn't want to kill her!" she whispered. "I swear I didn't! She went stumbling across the room, with her hands to her head, and she fell through the door. I didn't know she was dead till I knelt over her and tried to shake her. After that—I—I don't know what happened. I was scared crazy. I saw Mr. Buell in the bed, and I put the statuette in his hand, because that seemed the best way to get myself out of the thing. Then I ran. But later—when I was home—I knew you'd find out I'd been up that first time. Westleigh would tell you. So I—I thought it would be better if I came and told you myself."

She fixed pleading eyes on Klegman.

"It *was* self-defense, don't you see?" she said. "You can't call it anything else!"

Klegman drew a long breath. He took Doris Lockhart's arm and beckoned to a detective. "Sure," he said. "Sure. If you want to call it that, it's all right with me. And putting

the statuette into Buell's hand—that was self-defense, too. Who'd deny it?"

THE Club Biarritz didn't open that night. Eddie Buell, still in the gray suit, stood in the big dark room, hands in his pockets, and looked around at empty tables. His mouth was bitter. And he had a deep feeling of contempt—for himself.

There was a point at which you had to stop and take stock; and you realized that in spite of a lot of things like forty-dollar plates on your table and specially designed furniture and a fat wad of dough in the bank, you were still nothing but a heel. You'd thought you were smart enough to take a short cut into the upper brackets, and what was the result? One woman dead, another facing trial for murder. If you had any feeling at all, you knew you deserved a kick in the face.

Eddie Buell felt beaten, washed up. He'd lost the club and he knew he couldn't do anything to save it. He'd outsmarted himself. As far as the club went, he was licked. He was licked in a lot of other ways, too. He felt, suddenly, like sitting down and burying his face in his hands. But he didn't do it because Eve was back there in the shadows, watching him. He hated to meet her eyes.

After a while she said in a dry way, "You'll find a buyer. The club has always paid off. For a new owner it should go right on paying off."

"Sure," Eddie said. "Uh-huh."

Eve looked at him curiously. "But what about you?" she asked. "What happens to you now?"

Eddie shrugged. His back was still turned to her. "I guess I try a new kind of life. California, maybe. I always wanted an orange grove."

"Going alone, Eddie?"

The way she said it, hesitating a little, made him turn in wonder. He stared at her. As always, Eve represented something you could count on. He had a queer feeling—a kind of pain that began to pound in him. It left his mouth dry.

"If I thought there was any chance of your coming with me—" he began. "I mean—after last night—"

She was silent a moment. Then she said, "Have you tried asking, Eddie?"

"I *am* asking." His voice was thick. "And this time I'm asking cold sober, Eve."

She came toward him. He saw that there were tears in her eyes.

Before he could draw back, she swung her hand. The slap caught him squarely on the face, hard and stinging, full of anger. It made him hold his breath and stare.

"That," she whispered, "is for being such a heel last night."

"But, Eve—"

"And this," she added, "is for asking me cold sober now."

She put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

THE END

THE CHAMP

Continued from Page 31

"champ." So the attempts at camaraderie failed and the man and the boy remained apart, each needing the other, yet failing to break the barrier. The champ, however, continued to watch the boy very carefully.

He cautioned the men to be gentle with Jimsie, and the boy rode in the car that followed him on his roadwork every morning.

And then, the night before they broke camp, he found the boy drunk! Unable to sleep, he had got up and walked to the handlers' bunkhouse, and found them laughing at Jimsie as the boy staggered around the room.

The room grew still. Even the silence itself crawled beneath the merciless stare from the scarred eyes.

"Who gi' dat boy to drink?" the champ asked, and his voice was cold fire.

The men sat silent, afraid. Two of the heavyweights stared at the floor, chewing their lips. The others watched the champ, their eyes white, their faces an unnatural gray under the brown skin.

"Who gi' dat boy to drink?" he demanded again, and his voice was breaking now, his great hands shaking with impotent fury.

He turned to the boy, who was

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sober now. "Who done it?" he asked. Jimsie shook his head.

Then the champ's rage broke over them all, but the boy was the central victim of his wrath. From the men he had expected nothing. They were roughnecks, stumblebums, human punching bags, and he had never looked for their friendship. But the boy!

"Ah send yo' back to de gutter!" he roared. "Ah taken yo' f'om de gutter, Ah send yo' back!"

His fingers, hard as steel cable, bit into the thin arms as he shook the boy like a spindly black rag doll.

At last he flung Jimsie from him and staggered out into the dark. But there would be no sleep that night, only a more burning loneliness than ever.

THE next morning the champ went alone to the barn which served as a garage. He would meet the others in the city; the thought of their company on the train was intolerable to him. The seat of the roadster was wet with dew, but he did not bother to wipe it, and he kicked the motor into life and backed out.

"Wait foh me!" a voice called. The champ turned and saw Jimsie running toward him. As the boy came up to the car, the champ could see the ugly welts on his arms and he averted his battered old-young face.

"Ain' y'all gonna wait foh me?" Jimsie asked.

"You *want* to ride wid me?" His eyes were incredulous.

The boy nodded. "Sho do." He laughed. "Don' y'all worry 'bout las' night. Ah been licked wus'n dat plenty times. 'Sides, Ah done wrong an' Ah knows it. Y'all had a right to whup me."

"Don't say dat! Ain' nobody got no right to lick no boy, 'cep'n his pappy. You hear me?"

Jimsie grinned as he got into the car. "Yassuh, champ!"

The champ put his arm around the boy. "Why you still call me champ?"

Jimsie was wide-eyed. "Y'all de champ, ain' you? Well, den! Y'all gonna *be* de champ, too. 'Fo' you come in las' night dey uz talkin'. Dey say dat white boy y'all gonna fight, he mean an' hongry an' maybe he whup you."

"Don't worry yo' head 'bout dat," the champ told him. "Dat white boy do be good, but he still two years away. Ah takes 'im."

The boy was delighted. "Da's jus' what *Ah* said! Dey laugh at me, but Ah tol' 'em y'all gonna whup dat boy. An' y'all *gotta* do it!"

The champ laughed. "You sure do be strong *foh* me."

Jimsie was serious. "Got to," he explained. "Done bet all de change Ah saved on you!"

He was surprised when the champ roughly pushed him from the car. "Y'all ride wid dem," the champ said harshly. Before the boy could say anything the car had roared away, gathering speed dangerously.

CHICAGO was still hot, even this late in the evening, and it was a shirt-sleeved sweating crowd that waited through the preliminaries in Sox Park. The crowd's roaring welcome to both champ and challenger mounted over the grandstands and the bleachers, and the sound poured across the ring which had been erected over second base.

But the ring itself was still separate, an island in the sea of people and sound, a private and intimate meeting ground for the two men who watched each other from opposite corners.

The champ studied the white boy. The challenger was an inch taller than he, but four pounds lighter, having weighed in at a hundred and thirty-nine. He carried less of his weight in the shoulders than the champ, and more in his legs. His skin was white and drawn tight over layers of muscle and there was no doubt that he was hungry.

For the champ there was no hunger, only a cold emptiness inside him. He had had his glory and seen it become a mockery; his title was an empty thing and most of his money had gone on his wife's back and her dark satiny wrists and fingers. He looked down behind him to where the boy sat in the first row, eager and intent. Jimsie waved to him, but the champ turned his head away.

At the bell, the white boy came out fast but cautious, and before he knew it the champ had taken advantage of his caution and come in under a slow left jab to sink his head on the white chest and pound a savage tattoo on the washboard stomach. The crowd came to its feet howling for a fast kill.

"Andrew—are you a man or a mouse?"
LIBERTY

But the white boy was grinning. His hair was black and sleek and his nose was still straight, and the thing he had been warned about had come and it was not hurting him. He sensed that the drive that had made the Negro champion was not in those blows and he was confident now.

HE started another slow left, still grinning, and the champ grinned too, and ducked his head. And the white boy's right came out of nowhere to crash against the champ's jaw and send him into the ropes, his mouthpiece popping from his mouth. Then the white boy was on him, giving him no chance to recover, wasting precious punches in his frenzy, but landing enough to turn the champ's face into a fountain of blood.

The crowd was roaring again. It did not matter whose blood was reddening the canvas, just so there was blood, and their roar poured over the ring and spurred the white boy to greater fury.

The champ heard no roar. His eyes had glazed with that first right and there was only the instinct that had made him champ, the instinct that kept him on his feet and made him keep moving into the merciless hard fists that were beating him to a pulp. And the pity was that the white boy could not knock him out.

At the end of the fifth round the glaze left the champ's eyes and he heard his manager cursing him as his seconds dragged him back to his corner. The champ rinsed his mouth and turned to spit and saw a thin black fury pounce on his manager. It was Jimsie and the boy was screaming and crying at once.

"Make 'em stop!" the boy was yelling. "Don't let 'em huht 'im no mo'! Don' let 'em huht 'im no mo'!"

The crowd had been shamed into silence by now and the boy's voice carried clearly to the ring.

"Jimsie!" the champ called. Jimsie heard him and looked up, and the champ was smiling! The boy broke away from the manager and climbed up beside the champ.

Jimsie was still crying. "Please stop, Boysie," he begged. "Don' let 'em hit you no mo'."

THERE was an unutterable weariness in the champ's body. From head to waist flesh throbbed with pain, but inside, loneliness was gone.

"Don't worry, Jimsie boy," the champ said. "Champ cain' quit, nevah. But ain' nothin' can hurt me no mo'."

The five rounds ahead would be long and hard, he knew, and when they were over he would be champ no longer. But he was still smiling gently as he came out of his corner, and far off in the bleacher seats a fat, very black man fanned himself with a derby and smiled too, for he saw the boy still standing in the champ's corner.

THE END

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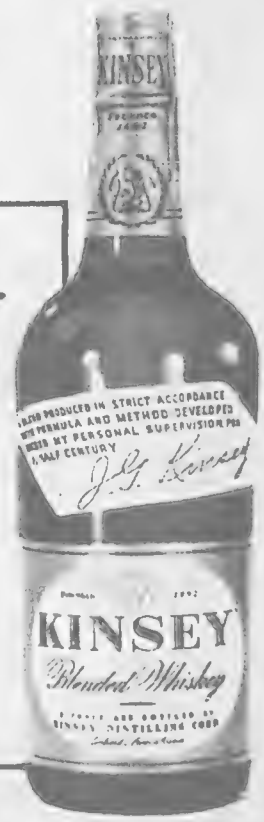

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Continued from Page 25

porch she used furniture of which the modern lines were softened by a Swiss peasant influence.

"We did this to gain softness, color, and gaiety," she says, "using a profusion of red and green interspersed with yellow and blue.

"We did the guest bedroom in Victorian, using pink and yellow with a touch of Victorian red. We kept the children's room modern, using white with brilliant red and blue."

Perhaps the most important thing that Mrs. Gaines' experience shows is that building a home can be fun. Insist on the kind of house in which you can most easily live the life you want—and let convention and tradition go hang.

The money the Gaineses spent could have bought them a house of standard design. By their choice of a capable modern architect, George Nememy, and an imaginative builder —Norman Bergen of Crompond, New York—they achieved instead an architectural success.

The quality of its planning is attested by the critical editors of Progressive Architecture, who note with approval how its "sound basic contemporary thinking shines through incidental bows to tradition."

The owners' testimony is perhaps even more to the point. "We have enjoyed every minute we have spent in it," says Mrs. Gaines.

THE END

CHIC CHICK

"Clothes of chicken feathers to go with your new nylons."—*News Item.*

We've shucked our old Duration rags
And chucked 'em gaily in Good Will bags;
We've plucked the broilers we barbecue—
We eat our chicken and have it too!

For the feathers fashion a suit for Mom;
Formals, too, for the girls' first prom.
What shall I wear to the Navy dance—
My new buff Orpington crepe, perchance?
What for Noel and what for Dorcas
But chic new outfits of sleek Minorcas?
Who, Schiaparelli? Guess again—
This dress last week was a Brahma hen,
And even my winter lingerie
Is the aftermath of a fricassee. . . .

We were close to going in the altogether,
But now we're saved—by a chicken feather!

—*Ethel Jacobson.*

THE THROPPS
DID WILBUR'S DOG, SAMSON, RECOVER FROM YOUR SOFT-DRINK FORMULA YET, CALDECOTT?
I DON'T KNOW. WHY DON'T YOU CHECK UP, OZZIE?
I'M OFF TO INVESTIGATE!
WOW! HE'S OFF AGAIN!
WE MUST PURSUE HIM IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE!
GOLLY LOOK AT HIM JUMP!
HE'S JUMPING HIGHER THAN HE DID YESTERDAY!
WHERE'D HE GO?
SEARCH ME!
LOOKING FOR YOUR DOG WILBUR?
DID YOU SEE HIM?
HE RAN THROUGH THE BACK ENTRANCE OF YOUR STORE, OZZIE!
LET'S GO, WILBUR!
THROPP'S

FAMILY

HOW'S SAMSON TODAY, WILBUR?
HE SEEMS O.K., BUT I'M AFRAID TO LET HIM OFF THE CHAIN
UNCHAIN HIM! I'VE GOT TO CHECK HIS STATE OF MIND!
I'LL DO IT, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA!

Continued next week

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THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSEKEEPER

Continued from Page 19

could cook terrapin too, but Mr. Roosevelt wanted it that way. Mr. Truman, though, wouldn't think of touching terrapin," Mrs. Nesbitt says.

Meals in the White House are served on the dot, at eight, one, and seven. Breakfast is a family affair. The President settles usually for orange juice or grapefruit, bacon or eggs, rolls, jam, and coffee or milk. He manages to down three glasses of milk daily. Any guests who may be bedded down in the White House are served their breakfast in their rooms. If they're English, they are offered tea an hour before anything else appears.

THE most important royalty Mrs. Nesbitt has served are King George and Queen Elizabeth, who, at the end of their visit, presented her with their photographs, as did both Mrs. and Mr. Churchill. Mrs. Nesbitt has also cleared up some misinformation about the royal tea. It had been said that the British monarchs brought tins of London water to the White House so their beverages would taste the same as it does at home. The capital's hard chlorinated water spoils good tea. But it seems it was the White House that took the initiative. Samples of English water were obtained from London and sent to Philadelphia, where chemists "built up" American water to match. No culinary stone was left unturned for Their Majesties.

Do the Trumans have their likes and dislikes in food in common with people who eat in less historic dining rooms? Well, for one thing, Mrs. Nesbitt has to edit all the onions out of the White House recipes. And the family won't touch cabbage or put up with thin soups for dinner. "You'll see lots of thick luncheon soups on my dinner menus," she explains. Although she carries no excess baggage herself, one gathers that she thinks the low-calorie diet the President is on is nonsense. "I have to keep stuffing greens in him. There's nothing the matter with him, but his doctor thinks he'd be better off a little lighter."

Mrs. Nesbitt has her menu troubles. She prepares menus only three or four days in advance because, like the rest of us, she never knows beyond that what's going to be available. And now, with the Trumans' small family, she must wrestle with the retail meat markets, because wholesale buying for them would be impractical. But she does keep her deep-freeze advance stocked with meats for the family table.

As for her pantry, it is, she says, at a new low. She's had trouble buying in case lots, and all the delicacies that are short for the rest of us are short for the Presidential breadbasket, too.

The White House meals are simple and American. You'll find ox-tail soup, fruit cup, baked stuffed potatoes, tomato salad, barley soup, creamed chipped beef on toast. Occasionally a foreign visitor will request some specialty to make home seem nearer. Mrs. Nesbitt has an ever-expanding recipe file to take care of such yearnings. But even big state dinners remain simple. They do have, though, those little extras that American housewives like to set out for company, such as marrow balls in the soup and cheese straws with the salad. And on such occasions the present reduced forty-four-hour-week kitchen staff is augmented by outside help.

The White House kitchen doesn't fill the picnic hamper these days as it did so often for Mr. Roosevelt. "The Roosevelts loved picnics," Mrs. Nesbitt says. "When they'd drive up to Hyde Park, I'd have a nice lunch fixed for them—fried chicken, fruit, cake, coffee, sandwiches. Mr. Roosevelt loved good cake." Mrs. Nesbitt always made F. D. R.'s birthday cake herself. It was a rich fruit cake which was sent out for its icing and "Happy Birthday" inscription. Mr. Truman's birthday came the day after he took office. In the excitement Mrs. Nesbitt didn't have time to bake a cake, but she did get him one "practically homemade" from a small exclusive Washington caterer.

Mrs. Nesbitt's recipes, neatly typed on four-by-six file cards by her secretary, are kept under lock and key in her comfortable office near the kitchen. Otherwise, she says, they'd get away from her, as the cooks forget to return them. Instead of trusting the cards to the cooks, she has the recipes retyped as they are needed and assigns them to the four women cooks and the two chefs in her kitchen with the expressed hope that they will follow them exactly—"though you can't make 'em."

THE servant problem in the White House is just as mobile as elsewhere, though Mrs. Nesbitt does have one cook who's taken the gaff as long as she has. If she has to, Mrs. Nesbitt can prepare any dish in her file of some three thousand recipes herself, and it's her philosophy that even when you have servants "you eat only as well as you can cook yourself." Female education in this country doesn't suit her because the domestic arts are badly neglected, with girls trying frantically to learn to cook *after* marriage instead of mastering the complicated matter beforehand.

Although Mrs. Nesbitt doesn't live at the White House but at nearby Silver Spring, Maryland, she consumes an impressive number of meals on her job weekly "to keep up the standard." The cooks won't slip anything over on the Trumans while Mrs. Nesbitt is sampling it.

Betweentimes the White House housekeeper goes home to her own big family, two ex-service sons and four grandchildren, all living near her. Once home, she often takes up her skillet where she left off, because cooking is her hobby as well as her vocation. She likes to knit, too, and to do needlepoint, an exacting handicraft she took up during her first weeks of widowhood in 1938.

The kitchen and its concomitant activities are the heart of Mrs. Nesbitt's White House day, but they are not her sole responsibility. She runs the upstairs too, but seems to have such a good executive grip on all the bedmaking, table setting, linen checking, and cleaning that goes on there daily that she mentions this phase of her work only if pressed. She explains that each floor has its

supervisor and a floor man. Three additional maids take care of routine duties.

One woman has the full-time detail of checking and mending all the incoming and outgoing laundry, handled, by the way, by a commercial outfit. The laundry bills, and they must be fancy, come out of the President's White House maintenance fund, as do all repairs on furniture and the building itself. Mr. Truman added a staff architect, friend Lorenzo S. Winslow, to keep up with the constant depreciation of the White House and its contents and to make the building fit present needs. Mr. Winslow had his men remodeling a small office in the executive wing into a room to receive and arrange flowers, the day I was there.

The kitchen may be a woman's bailiwick, but no woman ever serves in the White House dining room; its dignity is upheld by a butler and footman, come what may in the way of servant trouble. But I sensed that Mrs. Nesbitt's really pressing problem is in keeping the service of the food up to its quality. It is all prepared very close to mealtime, and she likes to get it to the table quickly so it will taste home-cooked and have its full vitamin content.

Events govern the consumption of food in the White House as they do in other homes. "Just before the African invasion," Mrs. Nesbitt says, "I'd find people who were always

"Dear, you'd better come in now—we'll be striking a town soon."
LIBERTY

friendly, like Harry Hopkins, passing me in the halls with no sign of recognition. I knew something big was afoot when the food began coming downstairs almost untouched."

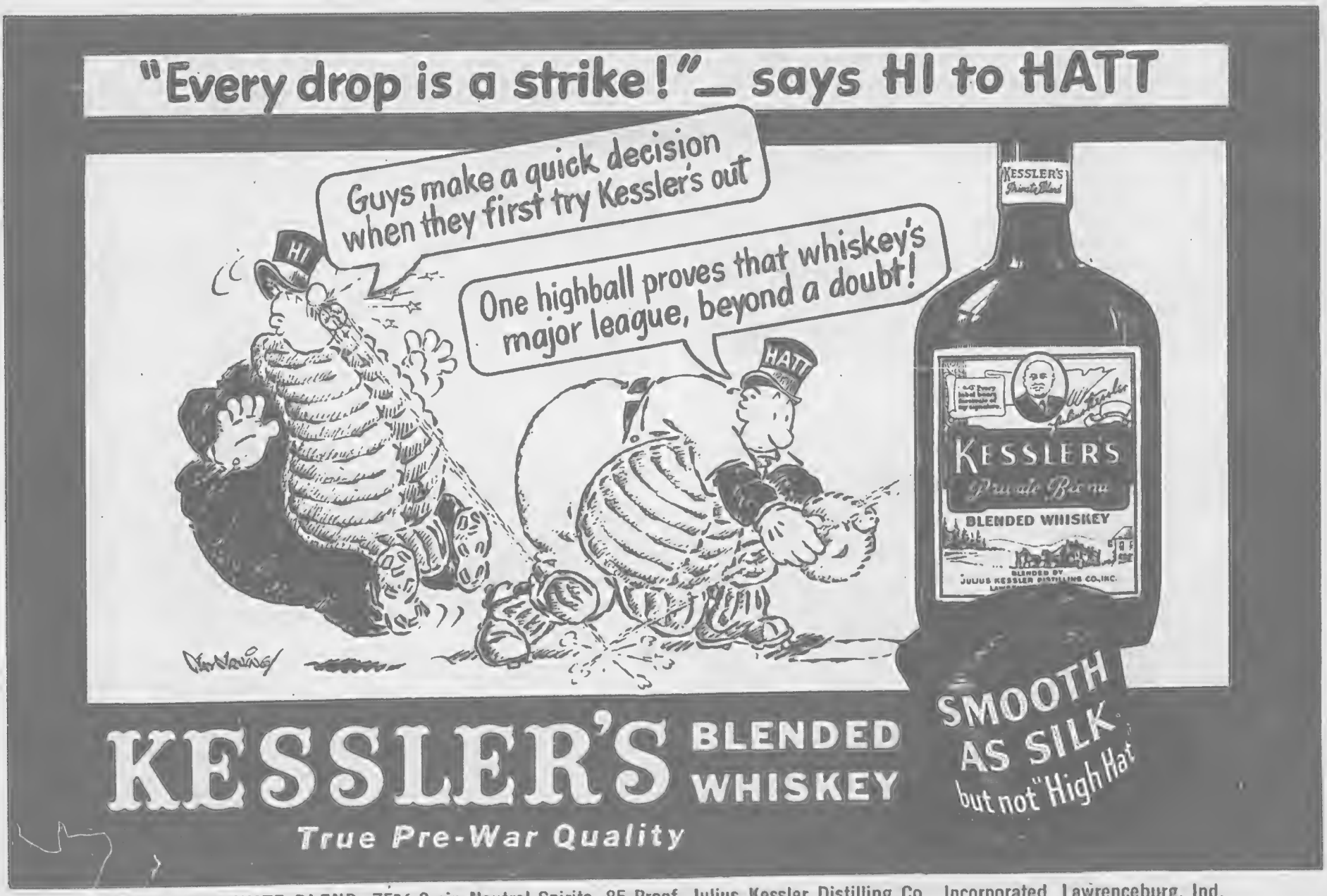
Inventory of everything in the White House is taken once a year under Mrs. Nesbitt's supervision. The results of these tabulations are bound together in red leather volumes. Mrs. Nesbitt makes needed replacements as things wear out. She pulled through the sheet shortage, she says, because she had "a little advance warning" from her linen supplier who thought when war seemed inevitable the White House ought at least be able to make up the beds destined to soothe many a world headache.

But the kitchen of the White House, much smaller and more homelike than I had imagined, is the most suitable background for Henrietta Nesbitt's briskly domestic personality. She seems to run the White House from there and her kitchen office, and actually she feels that it is from the kitchen that all household order mushrooms out.

The "dumbwaiters that crashed down and the refrigerators that dropped apart" have given way to a relatively dreamlike electrification. That was accomplished in 1938. Picture her eight refrigerators, automatic mixers, ice-cream packs, an electric soup kettle, and the flashy expanse of Monel metal.

Though the White House kitchen hasn't air conditioning despite Washington's sizzling summers, the warm air and odors are siphoned off by fans. And within easy hearing of the white-uniformed staff is a nice homey Nesbitt touch: A small kitchen radio gives out with cooking hints and housework-to-music selections—even as for you and me.

THE END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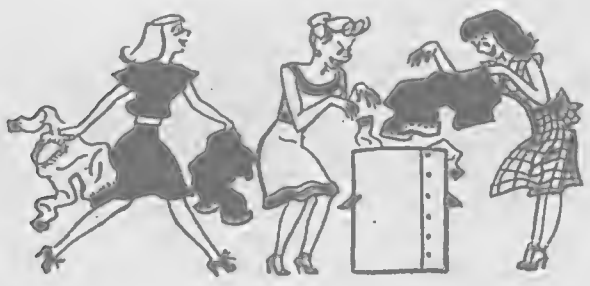
Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

REQUEST NUMBERS: At a breakfast given by a New York department store for the fourteen college girls brought by the magazine Mademoiselle from various parts of the country to help edit its August college issue, the attractive young editors were asked what sort of clothes they wanted that they hadn't been able to find in the stores. One hankered for jackets and skirts made of blue-jean material. She predicted that college girls would not be wearing jeans now that the men are back, because they are bent on looking



feminine. The girls want flattering clothes, and they feel that attractive blouses, well-tailored sweaters, and casual gabardine dresses will do more for them than the gunny sack affected on the campus for the past few years. A girl from the University of California hoped some store would provide a good-looking lightweight raincoat—a sort of poncho, so that it might cover both books and person. She also wanted a large fisherman-type basket to sling by a flat band over the shoulder so that books, art materials, raincoat, and all the other flora and fauna of college life could be handily carried.

AS YE SEW: Eight amateur dressmakers' prize-winning clothes won them each a trip and a three-day whirl in New York, plus awards of $100 each in the sixth annual national sewing contest sponsored by the National Needlecraft Bureau. Their winning numbers were displayed in a fashion show at New York's Waldorf-Astoria. Eighteen-year-old Alice Marie Baker of Columbus, Ohio, earned her prize with a black-and-white checked wool cardigan suit; and fifteen-year-old Jo Ann King of Liberal, Kansas, won with a blue balloon-cloth dress featuring a tie-on peplum. Jo Ann said she has made all her own clothes for the last two years. Mrs. Frank Marsh of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, won national honors for her white eyelet-embroidered organdy evening dress. She said she had been sewing for nineteen years, and that she made this particular dress for her daughter. "But of course she didn't get to wear it, because it won a prize and came to New York instead." The prize for children's clothes went to Mrs. Frank B. Ketcham of Montclair, New Jersey. Her size-four twin party dresses, handmade, of peach mousseline de soie trimmed with real lace, were worn by two cunning youngsters as the grand finale to a grand show. The contest, run annually in communities throughout the United States, was conducted this year from April 1 to May 15 by women's page editors and radio commentators in forty cities. More than 15,000 garments were submitted, and a total of 948 local prizes were awarded. For information about next year's contest, please write the National Needlecraft Bureau, 385 Fifth Avenue.

MOST UNKINDEST CUT: This column is written at home, and when it arrives at the Liberty office, the editors cut it here and there for various reasons: It has to fit into the berth assigned to it; the editors delete the names of stores or manufacturers from whom products de-

scribed may be obtained, because they feel Woman-Talk must not appear to be advertising matter. Interested readers are put to the trouble of writing a letter asking for the necessary information. I, in my secretaryless home, have to take time out from airing my four-year-old or attending fashion shows for next week's column in order to answer. I hope this explanation will reach readers, so that no others will entertain such harsh feelings as Mrs. Jane Capen Dale of College Hill, Clinton, New York, innocently evinced. Said she: "Dear Margaret Fishback, I think it unkind of you to describe something one has been dreaming of, and then say it is available at 'a New York department store.' Would you please tell me which one it is that sells the over-the-shoulder-pouch baby carriers?" Yes, I *will* tell you. Gladly. In a word, Macy's, Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, New York 1.

FLORRY WAS HARD TO GET

Continued from Page 17

stopped her was that voice of his again—that scratchy voice, as if he'd gotten sand between his teeth. "I'm sorry, dear. I bet I know—you think I'm sorry, too. But, honestly, I didn't see you get out of that rattletrap. I shall atone. Supper tonight? And do we dance in Parkerville? Is there a show you haven't seen, an enemy you haven't got around to murdering so far? Kin do for you. Point is, I ail. I ail like love."

Flower assumed her best top-sergeant tone. "When I was covering police in San Antonio they had a special rap for pushy characters like you—six months, the county road, mostly sledge-hammer work. O.K., I'm waiving that. I came out here to save the jobs of twelve thousand hard-working people here in Parkerville, to keep the Norco plant in operation. That's why I've got to see your boss, this senile old coot Pendleton. So stand aside. Oil or no oil, I'm going in before you start to gibbering at me."

"I gibber good," he said.

"That I don't doubt, but do it hanging from a tree. The nearest tree is in the courthouse square. Get going, bud. I've got to see this Pendleton, and now."

"No, don't!" he said. "Old Pendleton hates oil—he lost a fortune in it once. If you went in to see him, dripping it, he'd throw you out. Also he might fire me."

"And that alone," Flower said, "would make it worth the trip."

"No, wait—you'll only gum things up. Old Pendleton feels bad—he's got the gout. His foot looks like a bathysphere."

"A—what?"

"That's right. And he hates women anyway. He lost another fortune in them once—fourth wife, I think, an Argentinian he met while on the pampas. Did she hook him! You'd better let me take the message to the boss. And, since we're friends—"

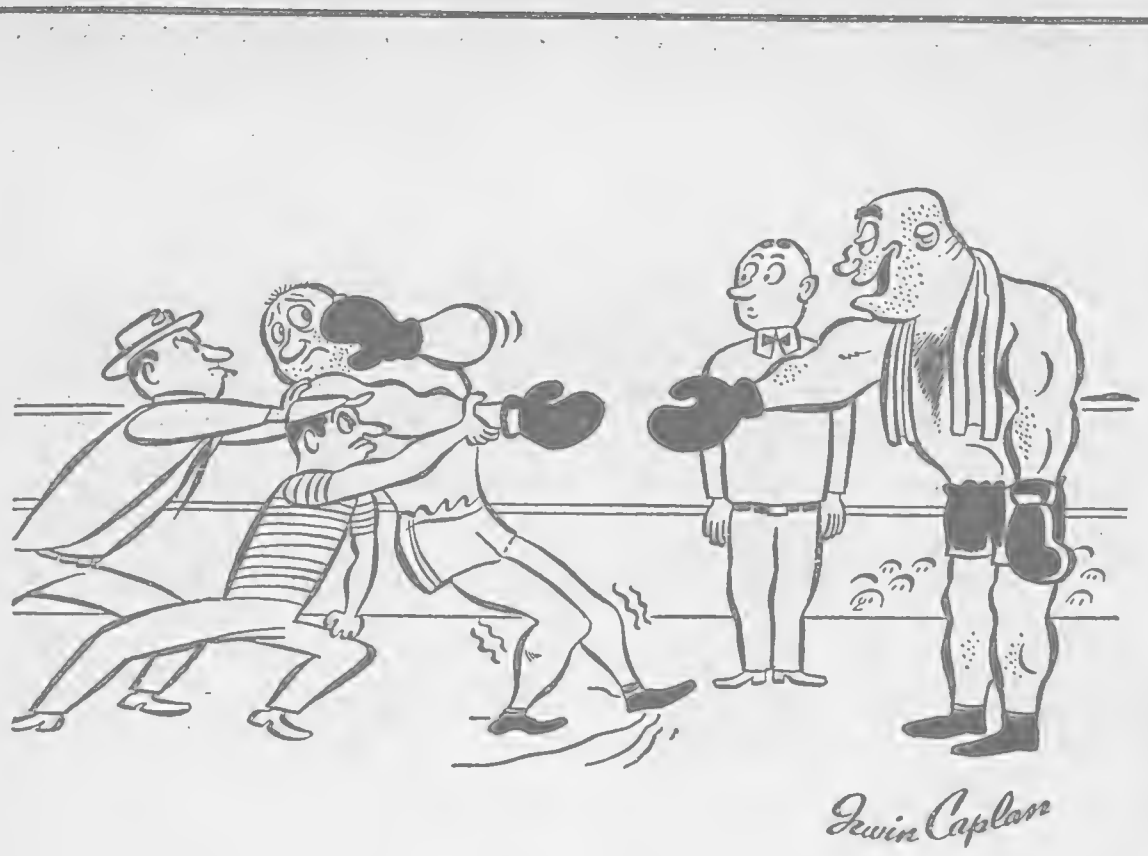
"Are you really nuts?"

"I'm not at all, considering I work for Pendleton. And I'm the only man who can. It happens that my name is Bill, same name as his. I guess we've got a lot in common, actually. I'm his—well, confidential secretary. Main job's to brush off people who have bright ideas. Like you. Darling, if all you had were bright ideas—"

FLOWER retreated quickly toward her car. But he went after her. "—I'd brush you off. About the Norco plant, I'll tell old Pendleton you want to keep it running. So does he. We've talked it over once or twice, trying to find a way. Old Pendleton will find a way. Now do I interest you?"

"You snow me under," Flower gasped.

"And me not in my stride yet,



"I believe we've met before!"

LIBERTY

dear. I'll talk to Pendleton. Tonight at six. I'll meet you in the lobby of the Youngblood Inn at First and Alamo. At dinner I'll tell you what's the chance of keeping Norco running. Check?"

"Check out," said Flower. "I need a little solid air."

"Think, Flower Jones. Twelve thousand souls!"

She managed to let out the gear.

"Tonight," he cried, "at six! 'By, dear."

TEN minutes later Flower Jones advanced relentlessly upon Ed Jennings' glass-topped desk. Ed Jennings got his feet down just in time. Uneasily he glanced toward Emanuel Klein.

"You been?" he asked.

"I been," snapped Flower.

"Looks like," murmured Emanuel, "the answer ain't quite satisfactory. What's that stuff? Oil?"

"It's oil," said Flower, and sat down grimly, facing them. "Boys, who's been telling crackpot chauffeurs that my name is Flower Jones and that I live at Stella Youngblood's inn at Alamo and First?"

"We wrote," Ed Jennings said, "to this old coyote Pendleton and signed your name to it, you being tied up with Idella Blodgett on the Davy Crockett playground plan that day. But all we said—"

Emanuel coughed. "This—um—chauffeur?"

"This um chauffeur is who I saw," Flower said. "He wouldn't let me talk to Pendleton. He even tried to make a date with me for six tonight."

"This chauffeur did?" inquired Emanuel.

"This lunatic. Said he'd tell me what Pendleton—"

"You be there, Flo."

She stood up carefully. "At six I'll be halfway to Dallas and the city desk. Writing obituaries will be utter joy after this."

"Now, Flo—"

"So long!"

The front door of the Parkerville Chamber slammed. Ed Jennings, looking foxy-eyed, aimed toward and missed the brass container on the rubber mat across the room. "Dad-blamed tobacco's got no range to it," he sighed. "Good thing, I reckon, that oil scrubs off so slow."

"I'm bankin' most on that it's spring," murmured Emanuel. "Well, play ball, Ed. Go phone the man, the way you promised when he called just now."

"Ol' Judas Jennings," said Ed Jennings happily.

AT half past five the front door of the Youngblood Inn swung out. Flower Jones, suitcase in hand, pried herself loose from Mrs. Stella Youngblood's mothering arms.

"Florry," Mrs. Stella Youngblood said, "it near busts my heart to see you runnin' off. It just won't be the same old Parkerville."

"I'm really in a hurry," Flower said.

Mrs. Stella Youngblood smothered her again. "I don't blame you a bit—the old town's dead. Course if you stayed, with all the confidence we got in you—"

"Stella, I'll miss my train!"

"Well, just give me another hug. My, you look nice."

"Nice," said a panting voice, "and prompt. I too am eating early, dear."

Flower spun dangerously upon her heel. "Ah—you!"

Mrs. Stella Youngblood, by the door, winked ponderously. "My, what a spry young man you got."

"He's not," Flower snapped, "my spry young man. He's only someone who keeps going 'dear.'"

"Stella," said Bill, "remove that luggage from her hand."

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Flower backed off. "What is this anyway? Conspiracy?"

"I... just," he said, "that people will believe that we're eloping, dear."

The suitcase dropped. Six blocks away the Katy Flyer tootled as it pulled away from town. Triumphantly Bill thrust a long leg out, shoving the suitcase back into the Youngblood Inn. "There'll be," he said, "another train tomorrow. Shall we eat?"

"One thing: How long do you intend to keep this up?"

"How long do you think it will take? My father courted mom for seven years."

"Oh—aitch! Come on!"

TEN minutes later they were in a booth at Pappadakis' Foods Supreme. Flower was looking furious. Bill looked sad. He munched upon his celery.

"All right," he said at last, "so we'll get down to business. Old Pendleton had me check on you, sarge—says you've got what it takes to cope with this. Says you—"

"We'll pass lightly beyond the hearts and flowers."

"O.K., we pass. The business—" He dipped his celery in salt, eyed it morosely, and then bit it off. "Norco's gone off the cost-plus basis now. Prefabs is Norco's plan, but it'll have to buck a market where most manufacturers have well-established names. That means two years of building Norco up. No profits, naturally, but try to sell stockholders on a loss. They won't stand hitched. You following?"

"Suppose you pass the celery. Let me defend myself."

"All right. Here's where the going gets a little tough. The catch to keeping Norco running here in Parkerville is this—taxes, one hundred thousand annually. The Norco plant at Springerton, New Mexico, pays only thirty. Not as good a plant, not as near to Norco's potential market—but that seventy thousand differential, cash money every year, gives it the bulge, and Norco won't operate but one plant. So Parkerville has got to cut its tax."

"The tax bill can't be cut," said Flower.

"Swell way to die, saying it can't."

"Most of it goes for interest on bonds. When people started moving in to work for Norco, it meant sewers, streets, and water mains. It's really Norco's debt."

"And Norco won't be here to pay it. Tough."

"Extremely tough. You make more sense when you talk business."

"I bow," he said. "But bitterly. Where have we got?"

"Some place," said Flower. "At least I've got a wild idea. What if somebody else would pay the tax?"

"Sister, wild's not the word for that."

"Sister's the proper attitude—we'll manage something if you stick to that. About those taxes now. Suppose we point out that twelve thousand souls won't spend their pay checks here? Take Klein's department store—what was his net profit before Norco came here? Subtract from that five thousand annually for those two years that Norco needs to get back on its feet—Emanuel ought to see sense in that. He's subsidizing Norco, sure, but it comes back to him with interest. The same for Jennings' Implements & Seeds. The Youngblood Inn—the same for all of them, except the amounts would vary according to what they would stand to lose. You follow me?"

"Flower, I'm miles ahead of you. I'm at the altar in St. Andrew's Church and it's high noon—"

"Oh—drive me home!"

He got up instantly. Then he bent down. She hadn't anticipated anything like that from him. She swung her palm. Then she got up and started briskly for the door, not walking like a very pretty girl who'd just been kissed.

"I meant," Bill said, "to drive you home. But holy mackerel—" He paused, seeing that he was definitely alone. "By George, her tax-reduction idea wasn't bad at that. Waiter—more celery."

The following day dawned lavishly, with sky and sun to spare. Bluebonnets nodded at the edges of the cotton rows. A meadow lark was literally beside itself with song. The Johnson grass was burgeoning, and Flower Jones walked in upon a chummy threesome in the Chamber of Commerce room.

"Florry," Ed Jennings cried, "Bill here's been tellin' us the proposition that you figured out! We thought we'd run it off this afternoon exactly like a cattle auction, havin' beans and barbecue—"

"They'll bid," put in Emanuel Klein. "Each man will say how much of Norco's excess taxes he can take. Ed opens with four thousand dollars, I chime in with five—builds up, sort of. How's that?"

Flower ignored the two of them. She concentrated on Bill's gangling leg. "Tell me," she said, "how is your gout?"

"Oh, that," Bill said. He fidgeted. "Much better, thanks. For such a senile old coot, anyway."

"So you're the hard-boiled Mr. Pendleton, are you? Well, drop by Dallas on your way back to Los Angeles—you might be worth a paragraph for laughs. So long."

BILL moved across the Chamber room fast and caught her arm as she was going out the door. "Wait, Flower. Wait, sarge. We sent these invitations in your name. If you don't show up at the barbecue, people will think the deal's a Camembert. Then watch the Johnson grass come sprouting in the streets. Twelve thousand—"

"Please skip that! It's ceased to be a gag."

"It's not a gag—it's your home town. It's people, Flower, people who count on you to fight for them. And since when do marines back down once they've got in a fight?"

"You're a fast talker, Mister Pendleton."

"I'm not—I'm scared, that's all. I've got a stake in this. Norco's my job. And— All right, scat; Go on. Run out on them! Run out on me, Miss Jones. Dallas for you. Report! That makes me sick, reporting when you could be saving jobs. Why, saving lives for all you know!"

"Suppose you stop."

"I will not stop! For once somebody's going to get you told. And I delight in that—I had to take guff off a sergeant four years in the Armored Corps, and now—"

Her heels beat sharply as she ran toward Ed Jennings' desk. "I'll hire a band," she stormed. "I'll hire a cook. I'll get a barrel of pickles and

"I'm afraid it would be too small for Sunday mornings!"

LIBERTY

a steer or two. Pink lemonade, ice cream, and cookies for the kids. A square-dance contest to get them warmed up. You'll make a speech, and then—no matter what—I'm off. That will be all that I can stand of Mister William Pendleton. He's sick? I'm very, very sick! I'm—"

They watched her go. Emanuel Klein, tugging his beard, said, "Ed, she's sure unravelin'."

"That's how she organizes things," Ed Jennings said.

"Has anybody," Bill asked, "got an aspirin? I think I'm really sick."

By two o'clock the grass was blotted out in Davy Crockett Park. Mrs. Stella Youngblood, stirring an enormous washtub full of beans, glanced anxiously across the fire pits where Julio Martinez, garbed resplendently in white, was coaxing ribs of beef toward succulence. And Miss Idella Blodgett, dipper in hand, dug deep into the noxious-pink depths of the lemonade.

"Cherries," she sighed. "That's what puts soul in lemonade. Course only Flower would think of that. Here, little man—"

"You know my beef?" Julio Martinez asked. "She's cook."

The Parkerville town band, wearing red uniforms with Norco scrawled across the backs, struck up a tune that made Mrs. Stella Youngblood jump. "Here, Julio, stir," she said. "I got to dance. My, look at all the dust they're raisin' over there!"

"And dosey-do," a bull-voiced gentleman called out. It was Ed Jennings in his fifteen-gallon hat. "Now swing yo' pardners—"

"Somebody come swing me," Idella Blodgett called. "Oh, hello, Flower. You sure look tuckered out. Been to the dance?"

"I'm not dancing, Idella."

"Not? That's bad. When I was your age I did that. Played hard-to-get. Dang it, they took me serious." She giggled as she stirred the lemonade. Emanuel Klein came up, perspiring enthusiastically. He took a dipperful of lemonade, gulped it, and said:

"Flo, go tell Ed he's showed off long enough. It's time to eat—time we was gettin' down to business. Tell him to start it off by biddin' four—"

THE town band's music clattered to a stop. Ed Jennings, yelling through a megaphone, cried, "Go and git it, folks. And while you're eatin', courtesy of Manny Klein and me, Mister Bill Pendleton will ask you somethin' that we hope will hurt—a little. It's the plan for keepin' Norco here. The idea's really Flower Jones' and where's she at? She ought to get a cheer."

It probably was the loudest cheer that ever rose in Davy Crockett Park. Flower, caught unprepared, blushed to a pink that matched the lemonade. She tried to pass it off by working frantically, ladling big mounds of cool potato salad on the paper plates that Julio Martinez stacked high with steaming ribs. Emanuel Klein, hitting his stride, swished fragrant pickles through the multitude while Miss Idella Blodgett started coffee flowing into outstretched cups. Magic was rife. Excitement climbed.

"Now, folks—here's Mister Pendleton."

Another cheer. Then, for a moment, only the insistent crunch of teeth, the clank of coffee cups. Bill Pendleton, hoisted onto a picnic-table top, looked carefully at what he'd written down.

"All that we've got to do," he said, "is bid. When we've got seventy thousand, Parkerville is saved. You'll keep the plant. You'll keep your jobs. You'll keep what's more important to you all—the knowledge that co-operation put you where you are. So now—"

"Six thousand!" cried Emanuel Klein. "I can stand six!"

BILL'S Adam's apple made the transit of his throat. "Did you—say six?"

"Durn it, you heard the feller!" yelled Ed Jennings. "Mine's the same—but I'm awarnin' that I'll get it back on these new automatic kitchen deals."

Mrs. Stella Youngblood struggled to her feet, a spring-revival glitter in her eyes. "You cast your bread upon the waters," she sang out, "and what comes back? Young man, you write it down for me—two thousand dollars. And when you're eatin' out, try Youngblood's Inn."

"I'll take," Idella Blodgett chirped, "six hundred. That's a lot of hats. I got 'em. Or can get 'em. Only thing that I can't get's a man."

"You know Julio Martinez's barbecue?" Julio Martinez thundered in a basso voice. "Well, one."

"One hundred, Julio?"

"Señor! Just one"—he looked around, and then threw out his chest—"hon-red," he added recklessly, and almost knocked himself into his smoldering pit.

It went like that. And Flower Jones, ticking it off, listened until the total climbed to sixty-six thousand. Bill Pendleton looked bland.

"Four thousand left," he called. "Which makes it right. Norco's new manager in Parkerville will fork up that—sort of a wedding present to the town. At first he thought that he'd be married in St. Andrew's Church, back in Los Angeles, but now it looks like it'll be in Davy Crockett Park. After all, the park's responsible—the time the bride took off to work on it was why— Hey, sarge!"

Flower Jones was traveling. If she'd had legs as long as William Pendleton's she might have had a chance. But she did not.

"Where do you think you're going this time, Flower Jones?"

"Dallas!" she gasped. "St. Louis, Chicago—any place to get away from you! Of all the nerve—"

"Honey, nerve is my middle name.

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I'd follow you—I'd keep on throwing oil on you, or kissing you in restaurants, or asking you to marry me in front of ten thousand—"

"It's twelve!"

"Well, temporarily. But I've got plans. And then, amazingly, he turned tomato red. He gulped. "I mean—that is—"

"Oh, Bill, you idiot! Oh, Bill, you —dear!"

Somewhere a meadow lark cut loose. Ed Jennings' fingers twisted at his fifteen-gallon hat. "Romantical, ain't it?" he asked.

"Like yards and yards of satin," sighed Emanuel Klein. "All white—with orange blossoms on it. Ain't spring nice?"

THE END

THE FERVENT FATHER

Continued from Page 15

questions and express any doubts.

No single pattern fits all cases. Colonel Mann was attracted by one of Monsignor Sheen's radio addresses, and asked a friend to introduce them. Three months of instruction followed, and both Colonel and Mrs. Mann were baptized by Monsignor Sheen in Washington. The conversion attracted wide attention because Mann had been accused of bigoted anti-Catholic propaganda in the 1928 Presidential campaign. He denied that he had taken any part in "smearing Smith." The two exchanged telegraphic greetings when he entered the Church.

Henry Ford II met Monsignor Sheen in 1940 through Mr. and Mrs. James Francis McDonnell, parents of his fiancée and prominent Catholics. After several months of instruction, and before his marriage, Monsignor Sheen baptized him.

Clare Boothe Luce went to hear Monsignor Sheen preach in New York on the Christmas following Pearl Harbor. Afterward she went to the rectory and met him briefly. It was four years before she saw him again. But in those years she made a deep study of comparative religions. When she decided on the Catholic Church, she felt that the Rev. Dr. Sheen, the philosopher, could best answer her questions.

Prospective Catholics usually have preliminary discussions with others than Monsignor Sheen. People don't say, "I feel like becoming a Catholic. I think I'll just pop in and see Monsignor Sheen." They talk it over first with Catholic relatives or friends or parish priests. Broun once referred to his as a "commuter's conversion" because he got tired of reading papers on the train and started thinking.

The monsignor is as proud of his humble converts—including his colored cook—as of the celebrities. He keeps no tabulation of his converts lest he be tempted to regard the total as a personal triumph, but there were at least fifty last Easter, and often ten a day are reported in his enormous correspondence.

Regarded by some associates as the outstanding clerical speaker of the twentieth century, he has taken full advantage of its chief development in communications—the radio—to number his audiences in the millions. For seventeen years he has been the most popular speaker on the Catholic Hour, broadcast by a hundred stations. He has preached or lectured in most American cities besides.

Although people are acquainted with him everywhere, few know Monsignor Sheen intimately. No American church figure is the center of so much interest and the subject of so much misinformation. Around his spectacular conversions of confirmed unbelievers and such of his charities as are known, there has grown up a considerable Sheen legend.

He first began attracting American public attention in London. In 1925 a Washington doctor, then a college student on vacation, attended a service in Westminster Cathedral with his uncle. They listened to a very moving sermon, and the uncle, a great admirer of the English, grew enthusiastic about the young preacher "You won't hear anything like that in the States," he said.

They asked who the preacher was, and were told it was a Father Fulton J. Sheen of Peoria, Illinois. His first book, expanded from a thesis he wrote at the University of Louvain, had just been published with an introduction by Gilbert K. Chesterton. American Catholic papers told of the crowds he was drawing to Westminster.

The monsignor doesn't bother to correct what people write about him. If the newspapers misquote him, he doesn't send a correction. Those who want to write about him usually can't get an interview.

THE situation has its comic aspects. Two Catholic magazines within the last year printed a statement that he played the piano. That brought him thousands of sheets of music from admirers and hopeful composers. He does have a piano and can pick out a few bars of an old family favorite with two fingers, but he can't read a note.

Another bit of legend is that he is small and frail. Actually, he is of medium height, and at fifty-one is well built, ruddy, and active. Twice a week, when weather permits, he plays tennis for a half hour with the pro at Washington's Columbia Country Club, and plays a very fair game. He can still jump over the net.

It is true that five years ago he had to go to a hospital to recover from overwork. But only a strong man could stand the pace he sets for himself. He lives an abstemious life, neither smoking nor drinking, and eating carefully. He rises early, celebrates Mass in his private chapel, and starts a long morning of work. In addition to time for Mass and the breviary, he spends an hour of meditation in his chapel, or in a church if he is away from home.

The Sheen residence is an attractive white brick house of modern design—largely his own—on a dead-end street in northwest Washington, next to the home of Thomas (Tommy the Cork) Corcoran. Inside, it is entirely modern, using brilliant color and glass. A spiral staircase leads from the basement to the second floor. Two of the three bedrooms are occupied by fellow faculty members from the Catholic University of America.

In the chapel, by special dispensation from the Vatican, Monsignor Sheen and his fellow priests—the Rev. Patrick Skehan, assistant professor of Semitic languages, and the

Rev. William J. McDonald of the philosophy department—have the privilege of reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. That is, the consecrated bread, which, according to Catholic doctrine, is transformed into the body and soul of Christ, is allowed to remain on the altar for daily adoration. This is unusual outside a church.

The household includes three dogs. Last year the eldest, an English setter named Lord Cholmondeley (yes, Chumley), looked as if he wouldn't survive, and Monsignor Sheen bought a white Pyrenees. A thoughtful friend at the same time sent him a St. Bernard puppy. The Pyrenees rejoices in the name of Siotcain, which is Gaelic for Sheen and is pronounced Seehawn. The puppy, now grown, is called simply Bernard of Menthon.

The Sheen telephone is unlisted and the address is carefully guarded, to protect him from floods of calls and callers. But anybody can reach him by mail. Only the letters without signatures and addresses are thrown away unread.

Nominally, Monsignor Sheen is a teacher of philosophy at Catholic University. Actually, his outside activities are now his principal work. As a preacher he is so popular that many engagements have to be made two years in advance. At the university his two classes a week are crowded by regular students and auditors.

NOTHING in Fulton Sheen's Peoria childhood forecast the golden pulpit and radio voice, except that, as his mother told him later, he cried most of his first three years. He was born May 8, 1895, at El Paso, Illinois, where his father, Newton M. Sheen, had a wholesale hardware and farm implement business. Baptized Peter, young Sheen took John as his confirmation name. The name Fulton, for his mother's family, was added to please his maternal grandfather when he entered parochial school, and the Peter was dropped.

The family was Irish on both sides, and Fulton Sheen has always been proud of his ancestry. Of the four boys, he was the only one to become a priest. One became a doctor, another a lawyer, and the third not exactly a merchant chief, but a Coca-Cola executive.

Peoria's most prominent Sheen was Uncle Dan R., mayor of the town and an Illinois legislator. He stood out in "the City of Spirits" because he was an ardent dry, and once ran for the Senate on the prohibition ticket. He was a law partner of Robert G. Ingersoll, the agnostic.

After attending Spalding Institute, a Catholic high school, young Fulton enrolled in 1913 at St. Viator College. Here he specialized in oratory and English, and began his religious studies in St. Viator's Seminary. These studies he finished at St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota, and he was ordained in 1919.

Postgraduate study followed at Catholic University of America; Louvain, Belgium; Angelico University in Rome; the Sorbonne in Paris; and Oxford, England. At Louvain he was made *Agrégé en Philosophie,* a degree beyond Ph.D. which conferred a professor's rank. In 1925 he was the first American to win the Cardinal Mercier prize in philosophy.

After preaching at St. Patricks, Soho Square, in London, Father Sheen was invited to preach at Westminster and to teach at St. Edmund's College, the theological seminary of the diocese. On his return to the United States in 1926, he was assigned as assistant pastor of St. Patrick's, once Peoria's bon-ton parish. While he went ahead with his parish work, he received invitations to teach at several colleges, but did not apply for a transfer. After eight months, his bishop, the Most Rev. E. M. Dunn, telephoned him.

"I promised you as a professor to Catholic University three years ago," he said, "but I was afraid that the success you had in Europe might have gone to your head. I wanted to see if you were obedient. You've been a good boy, so run along now and teach."

EVERY summer until the war, Dr. Sheen returned to Europe to preach and lecture in London, Glasgow, and on the Continent. His years abroad brought him close friendship with Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, the Papal Secretary of State, now Pope Pius XII. In 1934 Pope Pius XI made him a papal chamberlain with the title of Very Reverend Monsignor. The next year he was advanced to the rank of domestic prelate.

In 1930 the radio appealed to Monsignor Sheen as fulfilling Christ's injunction to "preach from the housetops." In a series each spring, usually ending on Easter, he offers the certainties of his Church's dogmas in an uncertain world, and many thousands write him for information on joining the Church, for advice or for comfort. This year his twelve broadcasts brought him an average of 6,000 letters each. Last year, when he offered to send a rosary to anyone who did not have one, he received and answered as a result of the single broadcast 50,000 requests. When a broadcast several years ago brought him 35,000 letters, a statistician computed his audience as at least 17,500,000.

Notable in this year's mail has been the number of broken-marriage cases. It is not unusual for the monsignor to dictate fifty letters of advice on marriage matters in one evening. His postage bill alone is $800 a year.

He gives away thousands of books, and appeals for more material gifts are countless and varied, coming from as far as India. A man wrote him from Brooklyn asking for an overcoat. Monsignor Sheen told the Catholic Charities in Brooklyn to

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Thanks for the Memory

1918

FLOYD GIBBONS was one of radio's first commentators. He packed a terrific wallop with his machine-gun delivery.

His career began as a war correspondent on the Mexican border in 1914, and he was with Pancho Villa in the Mexican Revolution in 1915.

He took World War I for his "beat" and went into battle in France armed with a typewriter as a correspondent for the Chicago Tribune. He was wounded in the battle of Château-Thierry and lost the sight of one eye. He also was on the S.S. Laconia when it was torpedoed off the Irish coast and cabled a 4,000-word account of the sinking.

After the war he contributed to the magazines. He wrote an extraordinary story titled, The Red Napoleon, which was published in Liberty Magazine in 1929.

He died in September, 1939. I'll bet that he and Ernie Pyle are having a time, wherever they are.—*Allan Witwer.*

buy the man a coat if he needed one, and to send the bill to Sheen. Catholic Charities reported that the man didn't need an overcoat, but only wanted to see whether the monsignor would give him one.

After being taken in on several appeals, Monsignor Sheen finally put himself in the hands of the Most Reverend T. J. Toolen, Bishop of Alabama. As his great interest is in the South, especially among the Negroes, the arrangement works well. Monsignor Sheen delivers lectures and the fees go to Bishop Toolen, who can easily verify the need.

THE extent of Monsignor Sheen's charities is unknown, but a single gift mentioned in a Catholic paper was $6,000. He is helping a number of candidates for the priesthood. He also has provided chapels and trailer chapels in Alabama, North Carolina, and Texas. Closest to his heart is the Blessed Martin de Porres Maternity Hospital for Negro women at Mobile, which he founded. He is trying now to raise $330,000 for a new hospital and training school for colored nurses, and there's no doubt he'll get it.

In his charities Monsignor Sheen is aided by gifts from friends and radio listeners, in addition to his own lecture fees and royalties. In 1938 Mrs. William J. Babington Macaulay willed him 2 per cent of her residuary estate. She left a like amount to the then Cardinal Pacelli. Monsignor Sheen spent his share to build churches for colored people in the South.

Monsignor Sheen preaches with equal zeal in small Negro chapels and in the country's most fashionable Catholic church, St. Patrick's, on New York's Fifth Avenue. Some say that when Fulton Sheen entered the church the stage lost a great actor. In high school he remembers being assigned the part of a detective. At the proper cue, he was supposed to walk across the stage, wearing a beard. He missed the cue and nobody understood the plot. In college he did better as a campus thespian.

A layman remarked that Maurice Evans could not make a better entrance into St. Patrick's pulpit than Monsignor Sheen. While the congregation is settling back in the pews, he enters from the back of the sanctuary, accompanied by an acolyte. The two kneel before the main altar for a minute or two while the organ plays softly. Dr. Sheen then goes before the throne of the cardinal and bows, then does the same before the celebrant of the Mass seated opposite. Thence he proceeds to the pulpit, and as he rises to the last step an overhead light goes on, presumably pressed by the acolyte. The effect is like that of a spotlight.

The monsignor is a master of the restrained gesture to aid his dramatic delivery.

In addressing varied groups he has had to develop ready repartee, and he is adept at the pun. During a speech at a Broadway dinner, a photographer set off a flash bulb in his face, causing him to lose his thread for a moment. "The only man who likes to be interrupted in the middle of a sentence," he said, "is a prisoner."

He told this story on himself at a recent dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in New York:

"I will never forget how I was deflated in my turn, out in Cleveland not so long ago. I was to give a talk in the auditorium of the Hotel Cleveland, and I arrived rather late. I had had no dinner, and I went up to my room and put on my cassock. I said to the members of the committee that I had had nothing to eat, and would they be good enough to go down to the dining room with me while I ordered a glass of milk and some graham crackers before the lecture.

"We went into the dining room, and there was only a flippant young thing in her early 'flirties' taking orders. One of those things that are all vogue on the outside and all vague on the inside. She took the orders of the other men, and then looked at me and said, 'Well, Cock Robin, what will you have?'"

On the serious side, Monsignor Sheen doesn't shrink from an argument. It was in a public brush with Dr. Albert Einstein over theology that he first came in contact with Heywood Broun. Einstein, in a newspaper article, urged a "cosmic religious sense" as a substitute for what he called "the religion of fear" and the "social or moral idea of God." Monsignor Sheen declared that Dr. Einstein had strayed out of his special field and should have left the "s" out of his cosmical theory. Broun criticized Sheen and turned over a column to Sheen's reply.

ONE of the most vigorous and articulate exponents of the Church's attitude, Monsignor Sheen has been particularly outspoken on the treatment of ecclesiastics in Russia, Poland, Germany, Spain, and Mexico. He has always frankly classed Nazism, Fascism, and Communism as equally dangerous: "The only difference between these three forms of totalitarianism is the difference between burglary, larceny, and stealing."

He professes a deep affection for the Russian people, and is known to be frequently in touch with clergy and laymen of the Russian Orthodox Church. The Vatican hopes that the Eastern branch will reaffiliate with Rome.

The Russian government and the Communist Party are anathema to Monsignor Sheen. He would not attend the World's Fair in New York until the second year, when the Russian exhibit had been removed. Recently he said that unless there was a moral regeneration of the world, we could expect a war with Russia within fifteen years.

Fulton Sheen exerts a considerable influence on American thought, through the Church and his converts, and through non-Catholics that he reaches over the air. "The Church," he once told a class preparing for the priesthood, "needs men on fire, men with burning zeal." Monsignor Sheen burns with that fire himself.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A woman with a past can always find someone to take care of her future.—*John Newton Baker.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Clothes Clinic
By P. B. Juster

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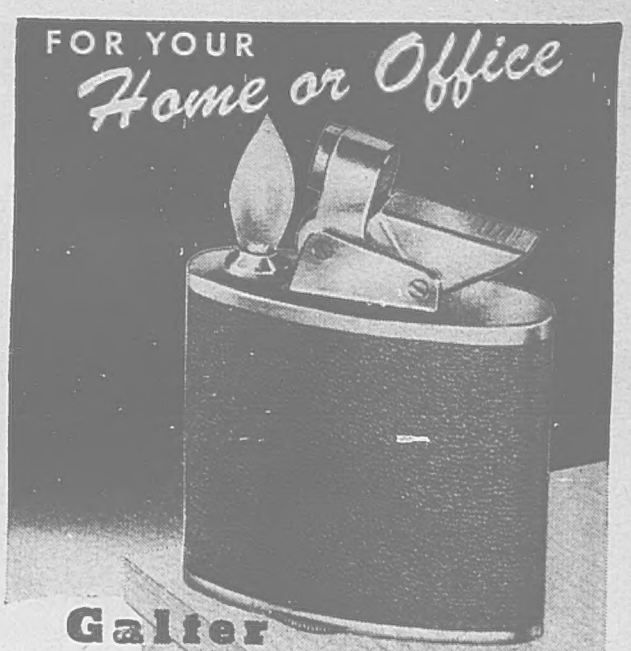

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AUG. 10, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

STREAM POLLUTION— A DISGRACE TO AMERICA

IT is commonly thought that among the blessings which Americans enjoy to a greater extent than the less fortunate people of other lands is clean, safe drinking water. Yet in this country probably half our people must drink water the purity of which is questionable, to say the least. Anyone who travels extensively can catalogue our cities by the taste of the water which comes out of the tap. In some towns it is not potable at all, and in others, though made safe by chlorination, its taste is extremely unpleasant.

In many localities the waters aren't safe even for swimming. The fish have been driven out and the banks of the streams, far from being areas of beauty and recreation, are dismal dumps. These streams should be not only sources of safe sweet drinking water but also beauty spots, providing fun and recreation and good sport for the people who live along their banks.

The reason they are not is *pollution*—the dumping of sewage and industrial waste into the streams. We must prevent this, and modern technology offers a way. Sewage and industrial waste can and should be treated to render it harmless before dumping it into streams. The cost of installing and operating a modern disposal plant to accomplish this is relatively low for the average community—especially in view of the benefits to be obtained. But, by its very nature, this is a problem of the whole country and not of individual states or communities. Streams and rivers meander all over the map and it does no good for one community to avoid polluting the streams if the town above or below it is indifferent to this problem. Thus, although the benefits of clean waters are felt locally, in better health and better living, safeguards against pollution must of necessity be set up on a national basis.

The only way to handle the matter is through action of Congress. A proposed law is now before the House of Representatives known as the Mansfield Bill, introduced by Representative J. J. Mansfield of Texas, chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee, which has in mind the accomplishment of this purpose. It deserves the support of all citizens who are interested in clean streams, clean living, and the preservation of our facilities for outdoor recreation.

Paul Hunter

Initiation in BRITISH COLUMBIA

1 **"The official welcome** and initiation for the tenderfoot in some of northern British Columbia's lumbering camps," writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky, "is a burling contest with one of the lumbermen. The idea is to keep the log spinning furiously, then stop it short so as to toss your opponent. This is one the tenderfoot never wins. And br-r-r-r—is that water cold!

2 **"I thought** I was being hazed again at breakfast when the cook stacked my plate chin-high with wheatcakes. No one could eat that many, I thought. But up here that's just a snack!

3 **"All day long** the woods rang with the yell, 'Timber!' as the great trees came crashing down. They really grow them big in these parts . . . I saw many that measured a good five feet through.

4 **"Most exciting sight** for me, though, was the 'high climber' sent up to cut off the treetops. As the top jerks away, his perch vibrates like a tuning fork. It's a neat trick to hang on.

5 **"It occurs to me** now that this adventure ended as it began. For it was over a Canadian Club highball in a New York penthouse that I was invited to visit the camp. And it was over a Canadian Club highball in a British Columbia cabin that I spent my last evening there."

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

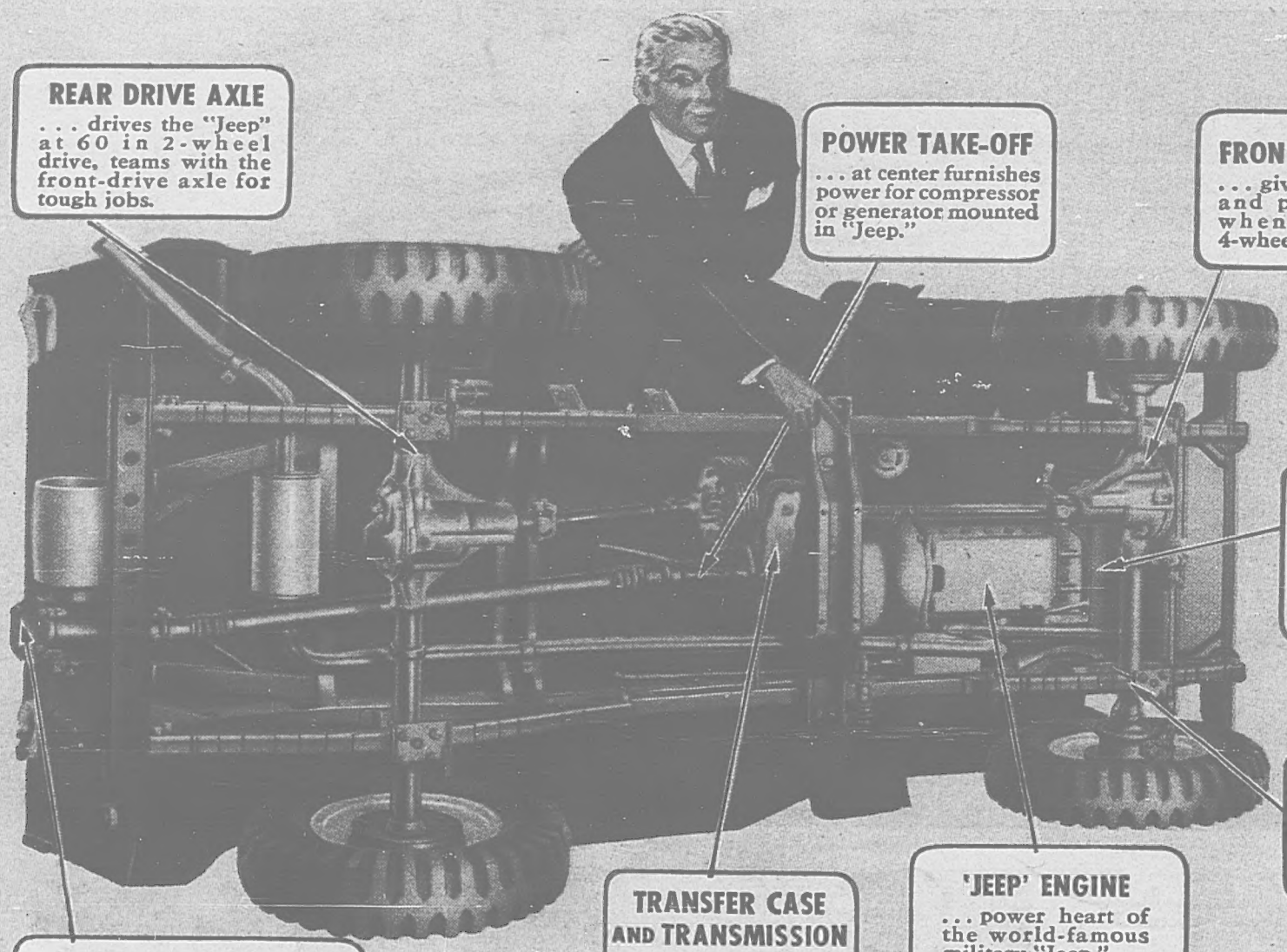
IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

WILLYS-OVERLAND TURNS THE 'JEEP' UPSIDE DOWN

SO YOU CAN SEE WHAT MAKES IT "TICK"


REAR DRIVE AXLE
. . . drives the "Jeep" at 60 in 2-wheel drive, teams with the front-drive axle for tough jobs.
POWER TAKE-OFF
. . . at center furnishes power for compressor or generator mounted in "Jeep."
FRONT DRIVE AXLE
. . . gives extra traction and pulling power when you shift to 4-wheel drive.
POWER TAKE-OFF
. . . at front can operate power winch, blower or high-pressure centrifugal pump.
SPRINGS AND SHOCK ABSORBERS
. . . engineered for easier riding.
'JEEP' ENGINE
. . . power heart of the world-famous military "Jeep."
TRANSFER CASE AND TRANSMISSION
. . . give wide range—6 speeds forward, 2 reverse.
POWER TAKE-OFF
. . . at rear furnishes power for spline or pulley drive.

Look under the Universal "Jeep" and you'll see why it has pulling power surpassing anything its size, plus versatility no other vehicle matches. You'll see why it will pay you to . . . GET A "JEEP."

The power heart of the "Jeep" is the mighty Willys-Overland "Jeep" Engine, proved by billions of miles of driving in military "Jeeps" the world over.

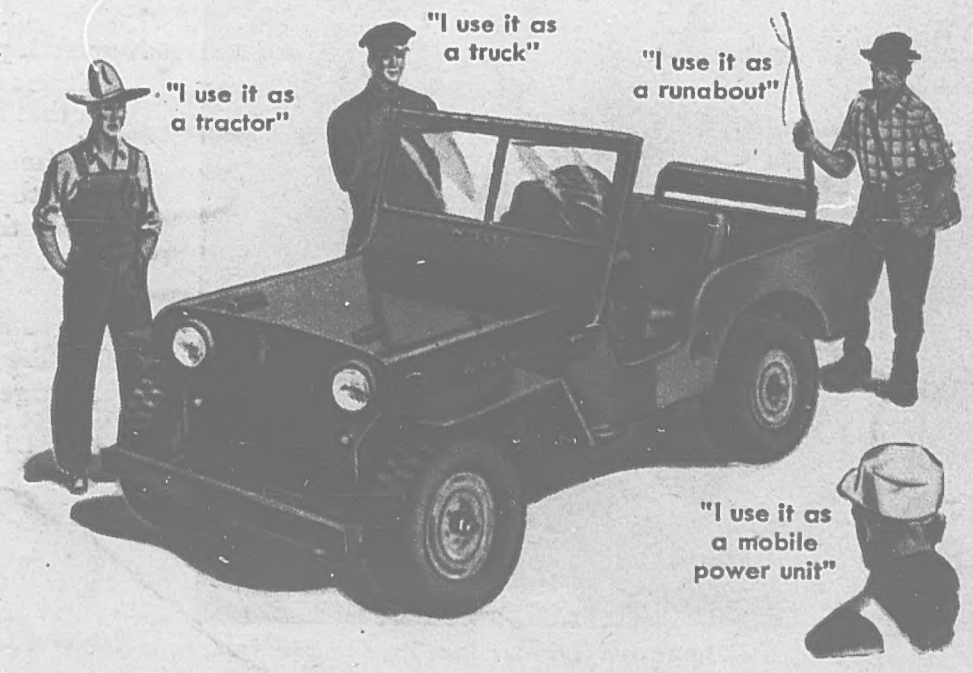
To get the fullest use of that surging power, the "Jeep" has two driving axles—front and rear—and a transfer gear giving instant choice of 2-wheel or 4-wheel drive, and speed range from 2 to 60 mph.

Its power-take-off points—front, center and rear—make the "Jeep" a highly efficient mobile power unit that takes power to the job, on or off the road. All this you get, when you . . . GET A "JEEP."

The versatility of the "Jeep" fits it for a thousand uses—as a truck, light tractor, runabout, a standby power unit for industry.

If you need a vehicle to tow factory trailers . . . deliver men, tools and power anywhere, despite weather and roads . . . serve as a pick-up truck and runabout—GET A "JEEP."

Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo 1, Ohio



GET A **`Jeep´**